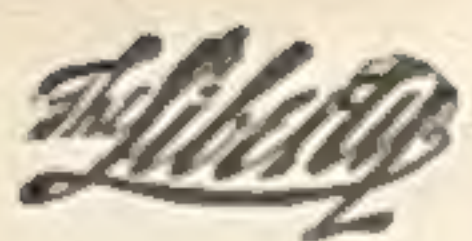




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VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1895.

No. 1.

TO SAINT CATHERINE.

(Patron Saint of Literature.)

In launching forth our frail but hopeful craft
Upon the sea to-day,
We pray to thee that friendly winds may waft
Her safely on her way.
Good-will, enthusiasm, hope and cheer,
Such only is her freight;
But steer her safely on, nor let us fear;
All comes to those who wait.

And if our verse, so flowery, halting flows
Or fails the Muse to snare,
And if our lamp of genius faintly glows
Yet let us not despair.
For if to paths of learning, high and steep
But some new zest is lent,
And loyal to our school we help to keep,
Then are we well content.

A. M. KIDDER.

WON AND LOST.

She is thinking and her thoughts are mingled with day dreams. The room is utterly silent, as though in its peaceful quietude it seeks to encourage her thoughtful mood; for she is not given to dreaming; her heart is light, her soul brimming over with song.

There, before her quaintly carved secretaire, which is strewn with letters in confusion, she sits with her chin resting on her hands, her grey eyes gazing listlessly over the balcony beyond; but it is not the bright sky she sees; it is a vision of days gone by.

In her dreams, the soft mumuring lap of water against the sides of the boat floats to her listening ear. She sees dimly the outlines of the shore beyond, and there before her, with uplifted oars sits a great strong figure, the face—his—is plainly visible in the moonlight. Her white fingers gently twang the guitar and as the last strains of her song die away, he bends toward her. She can remember how earnestly he told his love for her and how she had laughed and called him a "foolish boy."

Then the vision came before her of the day when he had returned to college; the bright cheerful letter which followed portraying college life. He did not tell her that his name was placed high on the list of those who had won athletic honors, or with what admiring eyes the freshmen regarded him, or how the professors had encouraged him; but she knew it.

The Thanksgiving holidays drew near, and she smiled, for she was always smiling, when she remembered how enthusiastic she had been over the football victory he had won, and how anxious she had been to see and praise him, in her frank, sweet way.

He, with a number of college chums, was to return home that afternoon, and in the evening, he had written, he would come to her.

She had attended the matinee in the afternoon and she remembered in what gay spirits, she and her dearest friend had been. The play was finished at last and the throng which poured forth from the entrance scattered in various directions.

The cool November air lured them on with its freshness and chatting merrily they walked on toward home. The streets were thronged with people whose faces were gay, showing that their hearts were filled with Thanksgiving cheer.

As they turned the corner they came upon a merry crowd of fellows. Glancing up her eyes met—his. Her heart stood still. The unfinished sentence died on her lips. She remembered afterwards how she had resumed the conversation, with her happy thoughts all silenced. Before her, she saw only one face, that—with its bright, intelligent, manliness gone—stupid from an afternoon of revelry, a celebration over a newly won victory. This was a victory lost after an honor won.

Night came and with the morning a letter, pleading humbly for her forgiveness.

"I have not kept my word to you," it said, "my ideal, and what is more, I have brought disgrace upon my name by the thoughtless actions of yesterday. I might rightfully be called a coward, for it is, this I have proven myself to be, before those whom I respect most. If I may, I will come to say good bye to one who has prompted all the good there is in me."

She had thought long over this letter and as a result of her thinking he came to bid her good bye.

His face as he stood there before her had left its stamp upon her memory. She remembered only too well how he had told her frankly all about it, and she had realized how disloyal it would have seemed had he not joined in that toast to "Alma Mater."

Her face flushed as she recalled the moment, when she had laid her hand on his great strong arm and had told him it was one error for him to profit by; that she still believed in him and in his power to stand conqueror in this new field of life, as well as in the games on the old college campus.

Then he had taken her hands and told her that if ever he could keep a promise it would be one made to her, his little friend, who had been his inspiration through the long college days and nights.

After he had returned where temptations were strongest, she longed to be near him just that she might help him.

There was a new spirit in her songs now, that of love, and he was constantly in her thoughts; but that was one thing he did not know.

To-day she had been reviewing this friendship and searching her soul for an answer, and her search has been successful; for as she glances up, the little mirror in her

secretaire before her, reflects her own happy face and tells her that she loves him.

The Christmas holidays have come and gone with all their joyful merrymaking. It is the last day of his vacation and he pauses for his final farewell. He tells her, in his easy manner, of the line of study which lies before him; of the success which he hopes to make the end of his work. Very slowly he adds that it was the thought of her that encouraged him; for ever in her helpful spirit she seemed near him.

As he waits a moment, she comes nearer to him.

"You will be a great success," she says, and I—we all—shall be very proud of you.

"He who has first mastered himself cannot fail to succeed, and rise to an exalted position, if he remains true. You have conquered," and— She does not say the rest but he sees in her eyes what her lips fail to speak—that she loves him.

He bends over her tenderly as though he would tell her of his great happiness; but with a quick flash of pain in his face he draws back into the doorway.

"I have broken my promise," he said.

MADGE.

TEN RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

1. Always block the doorways, when the lines are passing.
2. Wait until one minute before nine before getting drinking water.
3. Chemistry classes will always leave the laboratory door open so that the odoriferous fumes may penetrate every part of the building.
4. Never copy your program from the boards until they have been erased.
5. Classes in rooms VII and III will always recite as loudly as possible, so as not to disturb the classes in the adjoining rooms.
6. Never run down stairs—always jump the whole flight.
7. Never keep step to the music.
8. In crossing the study hall, always cross in front of the room, that all may see you.
9. In moving about the room, always step as heavily as possible, in order to disturb those trying to study.
10. If your teacher corrects you, challenge him to a duel.

THE WOULD-BE DUELIST.

Once to the Western High School
A certain youth did go.
His stately mien and bearing grand
Caused all to love him so.

One afternoon, sad to relate,
With a friend he had a fuss,
Then to his home he hied himself
And in note addressed him thus:

"I am a private citizen,
And altho' I was your 'bud'
The insult you have offered me
Must be wiped out in blood."

'Twas good for him friends intervened,
He was saved a broken head;
Take my advice and never fuss
With a man whose hair is red.

L. H. F.

TO THE FIRST YEARS.

My dear children, many things happened in this world before you were born. You won't believe it—but it is true.

You think you know many things, but you make a great mistake, it is not so at all. Listen while I tell you something entirely new to you, which you will probably never hear again. Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, there was not even any mud in the world, nothing but mist like London fog and it all turned round and round many times and got very hot, and the hotter it got the faster it turned around, and after ages and ages had passed away, it began to cool off and get harder, like hot molasses instead of steam. Of course you know what happened after the molasses state—just what ought to happen—the taffy state, when things were so cold that they froze, and there was nothing on earth but skating ponds and toboggan slides, only there wasn't anybody to skate or slide on them. This was a peaceful time. The only peaceful time in the history of the world, for bye and bye—articulates began to be—especially Trilobites, only as a bad man once said', they did not bite nearly so bad as some that came afterward and they could not articulate, but this is perverting English and I hope you will not repeat it. These creatures were very well behaved and did not fight any other creatures because there weren't any others, and ages and ages passed away and fishes came, and they had began to think of evolution and new spheres and things before anything else happened, it was so long coming. It began somewhere, I forgot just where, but the earth seemed to be trying to get back

to the molasses state and turn herself inside out. She couldn't, of course, but she made such a disturbance that mountains came, and of course valleys, and Lake Superior made such an awful disturbance that they've had coppers there ever since, so my grandfather says, tho' it's all over now and that's what the song is about.

After this came Otozoum Montui and Brotozoum Giganteum and made tracks, I mean, of course, that they departing left behind them "footprints on the sand of time." They had large feet and had the record for long distance walking. Some times they made footprints all over peoples' front door-steps, but nobody blamed them for they weren't door-steps then and you can't punish a person for doing something that wasn't a crime when he did it, especially if he's died in between times. That's the *ex post facto* law you studied about last year.

And there were others, the Pterodactyl and the Ichthyosaurus who were dreadfully plain, but had lovely false teeth which were real, and generations and generations passed away and mammals came with names worse than chemistry, and then man, and then you came, dear little ignorant children, and what may come next nobody knows and therefore it cannot be told. The class is excused.

FOOT-BALL.

The success in foot-ball in the High Schools this year is particularly uncertain, as the material is almost entirely new in all the teams. The Central and Eastern are confronted by the same difficulty of having light men both in and behind the line. The Business will probably have a very heavy team, picked mostly from the night school.

The managers of the High School teams are very enthusiastic over the prospects of a league this year.

There is no reason why the Western should not enter it with more than fair chance of success.

N.

People who send us "communications" for publication ARE "requested" not to "quote" and *underscore* so Much. THIS is about the way a good deal of "matter" would LOOK if we printed it as it is "WRITTEN."—Selected.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'94. John McD. A. Lacy is studying at Washington and Lee University. In a strife for oratorical honors, Mr. Lacy, last year distanced the seniors, making the best showing made at the 'Varsity for years.

'93. Arthur Benkert is in his senior year at Pennsylvania.

'95. W. P. McKee, the popular quartermaster of the first battalion of last year, intends to study medicine this winter. He will probably enter Columbian.

'94. John Brennon is at Georgetown. He entered last year.

'95. Charles Ramsburg, the first lieutenant of victorious Company H, has gone to Cornell.

'93. Miss Rittenhouse is among the many who reflect credit on her alma mater. At the June examination for trained nurses at Columbia Hospital she gained first honors, with the happy knowledge of being the youngest aspirant before the board of examiners. She has now an excellent position at Columbia.

'94. George Elliott is attending Pennsylvania. From latest intelligence he is inclined to improve the shining moments by "poling."

'94. Frisby entered Columbian last year. This year, in accordance with his usual independence he has decided to try a northern institution. If Lehigh fails to meet his ambitious requirements he will probably try Cornell.

'94. Miss Cartwright is to study at Wellesley, this winter. While at the Western she contributed many charming essays and poems to "The Review." It is hoped she will still find time from her studies to gladden "THE WESTERN" with her ever conceptions.

Now '95. Miss Alice J. Crowley, the popular "orchestra" of the Kamptown Soshul Klub, is at the Normal.

H '93. J. Hawley Taussig is upholding his record in athletics, at Cornell.

'95. Capt. Taussig has been appointed one of the officers of his class, at Annapolis. Lucky Joe.

A man of wide views—the sailor.

A man with deep views—the diver.

FROM THE GIRL'S STANDPOINT.

(Respectfully dedicated to Company H.)

THE FIRST YEAR.

Who wouldn't be a gay cadet
With "H" upon his cap,
And stripes all up his trouser legs,
And step so full of "snap?"

THE SECOND YEAR.

Who wouldn't be a corporal,
Who thinks he knows it all,
And hopes to be the captain
Before another fall?

THE THIRD YEAR.

Who wouldn't be lieutenant—
The man with naught to do—
Whose gay attire the girls declare,
"So like the captain's, too!"

THE FOURTH YEAR.

Who wouldn't be the captain,
By all the school adored,
With a chance to get a medal
And his picture on the board?

"ALTOGETHER—NOW."

Come, boys, embrace your chance,
Take all this glory in,
We think cadets are nicer far
Than the boys who didn't go in!
Go in and win, ye masculines,
We'd join you if we might,
We trust to you our fondest hopes—
Then keep our record bright.
And down the halls of '06
Shall echo with a will,
Again the shout of victory:
The Western won the drill! FOEMINA.

WHO IS SHE?

She is one of us, that is, one of the students, not one of the Faculty. But, if I may be forgiven the liberty, I should say she is quite as well known among us as any member of that revered board. This is largely due to the fact that last year she held a very prominent position in regard to the Company!

And yet, if she had not become famous in this way, I'm sure her jolly, independent little ways would have singled her out anywhere. She has a most bewitching wink that she favors some of her particular friends with, especially when walking across the study hall, or going up or down stairs. When talking to you she has a habit of shrugging her shoulders in a very meaning way, if you are not clever enough to understand her. She talks very brightly, using, perhaps, a trifle too much slang, (but that is a fault quite prevalent among school girls), and is as jolly and amusing as can be.

As to her appearance, she is what our French teacher calls *petite*, and extremely *chic*, as well. All her gowns fit most beautifully her slender little body. Her hair is her greatest beauty—long, fine and even. I won't mention the color, but let you guess it. And when you have discovered who this maiden is, I fancy you'll agree with me that she is one of the most fascinating of all the charming girls in our dear old "Western."
JOSE.

Orlando was beloved of the tragic muse. Often did the glowing verses from his inspired pen grace the poet's corner of the village weekly, and quite as often did the poet himself recite to admiring audiences his soul-stirring lines. But a change came over the spirit of his dreams. It was observed of him that he was shrouded in gloomy melancholy, and that gnawing care was consuming his heart. His friends gathering about him, begged for one of the poems by which he had so often beguiled for them the fleeting hours. Striking a tragic attitude Orlando said in a voice broken with emotion "I shall never recite again, never again shall lines of mine greet your eye from the columns of the WESTERN; I lately wrote a tender idyl entitled, 'Why do I live?' They did not even deign to return my manuscript but answered me in an insulting personal." Thereupon Orlando drew from his vest pocket a much crumpled scrap of paper, and read in tones of deepest sadness.

"Orlando—You ask, 'Why do I live?' We beg to say it is because you sent your verses by mail, and did not bring them in person."

"We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Teacher in Botany.—"Now if these leaves, which have a smooth edge are celled entire, what is the name of those which have not a smooth edge?"

Bright Pupil.—"Not entire."

Down to business—a setting hen.

Asking for the bible reading one morning I was surprised to hear some one say, "I say, ah, 53."

THE WESTERN.

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ROBT. LEETCH, Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

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MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. ALEXANDER, '96.
MR. SCUDDER, '98. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, 75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

It is with much trepidation that we send out this initial number of our paper, knowing that its appearance will be the signal for much criticism. However, we trust that the criticism will be more favorable than adverse, as indeed, surrounded as we are by so many friends who, by their liberal subscriptions and "ads" have already showed their appreciation of our efforts, we have reasons to believe will be the case.

"THE WESTERN" comes to us to-day not as the organ of any particular club, as some have supposed, but as the organ of The Western High School, a paper truly our own.

It is our purpose to devote our columns wholly to the interest of our school, filling them with matter which shall be purely local in its character and therefore interesting to our students and friends. To succeed in our enterprise we must have the co-operation of all the students. The columns are yours and must be supported by your contributions.

Don't wait for the editor to come to you personally to ask for a contribution, but send your contribution to him. Finally we want every one to subscribe. Most of the students have already done so, but there are some who we know, from indifference, have withheld their subscriptions. To these we say, "where is your school

spirit?" Reconsider and let us put your name on our list of subscribers.

The measured tread of marching squads in the basement and the sound of familiar voices shouting commands, remind us that our soldier boys have once more buckled down to hard work. Although it is an early day to be thinking of the outcome of the competitive drill, we are glad to hear so much discussion of the subject among our boys and girls, for it shows the lively interest which our students manifest in our Company. This alone should be an incentive to our boys to repeat the earnest effort they made last year.

Company H has always been the pride of the Western. To every true Westerner it has been the best company, its officers the most worthy and its men the best drilled in the regiment. We know how fully this feeling was justified last year. This year we hope to be able to look upon our Company with the same degree of pride. Why should we not? Our Company has organized with a membership equal that of any previous year; to be sure the average height is lower than it has ever been before, but why should that disturb us, since we have proved that the small boys do just as good work as the larger ones?

Again our officers are capable, worthy men who are earnest and eager to do all in their power to bring the Company up to the highest standard.

Under these favorable conditions we have every reason to expect great things from Company H. Moreover, we believe we will not be disappointed in our expectations.

CRANKS.

There are two sorts of Cranks--both of them indispensable. One moves our machine and engine wheels, the other keeps the wheels of society whirling. The XIX. century has been and is still a great age for both kinds, and they seem to increase hourly. Of the usefulness of the first class the world is quite well assured, but over the second kind rests a shadow of doubt. The general idea seems to be that "Crank" and "Idiot" are synonymous terms. This is a mistake. The true Crank is of necessity a smart person, for the one fundamental quality of a Crank is origi-

nality, and in this age of smart people, to be original, to stand out from the thousands of brilliant thinkers and doers requires brains.

He who can accomplish this is a true crank, and as real cranks always attain a certain degree of fame or notoriety, there is invariably a set of imbeciles, lacking any originality in themselves, who ape the actions of the real cranks to the end that they may attract attention. Cranks create fashions, revolutionize public opinion; they may be powers for good or evil, but they must be cranks to succeed. In fact, to be a successful crank, one must be a person of ingenuity and tact, with a mind devoted to the success of his particular "crankism" and a nature replete with "stick-to-it-iveness."

But a cranks' life is not a bed of roses, for this same "stick-to-it-iveness" may be carried to such an extent that the crank becomes a bore and is regarded in the same category with the man who is eternally harping on evolution, or the invention of perpetual motion, or the degeneracy of youth in the XIX century, and kindred subjects.

Therefore--oh youth of this rising generation, don't be cranks unless you are so perfectly self-satisfied, that you can be absolutely indifferent to the criticisms and sneers of your fellow men, and know enough to hold your tongues.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

Rehersals begin Friday, the eighteenth, for our entertainment to be given later in the fall.

At its first meeting of the year Kamptown took pleasure in accepting the cations of several new and heavy members, by whose aid we hope that school to add to our entertaining powers, to teams to raise the standard of the Western cle s of School.

Kamptown will put an entirely new show on the stage this season. New son new jokes, everything new.

Kamptown's "orchestra" this year will be none other than our popular teacher--Miss Ulke.

It is impossible to preserve all vegetables, but everyone knows the tomato can. Badly mixed--sand and sugar.

ROMEO AND JULIET UP TO DATE.

It was long ago in Italy two deadly rivals grew,
They were old Mike McRaferty and Patrick Donohue;
There was a boy, old Patrick's son, who was a little
beau.
Pat could find no other name so he named him
Romeo;
And Mike he had a female girl just home from
cooking school,
Miss Juliet was her proper name but they often
called her Jule.
The lady made her debut at a fancy masked ball,
To which there came young Romeo who was not
asked at all;
John Tyson, lover of the maid, began to look quite
glum,
And kept watching for a chance to send the fellow
home;
But Jule met the beau, fell in love without delay,
Romeo saw Jule and was taken the same way;
And lest some one should find them out they joined
hands on the spot,
Then glided to squire Finnegan who straightway
tied the knot.
The next day young Romeo fought Tyson in the
square,
For which he was at once hauled up to come before
the mayor;
Romeo being very drunk swore at the magistrate,
Who cried you'll have to lose your head or be
exiled at any rate;
What made the matter worse her father now did
interfere,
And said that she must give her hand to noble Paul
Rivere.
The fellow is a patriot, to-day he comes to woo,
Now you refuse and I'll be hanged if I don't wallop
you;
She ran to squire Finnegan to see what she must do,
The squire gave her poppy buds that she might take
a chew;
'Twill make you look as dead, no one will ever
know,
A hoodooed man your pa will be; how happy Romeo,
She chewed the stuff, grew deadly pale, they laid her
on two beers,
That she was dead her lover learned, far off in old
Algiers;
He said of life I'll have no more they'll take me for a
fool,
But I can't live without her so I'll go to-night to
Jule;
He took poison to the sepulchre 'midst dead folks
and creepers,
And then gulped down the dose as Juliet popped her
peepers;
Now Jule it is not possible that you were playing
possum,
Why yes indeed, of course it was my darling little
blossom;
He struggled hard to tell her why he could not walk
quite straight,
And then was awful scared to find that it was then
too late;
He staggers, falls upon the ground, looked up with
tearful eyes,
Then Juliet beside him falls and much excited cries;
Oh! wait one minute Romeo, and let me go with you,
And when she grabbed that deadly knife she
followed, P. D. Q.

By P. D. Q.

CONSTANCE.

It was the dearest old garden in all the
dear old town. It was always lovely in
the garden, but loveliest when the golden
sun rays lingered as if loath to leave the
fairest bloom of spring's first awakening to
the pitiless touch of night. Many fair
girls have loved and lingered in that gar-
den, each, in the eyes of her many friends
and lovers, the fairest maiden on all the
earth!

What tales of joy those maples whis-
pered and what worlds of grief those wil-
lows sighed!

Constance often listened to their voices,
never guessing that her story would be ad-
ded to the endless list. Yet she met him
in the garden, as many a Constance had
before her, and she thought, the foolish
child, that never, since the world began,
had there been love like hers. Yet be-
cause of her beauty which gained her much
admiration, and despite of her sweet dis-
position, she was, Oh, so proud!

So when her lover came at evening, all
glorified by the strength and truth of his
devotion, she walked most calmly at his
side between the fragrant lilac hedges,
gathering here a myrtle, there a violet to
give him as a token of her friendship; but
she never gave him a rose for true love,
though many times he pleaded for it, and
though she knew that it was his, by right.
Then he left her, for his country called
him; and because he was young and igno-
rant of the way of women, thought he
would not trouble her by needless fond
farewells.

Long she waited in the twilight for she
knew his ship would sail tomorrow, but he
came not, though the moon rose pale be-
yond the willows. She waited till her
chestnut hair grew gray, still he came not.

He had found a sweetheart fairer and
less proud than Constance, for when death
took him from the heat of a great naval
battle, his country claimed him as her
lover and smoothed his brow with fond-
est kisses.

Constance, sitting lonely in the garden,
thought, like many another woman, that
there never was a sorrow half so great as
hers.

ACACIA

A man with an arrow view—the archer.

CANNABALISM IN THE COMPANY,
or why so few boys enlist.

Out into the yard where the awkward squad
Are nervously waiting the time to begin,
Comes a strutting sergeant with pompous air,
He opens his mouth like a hungry bear,
And savagely roars: "FALL IN!"

COMPANY NOTES.

APPOINTMENTS.

A few surprises were in store for the
boys of the company yesterday when they
assembled in the drill hall to hear the
official announcement of the appointments
for the ensuing year.

THE WESTERN heartily congratulates the
boys who have so deservedly won the
honors and bids them Godspeed in the
work they have undertaken.

The appointments are as follows:

Battalion Q. M., W. R. Coyle.

Captain, A. E. Berry.

First Lieutenant, W. H. Cassin.

Second Lieutenant, L. Smoot.

First Sergeant, C. M. McGowan.

Second Sergeant, H. Walters.

Third Sergeant, G. M. Berry.

Fourth Sergeant, A. Craig.

Fifth Sergeant, H. Mitchell.

Corporals:

T. Holcomb,

H. Jackson,

C. Pimper,

C. Tausig.

Company "H" is doing business at the
old stand.

Perhaps it is because it is a dead lan-
guage that we can put no life into our Latin.

A paper full of good points—a paper
of needles.

Much sympathy is tendered one of our
prominent fourth years, because he wan-
ders "lonely as a cloud," without his last
year's "special."

"What do you conceive to be the chief
end of man, doctor?" asked the freshman.
"Well," returned the professor, thought-
fully, "it all depends. If you are going
in for scholarships, I should say the head;
if for football honors, the foot is the end
to be cultivated."

Student.—"Professor, what is the logi-
cal way of reaching a conclusion?"

Professor.—"Take a train of thought,
my boy."

URINS.

THE BOY WHO WISHED THE BUSINESS COURSE
AT THE WESTERN.

They just came in from Filmore,
From the Jackson and the Force.
To the study hall they went,
Deep upon their studies bent.
Some took the Academic,
But one the Business course,
And straightway to the Business
He was sent:
As he walked across the study hall,
With a "buy-me-for one cent" air,
You could hear his pals declare,
"We're glad that we're not there."
You could hear him sigh,
And wish to die.
You could see him cast
A longing eye
At the seat which he must
Vacate at the Western.

BASE-BALL EXPRESSIONS.

Out on strike—The factory hands.
Put out—A suburbanite who has missed
his last train home.

Short stop—Collision with a man coming
'round the corner.

Home run—The little boy who has been
"licked."

Base on balls—Cheating at the pawn-
brokers.

A man who has reached the age of
ninety appears to be XC aingly old.

Off and on—Clothes.

Scene—A Ship far out at sea. No land
visible.

Dramatis personae:—The captain and
cook.

Capt. "Cook, I want some eggs for
dinner."

Cook. "Aint got none sah, fo de chick-
ens is all done gone.

The captain had eggs for dinner. How?
He made the ship lay t(w)o.

A bad quarter—Three 7.2's and a 7.

Teacher in Chemistry class.—"Give me
an oxide."

Bright "Soph."—"Leather."

Teacher.—"Leather, is that an oxide?"

B. S.—"Yes sir, ox(h)ide of beef."

Pronunciation of the pluperfect subjunc-
tive "vicissem" by the "fres-h," "We
kiss 'em." Also of "didicissem," did he
kiss 'em?"

AFFAIRS IN KAMPTOWN.

Although it may not be generally known,
Kamptown still exists; not however on its
former basis, for it now stands in the
Western High School a fully organized
club. Some one may ask, and reasonably,
'What is the object of the Kamptown Club?'
For answer let us quote Article II of the
Constitution; "Its objects shall be to pro-
mote a loyal school spirit, and to advance
the interests of the Western High School."
Could Kamptown have a better object for
its existence? The worth of such an
organization was conclusively shown last
May at the annual competitive drill of the
High School Cadets, when Company II,
backed by such a crowd of rooters as no
other school had ever before taken on the
field, took home the coveted flag. Who
aroused such enthusiasm as was then dis-
played? Who organized the rooters in a
body? Who acted as welcoming com-
mittee when Captain Taussig brought his
victorious company home on that memor-
able night of May 25? Surely if Kamp-
town shall do nothing more than instil in
every student a loyal patriotism for his
school, as it has done in the past, its
labors will not have been in vain.

This, however, is not the club's sole
object, for it has already started a fund to
equip a gymnasium in our "new build-
ing (?)". It is earnestly hoped that this
winter the gymnasium fund will be greatly
augmented. Already the K. S. K. boys
are considering methods for the accomplish-
ment of this end.

THE CURRENT HISTORY CLUB.

Besides the regular course of studies,
every well organized school has as some
one has well called them, a number of
"side issues." Indeed these "side issues"
play such an important part in the school
life that they are looked upon as an absolute
necessity.

They arouse an interest in the life of
the school, which would be lacking with-
out them; they break the monotony of the
regular course and afford to the student
both pleasure and profit.

In the Western we have a goodly share
of "side issues," and thanks for them.
Without doubt one of the most pleasant and
profitable is the "Current History Club."

Once a week the members of the club
assemble to spend a delightful hour dis-
cussing the current events throughout the
world, thus keeping in touch with the
great questions of the day.

The worth of such an organization
the school can be readily seen. Its in-
fluence is far-reaching. By constant study
and discussion of the great questions of
the day, especially those under consideration
in our own country, the members are
prepared for a higher citizenship when they
must launch out upon the stern realities of
life.

NOTES.

THE WESTERN cordially welcomes our
new instructors, Miss Martin and Mr.
Morris.

School does not seem to have the same
attraction for some of our Seniors as it had
last year. Ask J—e W—n why it is.

Judging from the majority of those
wearing the Kamptown Soshul Klub pins,
one might think it were an organization of
females.

The grand review of the recruits was
witnessed by the Seniors, Junior and Soph-
mores, who pronounced it the most success-
ful in the history of the school.

Although averse to mentioning names,
we should like to ask McCartney whom he
was after the other noon at such a "smart"
pace.

Every boy in school should join the
"Anti-tip-your-hat-at-noon" Association.
For particulars, apply to E. D. Cheney-M.

The messenger service has never before
been so complete as this year. Every time
three bells ring in the study hall, there is a
general stampede of eager volunteers.

Who is Doctor Room? His shingle
"DR. Room" hangs in the second corridor,
but we have never seen the gentleman
himself.

Cupid has already begun his dangerous
work among the First Years. Boys and
girls, learn a lesson from your seniors and
ward off this artful chap.

The faculty meets on the thirty-second of
this month to draw up resolutions of regret
(?) in behalf of our deserter—"Chaney."

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

No. 2.

REGRET.

Had I but known thy thought was but for me,
I who knew well thy dear soul's constancy,
No doubt had come to wreck thy life and mine,
But love had found and soothed with touch divine;
Our lips, our lives, had never strangers grown,

Had I but known,

Dear heart,

Had I but known.

Had I but known how full thy life of pain,
My hand had been in thine; and not in vain.
The saddened earth that thou wert weary of
Sweet life had given; doubt had changed to love,
And love had ever deeper, truer grown:

Had I but known,

Dear heart,

Had I but known.

X.

THE SHADOWS' STORY.

The town lay in an out-of-the-way, drowsy little cove on the New England coast.

One could hardly realize that, "in colonial days," the English officials had known it as the centre of many a rebellious mischief making; yet long, long ago, in time of peace, many had been the shrewd transactions enacted on the busy main-road; many had been the solemn vows, in the town church, on a sabbath; many the rendezvous of merry, romantic youth in those shady, sweet-scented lanes. Albeit war-time had cast strange lights on those familiar places. Armies, offensive and defensive had passed along the road-side, religious ceremonies had given way to hot discussions, the very trees in those lanes had whispered dark conspiracies.

In these later days youth and life seemed to have left the village in the hands of old age and death. No children made mud pies at the town-pump, no lovers lingered in those moon-lit lanes, but all the old inhabitants came back here to die, and the church-yard seemed the much desired

heaven for all who tottered along those grass-grown by-ways.

Conspicuous among these pilgrims to the grave might be seen, on rare occasions, one whose ancient lineage and wealth caused him to be known to his more humble neighbors as "The Judge." He lived in a massive grey frame structure, anchored against the wintry winds by an enormous square chimney, where the swallows built in summer and the smoke-elves danced in winter. Well shaded from the mild summer sun were the sloping lawn and the steep shingled roof. In times gone by, gay groups had gathered about the blazing pine logs, or merrily laughed in the shadows of the elms and poplars.

Alas! the swallows and the roses have it all to themselves in summer now, while all through the dreary winter the smoke-elves have only the dead leaves to audience their fantastic revels. Summer and winter the shadows, brooding over all so darkly, took the mansion's solitary inmate under their especial guardianship; for he was deaf and old and loved no voices—could hear none, save the multitudinous echoes of the past—whispers from lips long cold, and laughter that rippled and rippled around the bare old living-room.

Sitting there in the sombre summer twilight, or the short-lived glory of a winter noon, he would oft-times start to hear, so plainly, a sweet voice whispering ever so gently in his deaf old ears. Then rising and straightening those bent shoulders, he would peer into every shadow-haunted corner, in search of the flitting form he had seen so plainly, when his eyes were closed in thought. Seeing no one, but ever hearing voices and soft laughter, he would rush bare-headed through the silent door-way, brushing in his haste the cob-webs hang-

ing all about it; thence across the deserted pasture till he reached the pine-bordered church-yard beyond. Here he would pause beside a granite grave-stone, marking a weed-grown, sunken grave, and bearing upon its lichened surface, only one word, "Sylvia." And, ever, through the mist which hung about the damp old grave-yard, he would see his past life, as it were a picture.

He would see himself a bride-groom, in the home which had been his all through his lonely, selfish boy-hood, sitting on the oaken settee in the hearth-corner with his beautiful stately bride. This was not a prim Colonial maiden, who had come to make his life one glorious sun-beam, but a passionate tropical beauty, who loved him more for his faults, which were many, than for his virtues, which were few. How his memory would have loved to linger on this picture of his wife with all her dark young beauty in turn hidden and displayed by the fickle blue-gold flames! For then her love had appeared to him a very rainbow of promise, spanning his worlds of sin.

But the cruel shadows which controlled him would not let him dwell upon this brightness.

Quickly, they recalled another picture, as they muttered "coward!" in his ears.

They showed him a troop of Hessian mercenaries, advancing with intent to capture and to kill him in their false zeal to revenge "rebellion against Great Britain and His Majesty, King George."

He saw himself, in the first vigor of stalwart manhood, crouching in hidden security, close under the ivy-clothed eaves; saw his wife a slender beautiful girl, in all the frailty of young womanhood, meeting the dread Hessian Captain, who stood thundering at the door of her husband's

home and hers; saw her meet the insolent bravado's gaze of vulgar admiration with a look of dauntless courage, from eyes whence love and gentleness had all been burned away by flashing, flaming anger.

He heard the coarse voice demanding the surrender of the rebel, heard the firm reply from lips which did not tremble; "*I will not* betray him though my own life, be the forfeit!"

Then, loud, he heard the harsh laughter of the soldiers, and the ominous satire in the Captain's guttural reply, that they had come to capture a rebel, but had found a far greater prize; forsooth a rebel's very buxom wife!

Then he beheld them binding her, a prisoner, vainly striving to humble her stately pride with many a coarse jest and loathsome taunt. Passively he saw her borne away, he knew not where.

The shadows let him behold her thus; over and over again; she,—the captured woman, he—the free man, not daring to lift his finger towards her rescue, because he had not yet learned that death is far, far better than a selfish, loveless life.

Ever goading him onward, the shadows revealed to him her fair form yet once more now cold and still and lifeless; for e'er long, the hardships of a soldier's prison had parted the exalted soul from the humbled body; and so, once more he saw her.

Then all was blank and dark.

He was there, alone in the grave-yard, only a bent old man with the day-light narrowing in around him.

As he would turn again to his desolate hearth-stone, the sighing winds would whisper all about him, "Sylvia, S-y-l-v-i-a!" and he would hear the waves across the pasture murmuring; "Who Saveth his life shall lose it."

So the shadows revealed no more of his story, but when the dead leaves asked the fate of the old man, these shadows only glowered darkly and answered, "Dust to dust."

ALICE KEARNY COYLE.

NOTICE!

Watch our next issue for an important notice concerning the Thanksgiving number.

?

Only a first year student,
Only a little girl,
With hair, dark brown and wavy
And here and there a curl.

Eyes as blue as the heavens,
And cheeks as red as a rose.
The name of this dainty maiden,
I wonder if any one knows?

I'm sure she attracts attention,
As she crosses the study hall,
With steps so light and airy
And "Trilby's," Oh, so small!

Think, my dear young readers,
And try to answer my question;
For the subject of my description,
Is the prettiest girl at the Western.

"ABCXYZ."

LUNCH AND MUSICAL.

The first of the social events for which the Western High School is so justly celebrated took place Friday, October 25, the occasion being a lunch followed by a delightful musicale.

During the four morning periods which dragged their weary length to 12:30 o'clock, the pupils not favored with chance study hours, caught glimpses of their more fortunate companions and various "free" teachers busily employed upon beautifying the enticing lunch tables spread in the long corridors on the first and second floors; and when at last the longed for bell proclaimed the hour for the feast at hand, their eyes were greeted by a most charming prospect, while the savory odors which saluted their nostrils, would have enticed small coin from a very miser.

Large banks of rich autumn leaves and quantities of fern disposed about the halls, with occasional bowls of roses placed upon the fair linen, made the tables a most attractive picture. There was the usual program of fried oysters, sandwiches, pickles and olives, with second course of cake, fruit and caramels; but instead of the usual rush and jam, a whole hour was given to the disposal of the contents of the loaded tables, and little groups gathered here and there in quiet corners to lunch together, eating quite elegantly from wooden plates, and luxuriating in paper napkins.

At 1:30 o'clock the school assembled in the exhibition hall where in spite of their recent gastronomic exertions, they spent a most delightful hour with two of Washington's most gifted artists.

Miss Bestor, graduate pupil of Mr. Gloetzner, has a wonderful command of the piano, and adds to her brilliant and skillful technique that indispensable quality of the good pianist, a sympathetic feeling for her art that makes perfect interpretation possible.

Mrs. Perkins' singing is to well known for any comment. She has sung for us several times before, and has greatly endeared herself to the "Western" by her charming and delightful songs. She was never in better voice, nor more enthusiastically received.

The following is the program.

Prelude, D flat,	Chopin
Spinning Song,	Wagner Liszt
Nocturne, B minor,	Chopin
Fantaisie Impromptu,	Chopin

Miss Bestor.

Lorelei,	Liszt
--------------------	-------

Mrs. Perkins.

Etude, G minor,	Heller
Polacca Brillante,	Bohn

Miss Bestor.

Dearest,	Moncreif
Bonnie Dundee,	

Mrs. Perkins.

Before the second number, Miss Ulke briefly and graphically sketched the story of the Flying Dutchman, describing in detail the particular scene and incidents upon which the Spinning Song is based, thus adding greatly to our ability to interpret the theme of this number.

The program closed about 3 o'clock, and as we some what reluctantly withdrew, to give place to the only two sad-eyed participants in the festival (the janitor and the sweep) among all the exchanges of congratulation and good cheer, we caught many rumors of "Fifty dollars clear."

JENNIE JEAN.

The modern armies should sit down. Most of them are standing.

A Hot (S)cent. One that has been on the stove.

A pair of Golden Slippers. Two banana peels.

TO THE BABY.

Who came without our knowledge
And took our hearts by storm,
Displaying to our dazzled eyes
Its graceful rosewood form?
Our "Baby."

Who stands upon the platform
Where the faculty sit in state—
A place of honored prominence,
A place of dignity great?
Our "Baby."

Whose dulcet music thrills us
In two-step, hymn and waltz?
Whose lingering cadence fills us
With Melody never false?
Our "Baby."

Who's worthy of our efforts
Its value to repay?
Who'll lead our glad devotions
For many a happy day?
Our "Baby."

Then here's to the health of "Baby,"
Long may its music swell;
Filling our songs with the harmony,
Our lives should show as well.
Let's work with such inspiration,
That others shall see and know
And talk of the "mascot the Western has
In her "baby grand" piano. Bub.

ATHLETICS.

Last Friday we received an invitation from the "Centrals" to take part in the field sports at Van Ness Park, on November 16. Discussion of these games and active practice for them has been progressing at the Central and other schools for the past month, but, until Friday, we knew little or nothing of them, except through rumors. This is not very surprising to us in view of the crushing defeat which the Centrals' suffered at our hands in 1892-3, when Guy Davis, Hawley and Joe Taussig and other Western athletes defeated them by about 50 points. That year they gave us about two months notice, this year they give us about three weeks, in order that the same thing may not happen again. The slight may not have been intended. However, whether it was intentional or the result of bad management, we are placed at a disadvantage.

How many of the boys will enter remains to be seen, but it is certain that none of them will be in any form when the games come off. Consequently, the Western does not regard her title to the championship as in any way affected by the coming games. By this, however, we do not attempt to discourage entries from the Western.

Let every boy at our school who takes the least bit of interest in athletics enter and do a Westerner's share in keeping alive the interest in a sport which is dying out in the High Schools. The events, for which an entrance fee of 25 cents will be charged, will be as follows:

1. 100 yard dash.
2. 220 yard dash.
3. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile run.
4. 1 mile run.
5. Mile bicycle.
6. Running high jump.
7. Broad jump.
8. Pole vault.
9. Putting 16lb. shot.

B.

WHEELS.

There seems to be something particularly fascinating to our boys about St. John's Church opposite, for scarcely has the ring of the electric bells ceased to vibrate through the corridors, than troops of those noisy students lumber, rather than walk through the gateway of the school yard and proceed across the way, either to collect in groups or to lend their support to the iron fence.

Here, during this precious half hour, many subjects are discussed and digested between huge mouthfuls of luncheon. This corner, however, does not lend its charms to the boys alone, for if you are a keen observer you may chance to see a line of girls pass by, arm in arm, indulging in caramels, frequent bites of juicy pickles, and, if I may suggest, frequent smiles in the direction of the fence rail.

The other day, by a mere accident, of course, I chanced to be one of those many girls and passing just in time, heard the end of what seemed to be a rich joke. "Oh! your head's full of wheels," called a tall junior to a little freshman, who, nevertheless, bravely upheld his own, even though the boys laughed at him and his face flushed perceptibly.

Sometimes very small matters leave deep impressions while weightier ones may pass and leave no mark. I am not prepared to account for this, I only know that those words remained with me all the afternoon, while the voice of the Greek professor came to me as through a mist. I heard him not—I was thinking. Why should the little freshman object to being the possessor

of wheels? The noise of the trolley cars on High street greets my ears, and I see the little wheel hurrying away, in touch of the electric wire. I hear the rumble of the cart wheels as they bump over the cobble stones. Where would transportation be were it not for the wheels? Would our dearly loved WESTERN appear in print were it not for the little cog wheels that run the machinery of its great presses? What is there, possessed of life or motion, that does not use somewhere in its mechanism a wheel or two? Do not think I am becoming a philosopher,—no, no—I am far from that. What I started out to do was to whisper to that little freshman and tell him to be proud of the wheels in his head; to put them in motion and not let them lie idle or rust on the pivots of thought. Keep the little delicate wheels bright and shining, polished with every-day thoughts and deeds so that we may receive some great results from the well tended and all producing machinery of your brain. Go to work freshman, and make a name in literature for yourself so that some day, when you stand a proud and lofty(?) senior, the good St. Catherine may smile down upon you and say, "Well done '99."

MADGE '96.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93. Among the early October weddings is reported that of Miss Bessie Davidson, class of '93, to Mr. George Mann, at St. John's Episcopal church, Georgetown. It is rumored that other of '93's bright girls have matrimony in view.

'93. Miss Beatrice Pelz, whose mother died during the past winter, is still abroad with her aunt.

'94. Paul Graham of '94, has a good position with the Farmer and Mechanics' Bank, Georgetown. He is the same genial Paul of old, but with the dignity of responsibility on his youthful shoulders.

'94. Miss Cecil Francis McKee, the popular pianist of her class, is teaching at the Grant Building.

'95. Among those entered for training at the various hospitals is Miss Julia Nichols. She is at the Children's Hospital, this city.

'93. Miss Cora Pimper is helping to instruct the youth of Tenallytown. She has a third grade this year.

THE WESTERN.

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MISS DAVIS, '96.
MISS KIDDER, '97.
MR. SCUDDER, '98.MISS WESCOTT, '96.
MR. ALEXANDER, '96.
MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni.

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EDWARD A. DUCKETT, '96, Business Manager.

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A1—MISS READSHAW.
B1—MR. LIGHTFOOT.
C1—MISS FOLEY.
A3—MISS HANGER.A2—MR. WRIGHT.
B2—MR. BELLER.
C2—MISS NORDLINGER.
B3—MISS WALKER.

A4—MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

I.

We desire to express our heart-felt thanks for the right royal welcome which we received on the occasion of our first appearance. Already we feel that THE WESTERN has won a lasting abode in the hearts of our students, and found a welcome in the homes of not a few of our friends. Scarcely could we have hoped for greater success than we have achieved, and scarcely could we have achieved such success had it not been for the earnest efforts and interest of our contributors.

Another source of great gratification is the fact that THE WESTERN was the first of the High School papers to appear. This is a matter of much surprise to us, for we never dreamed that we would be ahead of the enterprising *Review*, or our lively contemporary *The Easterner*. Surely some thing must be radically wrong when our sister schools allow the little Western to get ahead of them in any matter. However, we remember the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. Our big neighbors across the creek cannot expect to be foremost always in everything.

We sincerely hope the statement in the *Post*, to the effect that there was a probability of *The Review's* not being published this year because of the lack of a business manager, is wholly without basis. We wish them success in their search for a bus-

iness manager, and may they get one even half as good as our own "Birdie."

II.

THE WESTERN is distinctly a school paper, and stands as the exponent of school interests. Our readers will not, then, be surprised to find us allying ourselves on the side of the Teachers' Bazaar, not that there is any other side, for the patrons and friends of the school, as well as business and professional men, from the President down to the smallest child in the first grade, have expressed their hearty interest in the movement. Here, boys and girls of the Western, is another opportunity for us to "pull together;" a chance for more school spirit, and unity of feeling on a subject which concerns us all.

The K. S. K. has already taken the initiative and voted a handsome cash contribution. Let us follow in the footsteps of our popular club, and as a school take up this interest with as much enthusiasm as we do the questions that more directly concern us; and let it not be said that at the Western High School there is one pair of unwilling hands, or one indifferent spirit in this great enterprise. The Western counts upon your enthusiastic support, and challenges your largest effort.

III.

It is very evident that some of our contributors have never before written for publication. A word by way of instruction will not be out of place at this time. Never write on both sides of the paper, as it is very inconvenient for the printer to be compelled to turn manuscript. It makes little or no difference whether you write with pen or pencil, but above all things write legibly.

Contributions should be in, the Monday before the appearance of the issue for which they are intended. A little care in these matters on the part of our contributors will save us much trouble.

IV.

A courteous thing for us to do would be to patronize our advertisers. We must remember it is a matter of business for them and for us. It is our desire to establish a reputation, not only as a school paper, but as an advertising medium as well. This

can never be done if our advertisers receive no returns for their investment. Therefore, we earnestly urge you not to let our advertising columns go unnoticed, but, in so far as you are able, give your patronage to those who have patronized us.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Contributions for the Western High School table are beginning to come in, and there is every promise of a very handsome display of fancy articles. The custodian, Miss Ulke, will be glad to exhibit the articles to interested students any day after 2 o'clock.

Captain Berry is already in the field as candidate for the officer's sword, (the gift of Oehm & Co., Balto.) and promises, with his enthusiastic backing here, to give the other officers a close run in the lively contest. Save your dimes for votes, loyal Westerners.

It is astonishing what a sudden interest has been awakened in candy made in red and white, while as to the necktie scheme, and the handkerchief craze which have taken our sections by storm, one may predict great results when worked by such winsome first year girls and such gallant first year boys.

It is suggested that the High Schools supply relays of girls for the flower booth. We venture to prophesy a large attendance of the Western contingent when white gowned lassies with red ribbons preside over the rose bowls, or serve lemonade.

We are pitted against the Business High School in the contest for the bicycle, but no one questions the popularity of our boys and girls, and even against so enterprising and strong a rival, we expect to hold our own, and mount a fair (or stalwart) Westerner on the new wheel.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'95. Miss Alice Lynch is taking the course at the Normal School.

'94. Miss Carrie Nordlinger of N street is to make her debut the coming winter. She will be introduced to society at a coming out ball early in Autumn.

'93. Duncan, alias, "Reddy" Bradley is taking a course in law at Columbian.

'93. Miss Etta Hanger is teaching near Stanton, Va.

OUR LATEST.

Apart in awful dignity

The "Western" usher sits,

A wavelet in his ebon locks,

A smile upon his lips.

Instead of crowded desk and stool

He boasts a table big;

In an arm-chair great doth he take in state

His "*otium cum dig.*"

And whenever a fair intruder

Comes in with a puzzled air,

With courtly politeness he sees to her wants—

Especially when she is *fair*!

The girls admire his manly form—

He's becoming quite a Be(a)ll—

And they've told me a secret about him too,

But I really dare not tell!

Oh! a great institution our usher is,

And so merry is his glance,

That we pardon his flirting—'tis but a few—

And wonder if we wouldn't do so too

If we had as good a chance!

THE BUTT.

The Blake House, being so well known and so beautifully situated, was, as usual, very well filled that summer. Having been, in the days before the "late unpleasantness," the residence of a wealthy slave-owner, it was far more attractive and far more comfortable than the ordinary country boarding house. It was placed directly on the bay-front, with wide, roomy verandas, and a fine lawn sloping down to the row of magnificent weeping willows lining the sea-wall.

Among the guests there was, of course, a Funny Man—no self respecting boarding house could exist without its Funny Man. In this case he was a young man very much in love with the Reigning Beauty, who is invariably as indispensable an adjunct as the Funny Man.

Then there were, as usual, the Girl who Recites, the Blase Young Man, the Nervous Old Lady, the Termagant Brat, the Irritable Old Man, a host of maidens fair (and otherwise), and lastly the Butt, a young man whose mind seemed to be divided between his clothes, a series of vain attempts to comprehend the Funny Man's jokes, and an overpowering passion for the Reigning Beauty.

The Butt, poor fellow, had a hard time of it; the object of his adoration ignored him; the Funny Man, hardly recognizing him as a rival, despised him and was eternally holding him up to ridicule; the Termagant nearly tormented him to death,

the Nervous Old Lady was afraid of him because of his awkwardness; the Girl who Recites hated him because he did not laugh at her funny pieces, and the Irritable Old Man swore at him with touching regularity on those unfortunate but frequent occasions when he stumbled over the old man's gouty foot; so that on the whole his life was more of a burden than anything else.

However, one evening after dinner, when the whole convocation was spread over the front lawn, talking, reading, and gazing out upon the water from beneath the trees, he was in a fairly happy frame of mind for, although; the Termagant Brat had sown a handful of tacks in the seat of his chair, and the Funny Man was ridiculing him as usual, yet the Reigning Beauty had been more gracious than was her custom; and he was used to tacks and ridicule.

But as even such comparative bliss cannot always be expected to last long, the front lawn convocation was presently startled by a series of awful yells, barks, and howls, from the rear of the house. The yells were recognized by all as being characteristic of the Termagant Brat, who, an instant later, rushed around the corner of the house evidently in a state of very great terror. The cause of his trouble was not far off, for at his heels was a dog, whose tongue was hanging out and who was evidently in a very much demented condition of mind.

Every one present immediately recognizing that the dog was mad. The utmost confusion reigned. The Termagant Brat plunged right among them, and the dog losing sight of him in the confusion, made straight for the Reigning Beauty. The Nervous Old Lady gave one faint shriek and then died. The Irritable Old Man swore fervently, but with the accents of despair. The Blase Young Man, forgetting his ennui, leaped to his feet with an awful yell, and vainly attempted to climb a tree which his arms could not more than half engirdle. As for the Funny Man, he ran and jumped over the sea-wall, (where the water was fortunately not much more than waist deep.)

The mad-dog was almost upon the Reigning Beauty, who had sunk back pale and motionless in her chair when the Butt, having recovered himself and stripped off

his coat, as the dog made his final leap, threw the garment over the beast's head and grasped at his throat. The dog knocked him down with the force of his leap, but rolling over and over he struggled manfully, until finally, though the animal was an immense one, he succeeded in choking it to death.

The Butt lived a peaceful life the rest of that summer, and his engagement to the Reigning Beauty was announced in the Fall.

JESSE H. WILSON, JR.

A REMARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.

A brief paragraph can hardly do justice to the interesting announcements which THE YOUTH'S COMPANION makes for the coming year. Not only will some of the most delightful story-writers contribute to the paper, but many of the most eminent statesmen, jurists and scientists of the world. No fewer than three cabinet ministers are announced, among them being the Secretary of Agriculture, who chose for a subject "Arbor Day," the celebration of which he originated; Secretary Herbert writes on "What the President of the United States Does," and Secretary Hoke Smith on "Our Indians,"

In a fascinating group of articles under the head of "How I Served my Apprenticeship," Frank R. Stockton tells how he became an author, General Nelson A. Miles gives reminiscences of his army days, and Andrew Carnegie recalls his earliest struggles in getting a business footing.

The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION make the following liberal offer: New subscribers who will send at once their name and address and \$1.75 will receive free a handsome four-page Calendar for 1896 (7x10 in.), lithographed in nine colors, the retail price of which is 50 cents, THE COMPANION free every week until January 1, 1896, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers free, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION fifty-two weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

I hear there is an abundance of dancers in the school. Did any of them ever attend a cod-fish ball?

I have seen many things which can walk, but I only lately saw a cake walk.

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WESTERN.

NAME.	AGE.	HOBBY.	FAVORITE REFRESH.	BEST.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.
Alexander R.	Still in his teens.	Punning.	Corned beef hash.	See Mil(l)s)ton.	Milkman.
Berry, E.	Can shave.	Cleanin' gums.	Hot water.	See Greek class A.	Flag-man.
Beall.	Not too old to learn.	Ushering.	Smiles from Miss U.	We don't dare say.	Chemist.
Cheney, E.	Can't talk yet.	Writing poems.	"Fly" cake.	Juliet.	Poet.
Cassin,	Way up.	Growing.	Peanuts.	Unknown.	Barnum's giant.
Duckett,	Has a mustache.	A great "walker."	Soda water.	May or 'Berta.'	Minstrel.
Hume.	Old as the hills.	Talking across the aisle.	"2-fers" and Char-lotte russe.	We can't decide.	Student at Hopkins.
Kirtland, S.	Uncertain.	Woman hating.	Olives.	"Virgie."	Artist.
Leetch, F.	Younger brother.	Blushing.	Sardines.	Too many of 'em.	Musician.
McCartney.	Spring chicken.	Having cases.	Greek roots.	The "smart" cyclist	Society man.
McGowan.	Still bashful.	Music.	Frankfurters.	25th street.	Translator of Chaucer
Mannakee.	Can't walk yet.	Seeking inspirations from the ceilings.	"Graham" bread.	Ask sister.	Barber.
Nesbit.	Non antiqua.	"Suspenders."	Chestnuts.	Undecided.	Loafing.
Petty.	Sweet sixteen.	Hanging round the town.	Jokes.	Edna.	Actor.
Reed, L.	1. B. C.	Burning the midnight oil.	Mud.	B——e?	Reporter.
Smoot.	Keep it dark.	Unmatched cuff-but-tons.	Pickles.	He met her this summer.	French translator.
Seibold.	Old enough to have more sense.	Raising a fog in S. H.	"Matinees."	Himself.	Peddler.
Wilson, J.	Kid yet.	Accepting the inevi-table.	French Verbs.	Still faithful at the old stand.	Singer.
Guess.	Just hatched.	Playing soldier.	Teething-ring.	Lillian.	Janitor.

NOTES.

WHO ARE THEY?

The Western High School had two youths,
And these two youths were men,
The height of one was five foot six,
The other, six foot ten:

Now with the boys of Company "H"
These noble lads had served,
And, as became brave men and true,
Had, ne'er from duty swerved:

So when their senior year came round,
And each of them did dream,
Of "H" he was the captain grand,
Strange as it all may seem:

Alas, they met an awful fate,
Death came one Thursday night,
And all their hopes were "berried" deep,
Yes, "berried" out of sight.

MEH.

The first years say that they perfer the
example set by the fourth years to any
that Miss McNulty ever sets.

Miss. Robinson pronounces this years'
fourth year History class the best in the
school's career.

It is a great satisfaction to sit in the
gallery, for it is the only chance we have
to look down on the faculty.

We often speak of manning a ship, but
how do we "man-a-kee?"

The latest—Be absent from school
three days, in order that, your seat being
forfeited, it will be necessary for you to
take a seat in room II. and enjoy the
gallery life with the seniors.

One of our bright scholars told a certain
young man that he was the climax of all
her joy, and then wittily remarked when
he put on his hat that "That capped the
climax."

LUNCHEON NOTES.

The platform in the study hall looked
very Knabe, with the handsome furniture
and fern, but it looked even Be(s)tor when
the music was Perkin up.

Among the freaks of nature we observed
at the luncheon, were Sheetz munching cake,
Barnes selling fruit, Pears strolling around,
Kanes eating oysters, Hills running up
and down stairs, and a whole Town buying
popcorn.

Never before Friday last have such
sweet odors been wafted from the chemical
laboratory—the cake was cut there

'Twas a prominent fact that the
table over which the Kamptown Soshu
Klub banner hung did the biggest business
selling out its entire stock first of all.

URINS.

Mary had a little lamp,
It fed on kerosene;
But Mary down the chimney blew,
And left this earthly scene.

A morning glory—10 in a writte
lesson the first hour.

Teacher:—Analyze the sentence
"Adolphus married Caroline."

Pupil:—"Adolphus is a noun, becaus
it is the name of a thing. Married is
conjunction, because it connects thing
and Caroline is a preposition, because
governs the noun."

Did you hear the fall of 'umbian.
night? teaching ne

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

No. 3.

WHEN ANN JANE SINGS.

She's poor, and sick, and dreadful thin,
Old Ann Jane is;

The path of life that she walks in
Ain't strewn with bliss;

She's bent with rheumatiz and pain,
All kinds of things;

And yet the world seems right again
When Ann Jane sings.

Them choir girls (when it doesn't rain)
All wears their best;

She looks so kinder poor, and plain
'Mongst all the rest.

She wears a faded caliker,
Old bonnet strings;

But yet you somehow don't see her
When Ann Jane sings.

Then of the best her temper ain't;
She's old and sour;

They say she finds some new complaint
For every hour;

She said some things to me that stung,
Like hornets' stings,

But yet I must forgive her tongue
When Ann Jane sings.

I hear the wind come blowin' through
The apple trees;

I see the cornfields wavin', too;
The summer breeze

From where my beds of roses lie,
The odor brings;

And one step nearer heaven I
When Ann Jane sings.

ANNE M. KIDDER.

ON THE BROW OF THE HILL.

CHAPTER I.

Though early in September, it was very cold up in the mountains of Virginia; the leaves of the trees were already touched with red and yellow and the golden-rod grew everywhere abundantly. A narrow, rocky road wound around the mountain in a zig-zag fashion, leading up to a rude log cabin, perched on the summit where an irregular white-washed fence marked out a weedy looking space that passed for a garden. An apple orchard stretched on one side of the cabin while on the other was planted a patch of corn. But for the

smoke from the chimneys, the place would have appeared uninhabited, so desolate and unkept was it.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a shrill voice crying out, "Ma, Pa's down thar in the valley a-drivin' up here long side that city gent." A little freckled-faced, sandy-haired boy came bounding up the path, reaching the gate just as the cabin door opened and a young girl stepped out.

"Tommy, Ma says you're to drive the cows up now."

"All right, Marjory."

As the little boy climbed down the hill his sister walked to the gate, shaded her eyes with her hand and looked far out into the distance.

"So Mister Harrison's comin' here agin," she mused. Then her mind wandered back to the summer before, when on the night of the arrival of the city gentleman and his friend, farmer Pack's four daughters and the two girls from the mill had come up to "hear the gentlemen talk." Then she remembered how quickly that week had passed when the gentlemen had been there fishing. Mr. Harrison had been so kind to them all, and she had been so sorry when he left. Suddenly she heard the sound of wheels. Then a farm-wagon drawn by two mules came in sight, with her father, talking to Mr. Harrison, walking by its side.

"Here, sister," he called out, "come and tote these here things to the house." She drew her shawl around her shoulders and hastened down the hill. The two men were a queer combination. One was a typical mountaineer, of the class who are always seen in overalls and high leather boots, coarse shirts and broad brimmed hats. He was a tall old man, powerfully built, but with a face neither good nor

honest, the eyes were too close and narrow, the mouth too hard and cruel, a stubby gray beard grew on the chin. The other, a man of about thirty, wore a rough gray suit with cap to match; he was handsome, that is he had good features and pure coloring, but there were no signs of strength or nobility in his face. After Marjory had shyly shaken hands with her former friend, she and Mr. Harrison "toted" the few boxes of groceries to the cabin while her father went to put the mules up for the night.

An open fire was blazing in the kitchen, lighting up the little room and casting a red glow on the log walls opposite. Around a plain, deal table sat old Tinsley, his wife and daughter and Mr. Harrison, at supper; while several small children hung about waiting for their turn to come. Excepting corn-pones, the only dish was one solitary bowl containing a mixture of soup and vegetables. To break one of the long silences, Harrison turned to his neighbor and said, "Mr. Tinsley, can you tell me where I will find the best fishing this year? I hope to bring your wife quite a stringful to-morrow."

"Keep to the streams in the valley; you git mo' thar than any other place I knows on," the farmer curtly replied.

His wife and daughter interchanged glances, then Mrs. Tinsley sadly shook her head. Later in the evening, when the guest had been shown to his room and the old farmer himself had gone to bed, his wife and Marjory sat before the kitchen fire, talking while they mended the children's clothes.

"I can't think whatever's come over your Pa," mourned Mrs. Tinsley, drawing her thread slowly through the rough, grey wool, "he's not been like himself since that man came up here to see him on busi-

ness, and that's mo' than three months ago. The times ain't so hard neither, we sold them garden things for right much; but I am afeared it's money trouble."

"Don't you worry, Ma," replied Marjory soothingly, "I reckon Pa's not feelin' tolerable well jist now, but he'll come 'round soon." For a moment she looked thoughtful, then the young girl bent her fair face over the mother's troubled one, kissing it gently as she took the sewing from the toil worn hands.

"We must git to bed now, Ma, for Mister Harrison will want his breakfast real early in the morning," was all she said.

CHAPTER II.

The sun was setting, sinking slowly behind the mountains but leaving the sky still tinged with sunset lines. Glorious streaks of gold faded off into pale yellow, purple clouds changed quickly to pink and lavender, and against this back-ground the mountains stretched out, a dark irregular line.

Marjory and Harrison were slowly climbing up the mountain side, by a short cut instead of the usual road. At last they stood on the brow of the hill, their figures outlined sharply against the glowing horizon. Marjory's sun bonnet was pushed back, displaying the soft, brown hair blowing around her face and the large, dark eyes turned meditatively on her companion as he held out a long string of fish.

"Miss Marjory," he was saying, "I think you gave me luck to-day; I wish I could always have such a guide."

The girl turned her eyes full on him. "I'll show you around whenever you want me to," she said quietly, "I'd love to go, if you don't mind me."

Harrison was disconcerted for a moment. It was not the first time that Marjory had spoken to him in this manner. Throughout the whole day she had said and done certain little things that worried him. She had wanted to run all the errands and even to go back to the cabin, three miles off, to get some trival thing which he had forgotten. Evidently the "women folk" of this part of the country were brought up to wait on the men. He liked this little country girl, but that was all, and so, when she looked at him so frankly and said, "I

like you better than any of the boys around here," he felt a little embarrassed. So now he answered her in a very commonplace manner.

"Well, if you go with me every day I expect we shall bring your mother home more fish than she will know what to do with. By the way, I think your mother can cook fish better than any other person I know."

For a moment Marjory looked steadfastly at the sunset, then she said slowly, "Yes, Ma certainly kin cook fish—she beats Mrs. Pack a'cookin', any day." Then, after a somewhat embarrassing silence, "My! but ain't the evening nice? the sky's real pretty."

"Yes, the sunset is beautiful, but I think we must hurry if we want any fish for supper," replied Harrison firmly.

Marjory said yes, she thought they had better go; and then she thought that somehow Mr. Harrison had changed a little and the evening was not so nice after all.

* * * * *

"Daughter, go upstairs and tell your Pa to come and git some supper; I think he must be sleepin'."

Marjory tipped up stairs and softly pushed open her father's door, but he was not in the little bedroom. As she looked across the hall she started violently, then stood quite still. The door of Mr. Harrison's room stood ajar and there on the floor, before an open trunk, knelt her father.

"What kin Pa want amongst Mister Harrison's things?" she mused; but she moved quietly down the hall and standing on the rickety little steps, called loudly, "Pa, supper's waitin'."

In a second her father came to the door. "Who's that callin' me? I'm a comin' when I git ready," he growled.

She waited until he had passed her, and then turned back.

"Whar you goin' gal?" he asked.

"I've got to git somethin' for Ma."

She listened until she heard them all talking in the kitchen; then she stepped into Mr. Harrison's room and raised the lid of his trunk. There were a few articles of clothing and some fishing tackle there, that was all. But no, down in one corner was a small paper box. She carefully

opened this and counted fifteen, twenty, fifty dollars. The box slipped from her fingers.

"What kin it mean?" she whispered. "Pa? why Pa wouldn't take nobody's money—and then Mr. Harrison would know who done it."

Suddenly she remembered her mother's words, "I am afeared it's money trouble." Then the fact that her father had been so unlike himself lately. Yes, yes, it must be as her mother had said; and all this worry was connected with that horrid looking man who had travelled through the country early in the summer, and whom the farmers called the agent.

"I mus'n't tell Ma," she decided; "but what shall I do?"

"Sister, Ma says ain't you comin' to supper?" called out a young Tinsley.

"Yes, I'm comin' right now."

CHAPTER III.

One afternoon Marjory sat alone on the little kitchen steps, cutting up apples. At last she stopped peeling her fruit, and setting the bowl carefully on the ground, rested her head on her hand while a very worried expression came into her eyes. Marjory was thinking very deeply now and it was not the first time within the past few days that she had put aside her work, just to think.

Matters seemed to be getting very bad; her father had changed more and more until he scarcely ever spoke civilly to Mr. Harrison and never to her mother or herself. At night she would watch him walking up and down before the cabin, and once when the light of her candle fell across his face, the evil look upon it frightened her. The day before, when walking through the woods, she had heard her father's voice raised in conversation. As she listened, some one had said: "If not paid in a week the farm, cabin and all your effects must be sold to raise the money."

Then two men had come into view—her father and the man known in the village as "that sneakin' agent." Her father had whispered hoarsely, "Hush, don't say nothin'—that's my gal." Then he had turned to her and bidden her sharply to go on home. In the midst of her reverie she

suddenly started up. What was that noise she heard? Oh, it was only one of the children crying.

"Well, Tommy, what's the matter? what are you cryin' about?" she asked, relieved.

Her small brother, dissolved in tears, came up to her and buried his face in her apron.

"Pa wouldn't let me go a fishin' with him and Mr. Harrison," he sobbed.

"Well, don't you mind, Tommy, you kin go with me to-morrow; but whar 'bouts did Pa and Mr. Harrison go?" she asked with sudden interest.

"Pa, he said he was a goin' over to that other mountin' whar we went befo', once long ago," said Tommy, somewhat comforted.

It was not such a long time ago as Tommy thought; she remembered very well that the summer before, her father had taken them all up there one day, and that he had said the place was too dangerous for them ever to venture there alone. A very clear picture of this place came before her eyes, with its tall rocks piled one upon another, overhanging a mountain stream. Her father had helped them to the edge of these rocks, where they could throw their fishing lines into the stream, but he had told them to be very careful as a misstep would mean certain death. These thoughts passed swiftly through her mind, as she turned to Tommy and said quietly: "Here, take this apple and run along and play; I must go into the kitchen now."

Tommy sat down in the little garden, quite contented now that Marjory had promised to take him with her the next day and had also given him an apple; but his sister hastened through the house, shut the little gate carefully behind her and then turned down the road. Marjory hardly knew why she went. Of course there was no danger! Still she felt that all was not well, and that she must follow her father. The place was a long way off, the country around entirely uninhabited; it was there that a man had been shot the winter before; in fact, people thought that anything might happen over there. Marjory broke into a run. She knew the country well, so she went by all the short-cuts, wading through brooks, and leaping over ditches.

She might as well not lose any time she thought, although they had not started long before her. At last the place was reached. She crept along the rocks, carefully concealing herself behind the bushes, so as not to be seen by the two men, who were standing just above. Not until she heard Harrison call out to her father, "the fishing ought to be very good here, it is certainly silent enough," did she realize what a load had been lifted from her mind; it almost made her cry aloud for joy! But looking up, her eyes fell on her father, and the sight caused her very blood to turn cold.

Harrison was standing on the edge of the cliff, facing the stream, her father was just behind him. The same look which had frightened her so, when she saw him before the cabin door, was on his face now.

In a second, every circumstance flashed through Marjory's brain. Her father's changed manner, the money in Harrison's trunk, her encounter with the agent, then the lonely mountain and dangerous rocks.

"Pa," she called, firmly.

The old man dropped his arm, and turned suddenly, giving her a look that expressed anger and amazement, but above all, fear! She walked up to them slowly, and said in a quiet voice:

"Pa, a man's waitin' down in the village to see you. He come up to the house, and Tommy said you were here, so I run over to fetch you. He come with me as far as the village, but he got played out, and he said he would stop thar' and wait for you."

Her father measured her with his eye a moment, then he said indifferently, as she returned his glance:

"Wall, I'll jist step down and see him, Harrison; you kin wait here until I come back. And look-a-here, sister, you go along home."

"Yas, Pa, I'm jist goin' to rest a bit first," said the girl.

Marjory leaned against one of the rocks whilst she watched her father's retreating figure. Harrison examined her furtively; at last he spoke.

"Why, Marjory, you don't look well, you are as white as a sheet. I think you must have come over here too quickly; couldn't one of your brothers have come?"

She scarcely heeded his words, her eyes were looking far beyond him, and her whole face was quivering. Then she turned to him imploringly.

"Mr. Harrison, indeed, you must go away from here," she said, "you have jist time to catch the evening train, I'll git the boy that was workin' for Pa to-day to drive you and your trunk to the station. Please don't ask me nothin' nor say anything to Ma, but jist go 'long."

Harrison could not doubt the girl's earnestness; the face was too appealing, too imploring. Of course there was some mystery; vague suspicions came to him concerning the girl's father, then he thought that perhaps it was Marjory herself who wished him to go. In either case, he would lose no time in doing what she asked.

The moonlight streamed into a narrow little room, in one corner of which two children were sleeping. The other occupant was a girl, kneeling before the window, looking out into the night.

Marjory was thinking—"what if her father did owe money? that was far better than having a crime on his soul. He had not committed a murder. Ah! how thankful she was that he had shed no blood. And Harrison! he was in the city by now, quite safe, and he would never know anything against the old mountaineer. It was her own life that seemed so different,—but then Harrison had not returned her love, so perhaps it was best as it was.

LONDON CARTER BLACKFORD.

GIRLS, TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

T A nner.

Light F oot.

Duck E tt.

W ilson.

Nes B itt.

P E tty.

A lexander.

II U me.

K I rtland.

Ree D.

B E rry.

T A ussig.

L eetch.

Water S.

The best way to prevent the breaking of your will after death, is not to make one.

"How is the earth divided?" was asked in the geography class. "By earthquakes," said the boy who had just awakened.

THE WESTERN.

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MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. ALEXANDER, '96.
MR. SCUDLER, '98. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni.
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EDWARD A. DUCKETT, '96, Business Manager.

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A1—MISS READSHAW. A2—MR. WRIGHT.
B1—MR. LIGHTFOOT. B2—MR. BELLER.
C1—MISS FOLBY. C2—MISS NORDLINGER.
A3—MISS HANGER. B3—MISS WALKER.
A4—MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

I.

The Seniors are to be congratulated upon their signal victory last Friday, in the contest over the most popular girl.

Besides being the smallest class in school they entered the race with other odds against them. On the one hand they had to contend against the Juniors, who, having formed a strong combination with a large portion of the Freshmen, stood defiantly confident of success; while on the other, they found arrayed against them the candidates of the Sophomore and Freshman classes—who also had a strong following.

By a bit of skillful manœuvring, which the rest of the school was a little slow in taking in, they were able, on the first ballot, to place their candidate on the ticket for the final election. Then followed the closest and most exciting contest the old Western has ever seen. But it's all over now, and the Seniors look back upon it with a faint smile, while the Juniors, in a dazed condition, are still rubbing their eyes and wondering how it all happened.

With great pleasure we congratulate the fair victor, Miss Blackford. Not only is she the most popular girl in the Western, but in both Georgetown and Washington she has hosts of friends on whom she can depend for a large support in her race for the "bike." Of course she will have the loyal support of every true Westerner. Where is the boy or girl who would not support his school in everything? Surely

he is not to be found in the Western, where we pride ourselves on our loyalty to our school. Oh no, such a one would not be worthy of us. Then let us, laying aside any personal feeling we may have, put our best efforts to the front and show ourselves and the outside world what the little Western can do against such a big fellow as the "Business."

II.

It has been a matter of some thought with us in the past, as to how we could reach our first-year students, and arouse among them the same interest in our paper that is found in the other classes. It was suggested that the difficulty lay in the fact that there was no representative from the first-year class on the editorial staff. If this be true, we believe we have overcome the difficulty by the appointment of Miss McDonald, of '99, as a member of our staff. Miss McDonald's efforts will be confined chiefly to the first year, and we trust she will have the liberal support of her class.

We renew a proposition made some time ago to the first-year class. It is our desire to devote one of our future editions entirely to the first year, to have every word from cover to cover written by first-year students. Now, boys and girls to make this scheme possible, we must have, in the first place, a greater interest on the part of each one than we have had in the past.

Secondly, your interest must be evinced by your willingness to contribute something, even though it may be only a note. Thirdly, whatever you do must be your best, so that you will issue a paper which will be, without doubt, the best edition we have ever put out. Then let us take hold of this scheme and push it through to success.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Every energy must be strained to win votes for Capt. Berry for the Officer's Sword; for, twenty-four hours before the close of the contest, all the votes of the second battalion will be turned over to the officer in that battalion who heads the list. This will insure victory in the second battalion. Why not make it mean victory for the Western? Be up and doing, gallant sons of H.

The Western High School has not been neglected in the distribution of space. Full recognition has been given to our prominence and the fact that we feel as big as any of the schools, for, lo! our booth is full size—ah, too, too full a size my tardy brother, who dalliest now with thy reluctant doily—A booth 11 x 18 x 15 ft. and—pieces of embroidery! Truly this is food for tho't for the Committee on Arrange-

ment. Our business rivals have us at a disadvantage, for while they luxuriate in table-spreads and center pieces, they are also in possession of some things that count for size,—and when they have arrayed their *trunk and ten lamp shades* in gorgeous profusion, I fear that the Western Booth will look sadly bare and empty. So ply the needle, gallant youth and fair maiden.

The camel is stalled in the basement of the Curtis, and is in a thriving condition, adding daily to her stature—With a bag-pipe playing "The Campbell's are coming" as a herold, and a troop of Arabs to clear the way for Nellie Bly, there promises to be a lively scene along the route of the Western's favorite quardruped.

Nellie Bly is not the only protégée of the Western: Burke and his stalwart supporters having failed to carry the Perry cause to victory, are now working up their muscle, not for duels, gentle reader, but to support the weight of fair maidens who may honor the sedan chair with their patronage. Burke may look harmless enough in citizens dress (and we who watched him through the late elections know how gentle is his nature) but when transformed into a blood-thirsty Turk, I am sure he will terrorize every one he approaches into immediate acquiescence in his demands; so beware of the sedan chairs and the Turks.

The friends of Miss Blackford, the popular candidate for the bicycle, are organizing their forces for a strong fight, and the Western predicts for them unquestioned success. The Business School is larger in numbers, but we may well bank upon our larger enthusiasm and undivided interest. Many votes have already been cast for our dear '96, and we prophesy that four weeks more will find this steed champing its iron bit within the Curtis' spacious corridors.

The latest rumor from the stable of Nellie Bly hints at the loss of one castor—It is hoped this can be replaced before the opening of the bazaar.

A FIFTY-CENT CALENDAR FREE.

The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION are sending free to the subscribers to the paper a handsome four-page Calendar, 7 x 10 in., lithographed in nine colors. It is made up of four charming pictures, each pleasing in design, under each of which are the monthly calendars for the year 1896. The retail price of this Calendar is 50 cents.

New subscribers to THE COMPANION will receive this beautiful Calendar free and besides, THE COMPANION free every week until January 1, 1896. Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers free, and the THE COMPANION fifty-two weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1897. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

The farmer likes the robins' song,
He likes all songs so gay;
But first of all and best of all,
He likes the chickens' lay.

In Latin and Greek
He was quick as a streak.
In dress he was foppish and tony,
The latter was due to his being an ass,
The former was due to his pony.

A lady wished a seat in the hall the other noon.
A handsome young man brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," said she. "Oh no! I am a jeweler, I have just set the jewel."

Jack Frost and Chris Anthemum came hand in hand.

OUR POSTMAN.

I see him several times a day,
And always pause in work or play,
To watch his form far up the street,
And always have a smile to greet
Our postman.

Awaiting, at the window pane,
I often watch him quite in vain.
He cries, "No mail." Say I, "'Tis fate!"
Then I exclaim, "Oh, how I hate
That postman!"

One-day he gave me with a smile
An envelope, in length a mile.
Ah! with what joy my fingers burned;
Alas! "Your manuscript returned."
Ah! Postman!!

Sometimes there comes a morning fair,
When joy is in the very air.
I really fly to that front-door,
And, I assure you, I adore
Our postman.

He has a very knowing face,
As he draws from some hidden place
A letter, very large and brave,
"I'll love you, even to the grave,
Dear postman!"

A. K. C.

AN IDYLL.

The midnight oil is burning low and the student is digging away at his Greek with a pertinacity and suppressed profanity which would, no doubt, charm the Greek professor were he present. But in spite of his forced industry he cannot entirely prevent his mind from wandering towards mundane affairs, and indeed the cause of his anathematizing seems to be other than the wrath of Achilles.

Yes, the student seems terribly worked up and troubled at some dire insult or wrong, and the awful spirit of revenge has eaten deeper into his heart than it ordinarily does into the heart of thoughtless youth. The passionate and revengeful feeling depicted in his fearfully-wrought-up countenance is awful to see in the face of one so young.

The insult must have been fiendish.

Presently he closes his book quietly and reaches out his arm with a look of suppressed but desperate determination. Surely there is murder in that look.

With that out-stretched arm he strikes himself with a blow whose force knocks him off his chair, into the neighboring sideboard, smashing three glasses and a cake dish.

And yet, thirteen seconds after he has cleared away the debris and gathered himself into his chair again, that same fly who was tickling the student's ear is now taking a quiet promenade along the bridge of the student's nose softly humming that familiar old song, "I stood on the bridge at midnight." No, gentle reader, there was no murder done, only one attempted. J. H. WILSON JR.

Skeletons must belong to the bony part family.

"Ads" are numerous for artificial whalebone. Wonder where they find the artificial whales.

Dogs ought to be humorous animals. Anyway their tails are great wags.

"Drink" may be used as a verb or as a noun, but as a noun it is seldom declined.

XCVI.

'96 I sing, and the class who, e'en as tender freshmen, large of head by nature, thinking they owned the earth, came to the Western and the Rock Creek shores! Much tossed about were they for three long years in hall and class room, swayed by harsh teachers' rules and the gibes of upper class men, while they were finding knowledge and learning that it is power, whence sprang the K. S. K. and eke our joyous WESTERN. Truly, great deeds they tell, and glory much in the telling. Their word for it fain must we take, for our memories fail us these records!

Time was '96 boasted warriors; this year name they only one Ajax. Heu! warlike Mars sought new metal, and on younger brows placed his helmets. None of his favors sent he where '96 waited expectant! Others there are, however! Fairest among the goddesses, is Venus, bestower of beauty; she, to make up for the slight, by Mars on these children reflected, lavishly heaped on the girls her gifts, which tho' goodly, are fatal.

Eyes sent she like *stellae* that twinkle et lips osculation to tempt, and a CHEEK unexcelled e'en by freshmen, *nonne ita*, Oh, ye gods?

Many and copious charms Cytherea to these ones donated, and Cupid, her son, for their patron saint sent—the mischievous boy with the quiver. Whence come those languishing sighs, those sonnets those "spoons" heavy plated! *Ilum fuit*, alas, but *Helen* remaineth forever!

Speak, gentle Muse, neath whose brow, secrets of nations lie hidden, tell me the wherefore, I pray, the reason for all of this thusness? Why lofty spoken are they, and why with superior air they sweep 'round our temple of knowledge?

Musa respondit: "Go thou to, Oh, of mortals least knowing! Where spendst thou, prithee, thy days that thou knowest not how in a night pride upspringeth and like Jonah's gourd all things covereth! Very like to a mushroom it groweth, and oft, to continue the figure, like to the same finds its end at last—in the soup! Mortals there are by honors puffed up most unduly. Such are in '96. Honors several this year fell to their lot, I can tell thee, as follows, to wit, videlicet, *imprimis*, attend my tale. Great Juno, as soon as aware the distrust '96 was awaking, gave them a room set apart, broad-browed Calliope guarding. Truly, a favor this, yet graciously gave she another.

High round the frescoed walls of the room where the others assemble supported by columns tall, a gallery runs, like a terrace. Here, for worship each morn, gave she reserved seats to the Seniors. (Ingratitude base did they show—for they straightway called loudly for peanuts!) More glory than this cannot be. 'Tis the climax of mortal ambition, and down from their coign of advantage, gaze they with glances of scorn alike down on teacher and student. *Tacet Musa*.

Sic vita est, sighed I, shook hands with the muse and departed, mournfully keeping in mind the words that wise Solomon quoted—pride before ruin doth go, and a stumble before a high-stepper!

Seniors, look well to my song. I speak the truth. *Sic volvere Parcas*. SOPHOMORICUS.

After hearing current discussions, we conclude that the present age should be known as garb age.

(General on battle field)—"Flight like heros, boys, until your powders' gone, then run. I'm a little lame, so I guess I'll start now."

I.

The shades of night had barely fled
As towards the "Western" quickly sped
A teacher on whose brow so fair
Was stamped the print of heavy care—
Bazaar!

II.

The stars were gleaming in the sky,
Before she left with weary sigh
To drag herself a car upon
And seek a new committee on
Bazaar!

III.

And so it goes from morn' 'till eve
And only skin and bones doth leave
What were our teachers! Ah, I wis,
That sad were then the end of this

Bazaar!

Norval.

NOTES.

The helpful spirit, we presume of the first year, is shown by their labelling their contributions for THE WESTERN, "joke," "poem" and "story." We sincerely appreciate this, especially their identifying the jokes.

In the coming athletic games, we are confident of winning at least five of the events. Namely:

Mr. McCartney—The shot putting.

Mr. Cassin—The high jump.

Mr. Richard Brewer—The broad jump.

Mr. Alexander—The 100 yard dash.

Possibly there may be a pie eating contest. If so, Mr. Frank Gordon will easily carry off that prize for us.

One of the girls of the second year is constantly turning towards the (W) right Good little girl.

Second Year Pupil—Why are two intimate girls like Lieut. McGowan's squad?

First Year Pupil—Because they are always "falling out."

Among other nominations Friday, Miss Blackford, one candidate for the "bike," within the sacred precincts of R. II., voted the fourth years, "trumps."

One of our grave and mighty (?) seniors had quite a fall last night, but was not hurt.—He fell asleep.

There seems to be a rumour afloat that W. R. Coyle is going to return "to wander no more." If so, THE WESTERN will never lack jokes, for his stock of good (?) ones, we all know is endless.

Perhaps that great noise we heard the other day came from the band on the cajet caps.

We are all proud, and justly too, of our girls, especially Miss Perry, who, I declare, took her defeat very gracefully. Her generous action at the close of the elections was very much commended, as indeed it should have been. Her strong support and her coming so near to getting the candidacy have at least proved how very popular she is.

We are more fortunate than other schools in having "Matinees". Our first one is coming ere long and a great many are looking forward to it, some with feelings of joy, some of awe, for they dread to hear that awful "flunking" sound again.

People who live in glass houses are liable to give their neighbors a pane.

All women are not dreams, although all dreams are supposed to go by contraries.

SOPHOMORE PHILOSOPHY.

(Dedicated to Miss Birdie Duckett.)

Dis 'ere schule aint lak if wuz,
 'Bout er yer ergo,
 Cuz den we had sech fellers 'round
 Ez Babe, and Captin Joe.
 Ole Judge Thompson wuz hear tu,
 Wld Bunny, Kirt an all,
 But sence dem fellers lef us, lone,
 We've hed no fun, er tall.
 Joe, he's gone to Napalus.
 Dey say he's doin fine.
 De Judge is 'mong the foot-ball men,
 Back ub C'lumbia's line.
 Bunny is er college man,—
 I tink its called Cornell.
 Kirt aint doin' nothin' 'tall,
 But he's doin' it mighty well.
 I tink dey'll mak' er lawyer
 Out ub Babe McKee,
 And he ort ter be er good one,
 But wait, an we'll sune see.
 I mos fergot ole Duckett heah,
 He's still eround der place.
 'Pears like he's bound ter make yer laff,
 Till yer almos' split yer face.
 But Kamptown Soshul's heah agen,
 So cheer up, don't feel glum.
 Wen dey gits Duckett on der en,
 I bet dey'll mak things hum.
 An tho' we've los' sum fellers, still,
 Der's yet lef' quite er few.
 So git ye all tergether, now,
 An rush dis thing rite thru.
 Den cum, lets have sum music quick!
 Peal out dat goldin chime.
 An put yer bets on Birdie D.,
 Ye'll win mos ebery time. J. M. PETTY.

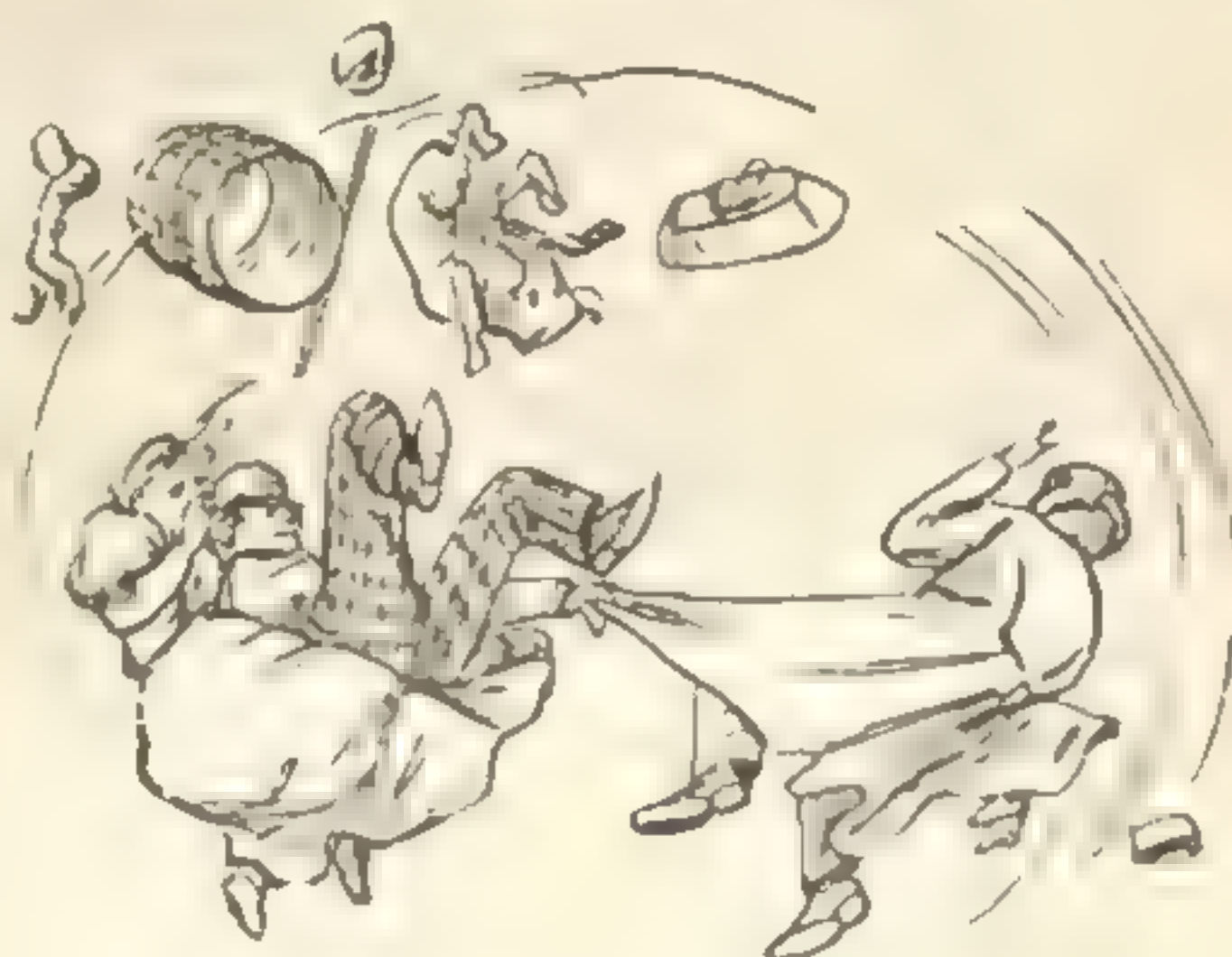
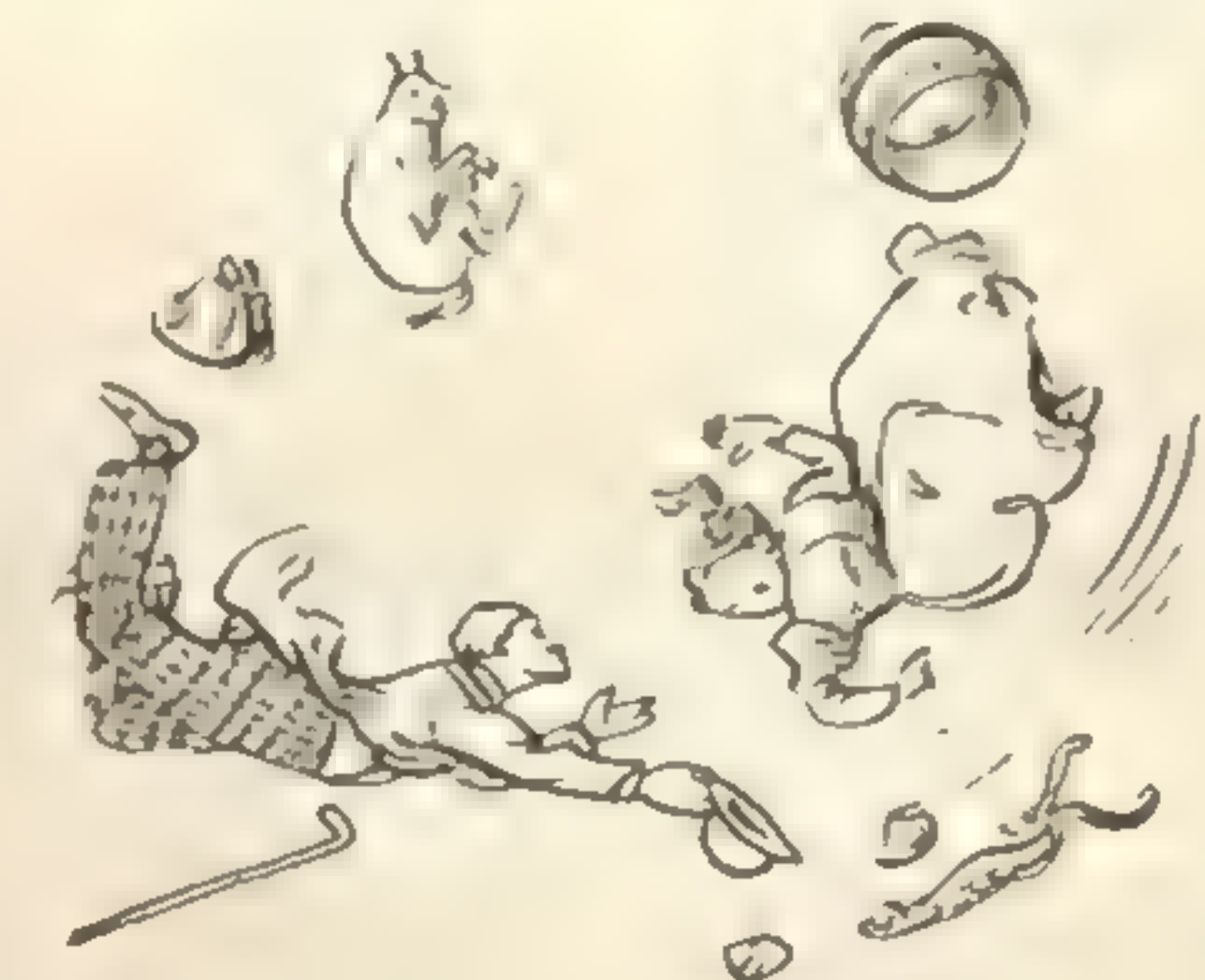
ALUMINI NOTES.

- '94. Arthur Birch is taking a course in electrical engineering at Lehigh.
 '93. Miss Temple Perry is visiting friends in Paola, Kansas.
 '93. Miss Violet Fasset, the St. Cecilia of her class, whose clever interpretations were once dear to the heart of the Western, is at present instructing others in her favorite art.
 '94. Miss Grace L. Stone is teaching at the Patterson.
 '95. Will Fisher is at Columbian. He is taking the medical course.
 '94. Eveleth Wilson has a position with the Southern Railway. Last year he took up technology at Central High School. The once popular commander of H has lost none of his old time interest in the company.
 '93. Jesse Rawlings graduated at Columbian Law School, class of '95.
 '94. Miss Clara Brewer is studying to be a trained nurse at Children's Hospital this city.
 '95. Miss Lulu Lanman is at the Normal.
 '94. J. W. Shea is with the firm of E. B. Curthbert & Co., N. Y.
 '94. Miss Carrie B. Troth is employed by the Emrich Beef Company as cashier.
 '94. Miss Orrilee Dix has been for the past year bookkeeper for the same firm.
 '93. Chas. Meding is with Seymour & Young, brokers.

A MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes!
 For instance, both a soul may lose.
 Both have been tanned, both are made tight
 By cobblers; both get left and right.
 Both need a mate to be complete,
 And both are made to go on feet.
 They both need heeling, oft are sold,
 And both in time will turn to mould.
 With shoes the last is first, with men
 The first shall be the last, and when
 The shoes wear out they're mended new
 When men wear out they're men dead, too!
 They both are trod upon and both
 Will tread on others, nothing loath.
 Both have their ties, and both incline
 When polished, in the world to shine,
 And both peg out. Now would you choose
 To be a man or be his shoes? M. A. E.

SOCIAL EPISODE IN THE CYCLONE REGION.



THE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT.

With modesty its eyes do downward seek
 Familiar faces 'neath the gallery's rail,
 With childlike innocence it rests
 On dimpled hand, a cheek from study pale.
 Oh, cherub fair! like Romeo of old,
 My heart cries out what lips refuse to speak—
 "Would that upon that hand I were a glove,
 That I might touch that cheek!"

NOTICE.

STRICKLY BUSINESS!!!

Our next issue, "The Thanksgiving Number," will be worthy of its name.

To the cover will be added the words "Thanksgiving Number, 1895," artistically arranged, and the reading matter will cover EIGHT pages instead of six. The articles contributed bear special reference to the occasion and have been penned by our most prominent and fluent contributors, who in this instance have surpassed themselves.

All this has entailed extra expense. The printer being a man of business, has for his motto, "Extra work, extra pay." Therefore to meet this emergency we have decided that TEN CENTS is not an exorbitant price to ask for such an artistic sheet. Our subscribers will receive their papers as usual, but extra copies will be sold at ten cents each,—and will be worth the increased price.

Now for something of interest to our subscribers—

Girls! As this is to be the "Thanksgiving Number" we have an offer to make you—whether or not this edition will be a "Thanksgiving" one to you, rests entirely with yourselves. Listen! You girls all have hosts of friends. Well, now is your opportunity to ascertain whether or not this friendship is worth "ten cents per head." To make this TEST interesting to you we offer to the girl subscriber to THE WESTERN who shall sell the greatest number of extra copies of this "Thanksgiving Number" by December 10, 1895, a handsome filigree silver buckle, (sterling) with silk belt, complete, which any one of you may well be proud to wear. It is surely worth trying for anyway.

Boys! We have not forgotten you this time. Knowing what every boy usually lacks, especially at such a time as this—a knife—we have secured one, sterling silver and certainly a "beauty." The conditions for winning this are the same, work among your friends, get them to promise to take a copy of this paper. It is only a matter of a little soliciting upon your part, and in return you will receive this handsome premium. Begin your appeal to your friends at once, the sooner the better.

These premiums are on exhibition in the office—come and see for yourself, whether they are worth working for, and decide whether or not you will be the possessor of one of them, for "Where there's a will there's a way."

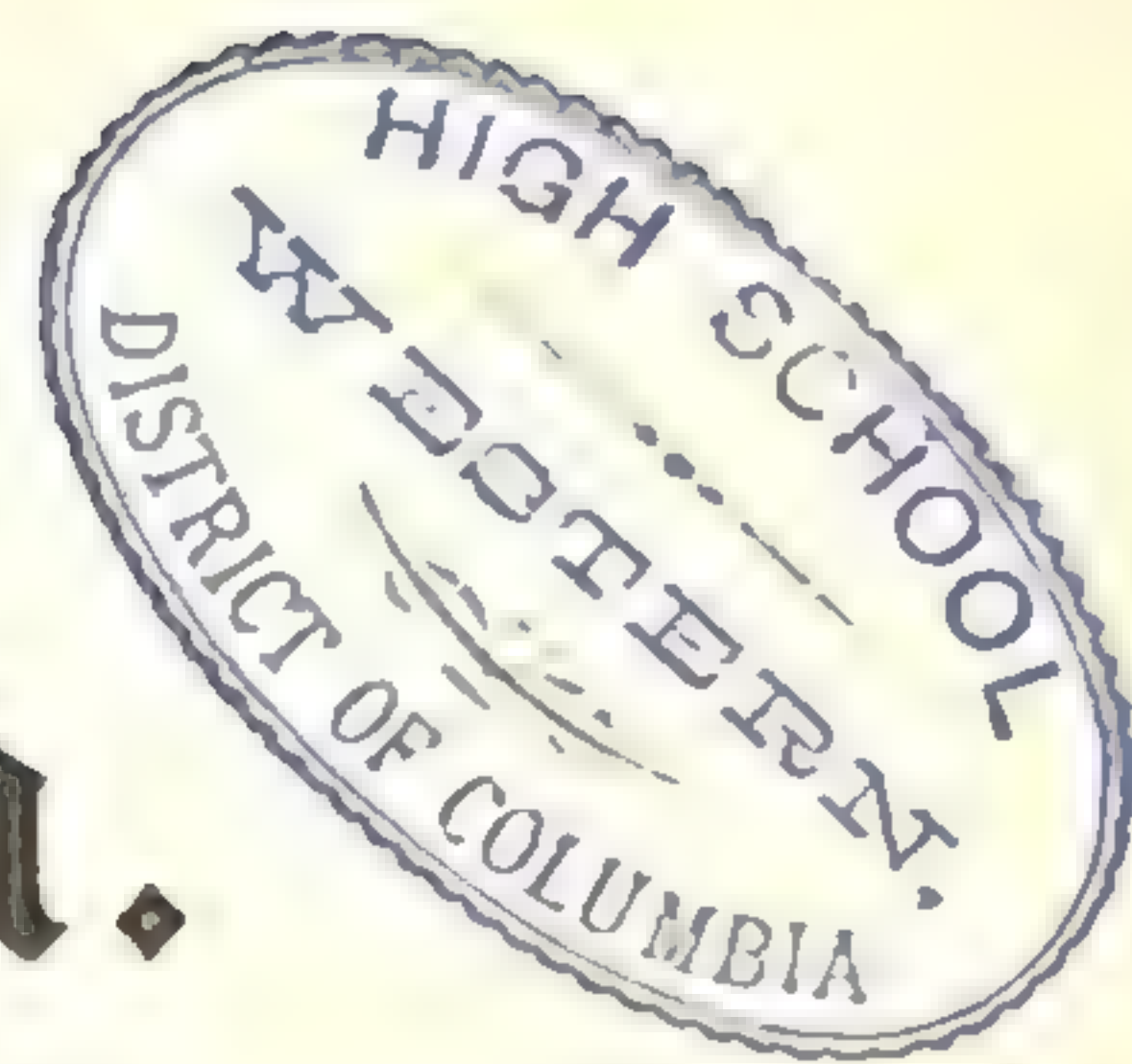
Think it over! Solicit from your friends!! Remember what there is in it for you!!! The names of the winners will appear in the 5th number of "THE WESTERN."

For further particulars apply to the Business Manager.

Why walks he with important stride
 Or near or far?
 Why knows his vigilance no check
 His "cheek" no bar?
 Why this importance? He's on "biz"
 For the Bazaar. Freshman.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.



VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

No. 4.

THANKSGIVING.

The purling of the tiny rill
Athwart the pebbles running,
The winged songsters on the hill,
The myriad insects humming,
The thundering roar of mountain stream,
The foaming wave of ocean,
Unite in one harmonious theme
Of praise and high devotion.
'Tis but a song from nature's heart,
In gratitude returning
To him from whom all gifts depart,
Who lists with fondest yearning,—
One accent of requiting love,
A prayer of thanks ascending,
Re-echoed by the hosts above,
With heavenly anthems blending.
Thus musing on the wondrous lay,
Our Spirit heeds the calling;
And rising from the bonds of clay,
From pain and care enthralling,
Does join in Nature's joyous song,
Of praise and highest glory,
Uniting with the white-robed throng
That sing sweet mercy's story.

E.

THE PRIZE TURKEYS.

The two little cottages stood side by side and were alike, with one exception; Caleb Brown's house was of a brilliant yellow with the green blinds as dark and shiny as fresh paint could make them, while Silas Whites' had that faded streaky appearance which comes from long exposure to the fierce New England Winters. Silas White kept the confectionery shop in the village while Caleb Brown was the grocer. Perhaps it was because the hard-worked New England farmers were too thrifty to indulge in cake and candy that Silas's trade was not as brisk as might be, while Caleb, whose stock included the necessities of life, visibly prospered.

If Silas felt any pangs at the fresher appearance of his neighbor's house, he concealed them stoically from the world. Not so his daughter. It may be that that was one unacknowledged cause of the coolness

lately sprung up between her and Clarissa Brown. The chief reason, however, or rather reasons, were contained in the woodsheds behind the two houses—namely, Cupid and Beelzebub.

One of the highest prizes at the county fair was offered for the finest turkey on exhibition, and this prize was, alas, coveted by both girls. Did not they each own a turkey that was said to be the fattest and largest in the state? Did not each one feel confident that hers would win the prize? That was why, as they stood by the garden gates in the gathering twilight, Clarissa Brown watched the proceedings at one end of the street, while Luella White was deeply absorbed in the other. Clarissa was a plump little thing with blue eyes, and fair hair much befrizzled in front where the curling irons had evidently played a part. Luella was tall and slim with clear cut features and dark hair brushed smoothly over her temples. She was a clever girl with decided opinions, while Clarissa was rather slow. In spite of, or perhaps because of, their different natures, they had always been the warmest of friends,—and now those miserable turkeys!

The opinion of the town was likewise divided on the subject. Luella was a general favorite, but many, perhaps on business principles, favored Clarissa. It was a much talked of subject, but no conclusion was ever reached. Some said that Cupid showed a greater breadth of tail, and therefore would win, while others favored Beelzebub on account of his larger head and body.

What possessed Clarissa to name her turkey "Cupid" will never be known. He looked far more like a bishop. He would strut about his front yard with dignified strides and erect tail-feathers, the monarch of all he surveyed; however that was be-

cause he could not survey the next yard. Beelzebub was equally impressed with his own importance, and quite equally dignified. Moreover there was a 'naughty little twinkle in his eye,' that quite befitted his name.

On the night before the county fair both girls were most unwearied in their attentions to the two champions. Clarissa forgot her curls in carefully smoothing Cupid's feathers, and Luella even meditated a dash of paint to lighten the effect of Beelzebub's tail. It was an anxious time I can assure you.

Clarissa was so consumed with anxiety that she arose very early the next morning and went out into the yard on her way to Cupid's shed. What was that sound outside the gate, disturbing the early morning quiet? With a few steps Clarissa reached the fence. Horrors! Who were those two demons fighting and clawing and tearing at one another amid a cloud of flying feathers? For a minute Clarissa stood paralyzed with horror. Then she flew into the house and returning with a broom separated the combatants by a few vigorous strokes. Alas! It was already too late. Cupid's chief glory, his tail-feathers, were draggled and torn, and one eye was out. Beelzebub lay on the grass with one leg hanging loose, and a pitiful lack of feathers on his once plump body. Never was there seen a more miserable, dejected pair of turkeys.

Clarissa, leaning panting on her broom, suddenly caught sight of flying skirts rapidly disappearing into the next house. So Luella too had witnessed the tragedy!

That evening the two girls were standing as usual by their garden gates. Slowly their eyes traveled around until they met. Then both smiled. ANNE M. KIDDER.

"Come to stay?" asked the fish, "O no," said the worm, "just dropped in for a bite."

A WARNING.

Once there lived a dainty maiden,
 Curls of brown and eyes of blue,
 And a brain with knowledge teeming
 From the books she'd just read through.

But, alas, this dainty maiden
 With her wise and knowing way,
 Could not even cook the dinner
 For that great Thanksgiving day.

She was versed in lines of Virgil,
 Homer too, could she translate;
 But to her, Miss Harland's cook book
 Was unknown—sad to relate.

As she grew a trifle older,
 With her wit and precious book;
 Lo! the laddies would not woo her,
 For alas! she could not cook.

Then she found with bitter anguish
 After many years had flown,
 Married all the laddies were, dear,
 Once in olden times she'd known.

So while to-day in homes they're feasting,
 Where plum-puddings hold their sway;
 Cel'ry crisp and spicy mince-meat
 Reign, upon Thanksgiving day,

While glad childrens' voices welcome,
 Turkey, steaming brown and done,
 All alone; this maiden lady
 Pours the fragrant tea for one.

EDNA WESCOTT.

"HERE'S yer latest magazines! *Harper's*,
Century, *Lippincott's*, *Forum*, *Frank*
Leslie's Popular Monthly, an' *Puck* an'
Judge wid the *Life* just out!" cried the
 newsboy, coming in with a lively air and
 banging the door behind him. He was a
 nice looking newsboy with a round, rosy
 face that fairly glowed with good humor.
 I watched him as he came down the aisle.

"No'm, I ain't the brakeman, but I kin
 fix that winder for you," he said politely
 to the querulous old lady in the middle of
 the car on the right-hand side, who had
 been driving the train-men distracted ever
 since she got on at Perryville.

Two seats behind the old lady was a curly-
 pated child of an inquiring turn of mind,
 leaning far over the arm of the seat to ex-
 amine a screw in the floor. The bright-
 faced newsboy, stumbling over him, brought
 forth a wail of despair. It was promptly
 hushed by a big apple produced from the
 newsboy's pocket, but not before the old
 man in the opposite seat had been roused
 from his nap.

I had been watching him for some time—
 this old man. Shabbily dressed, and look-
 ing very poor and tired, there was yet
 something about him that interested me ex-

ceedingly. He straightened up as the
 newsboy dropped the last of the papers into
 his lap, looking surprised and pleased.
 "Thank'ee sonny," he said, and began to
 look at the brightly colored pictures.

The newsboy went to the rear, sat down
 beside the brakeman and began to eat pop-
 corn. I could hear them talking about the
 various people on board.

"Did yer hear that old gentleman thank
 me fer the *Judge*? He thought I guv it
 to him. It was a las' week's paper, too.
 He don't care—never'll find it out. Jess
 look at him! It's er old 'lection week
 paper!"

I looked too. He was gazing at a brill-
 iant cartoon of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and an
 immense Tammany tiger.

The old man's face beamed. The sad
 lines about his mouth had vanished. His
 lips were quivering with suppressed mirth,
 which seemed to be slowly increasing as
 the full force of the joke was impressed
 upon him. All at once he threw back his
 head and gave vent to a hearty "Ha, ha!"
 that made every one near smile in sym-
 pathy.

The brakeman and newsboy chuckled
 convulsively. "Laffin' at er las' week's
 joke!" said the brakeman—"Oh, my, a
 las' week's joke!" and he repeated it sev-
 eral times—"A las' week's joke"—he
 couldn't get over it.

Soon the newsboy started toward the
 front of the car.

The old man went on reading—a smile
 still on his face.

The newsboy came slowly down the aisle,
 gathering up the various papers; scarcely
 anybody bought one. Still his rosy face
 looked as happy as ever. I watched him
 closely as he drew near my old man. A
 different look was on his face as he passed
 by, apparently without remembering that he
 had left anything in that seat, but I saw
 him wink at the brakeman in an apologetic
 way, and I knew it was one of "those little
 nameless, unremembered acts of kindness
 and of love."

GRACE SANFORD.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93. Jesse W. Rawlings is practising
 this year as notary public.

'93. Miss Isabella Turkenton is teaching
 school.

'93. Miss Violet Fasset, a former staff
 member of the Review, is engaged in writ-
 ing for one of the musical journals of this
 city.

'93. Guy Elliott Davis is in a lawyer's
 office. He is also taking a course in law
 at Columbian, which institution he entered
 last year.

'93. Karl H. Cooke is likewise improv-
 ing the shining moments by studying law.
 He is a class-mate of Mr. Davis, at Colum-
 bian.

'93. Miss Mayday J. Solyom, remem-
 bered by old graduates as the contributor
 of many clever translations and original
 poems for the columns of the "Review,"
 comes in twice a week from her suburban
 home to attend the sessions of the Wimo-
 daughsis.

'93. Miss Mabel French is in Cleveland,
 Ohio.

'93. Miss Edna M. Johnson, shortly
 after her emancipation from the high school
 was married to Mr. Wheeler, of Virginia.
 She is the same old enthusiast, and doubt-
 less looks forward with great pleasure to
 sending at some future day the youthful Miss
 Wheeler, of whom she is very proud, to
 her own beloved alma mater.

'94. Miss Elizabeth Mockbee who, for
 the past summer was typewriter for a firm
 on F street, is at present corresponding
 secretary at Ellis' Music Store.

'94. Miss Edith Taylor is bookkeeper
 for the firm of Thomas Somerville & Sons.

'94. Miss Nellie Patterson is another of
 the '94 girls who are teaching school. She
 is stationed at the Patterson Building.

'94. Miss Euphan Washington is con-
 nected with the Old Dominion Hospital
 where since July 2, of the present year she
 has been taking the course in training. At
 present, however, she is stationed at the
 Hospital of the Soldier's Home, which is
 on the outskirts of Richmond.

'94 John Brennan is on the football team
 of '98 at the Georgetown University.
 Brennan and McGill are our only repre-
 sentatives at the 'Varsity' this year.

'95. Will Fisher is at Columbian study-
 ing dentistry and not medicine as stated in
 last issue. He attends also the Central
 High School for the course in chemistry.

'95. Miss Edna Calhoun is residing at
 Marshall, Fauquier County, Virginia.

'95. Miss Mary Phillips is taking a course in physical culture at Cambridge, Mass.

'95. Miss Lulu Trunnel is attending the Normal.

'95. Grafton McGill is at Georgetown University. He is on the staff of the college journal.

AN ANCIENT INSTITUTION.

Matinee—A form of punishment in vogue during the 19th century, consisting in the confinement of a prisoner in an apartment having on its walls cabalistic tracings, usually followed by the ancient Greek character "¶". The object is supposed to have been to throw the victim into a hypnotic state by fixing his attention on these signs and so to obtain from him a written confession of his guilt. During the ordeal the only food allowed the subject consisted of elongated cylinders of wood, enclosing a strip of graphitoidal carbon. These cylinders have often been found in the ruins of the penal institutions of those days, called High Schools. ALBERTA WALKER.

"STAR HERE!"

Many a time have I seen her, standing on the corner stopping every passer-by, and calling in a gruff, monotonous voice, "Star here!" Whether or not her papers are bought, the expression of that firmly set mouth never changes. Alike in storm and calm she stands there poorly, thinly clad, jealously guarding every opportunity for chance sales. At one time I saw her when "She was out of alle charitee"; when masculine selfishness was stamped on her every feature and action. She was chasing, in and out of wagons and carriages, a poor little urchin who had dared to trespass on her grounds to sell a paper. Finding she could not catch him, she stopped, too breathless to speak, but with enough power left to shake her fist defiantly at her ragged but enterprising rival.

At last one day there came a change. I wonder if the crowd of men and women hurrying from office, or the throng of merry girls and boys waiting for transfers, noticed that the sun had crept timidly up to the pavement and was lightly touching the bare heads of the many ragged little news-boys who, for once safe in the mono-

poly of the pavement, were expanding their lungs and muscles in a lively game of leap-frog? for she was not there. Next morning I heard of the arrest and imprisonment of her only son.

Imagine my surprise to find her at her post in the afternoon with the old familiar cry, "Star here!" There was nothing unusual in her appearance except that her hair was a little more disorderly and her lips a little more firmly pressed together than was their wont. What a coarse, degraded creature, I thought; how absolutely without the most common instinct of her sex,—even the natural mother love! In disgust, I turned away—just in time to see her cautiously lift the hem of her apron and swiftly brush the corner of her eye.

That was all, but that was enough; the hardness of her heart had at last been melted by the sudden fire of her soul. She had wiped away a tear.

BERTA.

THE ABATEMENT OF THE STORM.

The great storm-clouds have drifted away; the roar of the thunder is still heard, but broken at longer intervals and with a sound that diminishes in volume as if its wrath was ebbing with the approach of evening. Color suddenly comes, low down on the horizon—a faint flush at first, which rapidly extends into a great glow. It is the sun shining through the scudding clouds, changing the gray, watery masses into a light of pure rose color and purple and amber and blue; not shining but misty soft. Every leaf is washed with molten gold and tipped with diamonds. The east catches the crimson glow from the west and their burning blushes meet at the zenith. What before was clinging, oppressive dampness in the air, is purified into delicious freshness, while from bower to grove resounds the melody of rejoicing songsters. The chirping song of insects in the grass, the drowsy twittering of birds in their nests and farther in the distance, the tinkling of cow bells, the lowing of the cattle, the murmur of merry voices and childish laughter—all softened and harmonised in passing through the hay-scented air, bring music to the ear and peaceful thoughts to the soul.

TENA HOLZBERG, '96.

DECEMBER 6, 1895.

The shades of night had barely fled
As to the Western High School sped
A youth who bore upon his face
Sad evidences of disgrace,—
For he had flunked.

Up many stairs he quickly hied
Himself to Room II where he spied
His comrades, fully fifty-four,
Sad countenances those they bore,
For they had flunked.

With hopeless sigh he gazed upon
The questions which were written on
Both sides the paper, given him,—
Then in despair he did begin
To pass that flunk.

The shades of night were falling fast
As from the Western's door there passed
A youth, who sought the school to leave,
For he had worked from morn 'till eve.
Upon that flunk.

Next day, about the hour of two,
I saw that youth rush wildly through
The lower hall, out on the street
And there his comrades thus he'd greet
"I've passed my flunk." R. G. L.

COMPANY NOTES.

New uniforms appeared some ten days ago but the attention they attracted was completely over-shadowed by the new cadet cap. Hardly were these products of modern military thought and good sense unpacked before the commenting upon them began, the comments ranging from insinuations about "fares, please" and messenger boys to suggestions of sun-bonnets and Flaundrish beavers. We are glad to note that wounded vanity is succumbing to a sense of the eternal fitness of things and that most of the boys are now wearing the regulation hat.

Orders for a battalion inspection are looked for in the near future. If Quartermaster Cassin can get a coat properly adjusted to his wings and if Private Dunwoody can find a 7 1-2 hat, Company H should pass muster.

The fourth four will hereafter be known as the "Pony Eight." If the members of any other four think they know half as much about drilling as do the "Ponies." Corporal Taussig will be glad to arrange a competitive drill between the "Ponies" and the skeptic four.

At quarter of nine

Few minutes of nine

Exactly nine

Within a few minutes of ten

Before eleven

Eating time

Lunch over

Lessons again

(Extra be a)ll in the office)

Scholars dismissed.

C. A.

With apologies to "A Few Beau Ideals."

THE WESTERN.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

ROBT. LEETCH, '96, Editor-in-Chief.

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 MISS KIDDER, '97. MR. ALEXANDER, '96.
 MR. SCUDDER, '99. MISS JANIE MOOR, Alumni.
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 C1—MISS FOLEY. C2—MISS NORDLINGER.
 A3—MISS HANGER. B3—MISS WALKER.
 A4—MR. CHEYNEY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, 75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Bazaar! Bazaar! resounds through the whole building, from gallery to basement. The very roof flings the joyous sound to the skies, and the walls cry it to the four corners of the earth. Hustling, bustling on all sides, the army of workers busy themselves with vast preparations for the great event.

The ever-faithful K. S. K., not to be one whit behind the best, has organized its forces for aggressive attacks upon the purses of the many lads and lassies who are in need of cuff buttons and hat pins. With their merry songs and quaint costumes these jovial Kamptowners promise a rare attraction each night. We must not forget the little troupe of Arabs with their Nellie Bly. Truly they have worked hard, and Nellie has amply repaid their care; for when this sacred beast was first transported to the Western she was a mere skeleton, while now, in consequence of the zealous care of these Bedouin sons she has waxed fat—though not yet does she kick. Then, too, the cruel Turks are bestirring themselves to get their Sedan chairs ready for occupancy, and many a sweet-faced maid will these sturdy lads carry in their odd conveyance. Everyone, from our principal to the smallest 'Fresh', being infected with the fever, nowhere within the building can be found one who is not numbered among the army of Bazaarites.

We will wager our lives that the West-

ern's display will far surpass any other. However, we must not forget that our sister schools, with their larger numbers, have equal enthusiasm; and if we would not boast in vain, we must keep our present lively pace. Then rally to the standard, ye Westerners, and with hearty will push the work along.

Let us not forget either our popular bicycle girl, or our gallant captain, but by earnest effort and judicious use of our dimes let us gladden their hearts and bring victory and glory to the dear old Western.

II.

While our proposition to the first-year class, in our last issue, has not met with a very ready response, yet we are glad that our Juniors and Seniors have taken the matter up and expressed a desire to try the same scheme. This is probably the result of a little friendly rivalry existing, for some unknown reason, between the two classes. The promoters of the scheme are desirous of having two successive numbers of the WESTERN devoted respectively to the Junior and Senior classes, that they may prove which class can publish the more interesting and attractive paper.

We are heartily in accord, and have arranged to devote our next two numbers to this scheme. The Juniors will publish the first of these two rival numbers, under the direct management of their editor, Miss Kidder. Under such efficient leadership the Juniors will be well able to give the Seniors much ado to surpass them in any degree. A sort of mystery shrouds these two numbers, but we know enough to look forward to them with great expectation. Indeed we may expect them to be the best numbers, from a literary standpoint, we have ever published.

Right here we must caution our contributors, in all the classes, about sending in articles which are not strictly original. If there is any clipping to be done, we reserve that as our especial privilege.

III.

"The Review" of the Central school entered upon its tenth year of publication on the fifteenth of the present month, with "clean face and new fall suit." Without doubt it is a vast improvement over previous years, both in appearance and in tone. As a school newspaper it is excellent, but as a literary production it could be made much more valuable. We highly

appreciate the friendly attitude of "The Review" toward us, as it expresses the feeling existing between the two schools.

We have also received the first and second numbers of "The Balance Sheet" from the Business. The outside cover of the paper is very artistic, as for the inside—

— These enterprising Business people have received some credit which is not their due; for in "The Review" it was stated that "The Balance Sheet" was the first of the school papers in the field; while as a matter of fact the first number of "The Balance Sheet" was published October 21; THE WESTERN appeared October 18. So far we believe, that in journalistic enterprise, we stand at the head of the list among our sister schools.

OUR OFFER.

Let us remind our students of the premiums which we offer to those who sell the greatest number of extra copies of this edition. These premiums are on exhibition in the case on the second floor; take a look at them and see if they are not worthy of a little effort.

THE COMPANION CALENDAR FOR 1896.

The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION are sending to their subscribers free an art Calendar which will be highly appreciated. Four elegant water-color paintings are reproduced in all the beauty of color and design of the originals, and of such size (7½x10 inches) that they may be framed with fine effect.

The first two pictures offer a striking contrast,—a blustering March day in the sugar orchard, and a peaceful scene in mid-summer. Then follow "Noonday rest in the harvest-field" and a charming bit of color with a foreground of goldenrod and brilliant autumn foliage. The winter walk to church over the snow-covered fields is the last of the series.

To all new subscribers to the paper who send their name and address and \$1.75 at once, the Publishers offer to send free this handsome Calendar, the retail price of which is 50 cents, THE COMPANION free every week to January 1, 1896, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double numbers, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION fifty-two weeks, a full year to January 1, 1897.

Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
 195 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

AT SUNSET.

I stood by her side as the sun went down,
Out in the hall one hopeful day,
Her eyes were modestly looking down,
Her thoughts seemed many a mile away.

Far from the west the sunset glow,
Glanced sparkling off her jewels rare;
Her trailing robes had a graceful flow,
'Round the shapely figure standing there.

As I watched her there in the sunlight flood,
A tear of pleasure dimmed mine eye;
I could almost see her chewing her cud,
As I patted her hump,—our Nellie Bly!

NORVAL.

A TRAGEDY ON THE CAPITOLINE HILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE { CICERO CONSUL
CAMILINA IMPROBUS
SENATORES INDIGNATI.

Scene I. Senate House—Interior. Time: V Kal. Dec., Noon.
Enter Camilina, smoking cigarette.

CICERO (*starts violently, tears tunic*);
“Ha! do my eyes deceive my eyesight?
No, 'tis he, the recreant one, Camilina,
base deceiver of a guileless community!

How long, Oh Camilina, wilt thou abuse
our patience? How long will this thy for-
getfulness elude us? Does the nightly
assembly of the “Western” faculty move
thee in no degree? Nor yet the fear of
criticism, nor the goodly display of em-
broidery on the second floor?

Dost think that thy failure to bring in
thy doily yesterday, and eke the day before
was unmarked by us? Dost think thy lack
of interest in the Bazaar is not apparent to
all who behold thee thus insolently strutting
before the senate?

O tempora! O mores! The executive
committee sees this, the custodian knows it.
Yet the doily materializeth not! And we,
dead slow people that we are, think we do
enough if we let the matter slide and keep
out of the way of the avalanche!

Verily, thy doily oughtest thou to have
brought at the request of the consul, lo,
these many days ago—but thou didst not,
and on what paltry excuse! Ye gods im-
mortal! For what does this man take us,
to believe he could not a doily from all his
sisters, cousins and aunts of illustrious repu-
tations for needlework get! Did not that
most ample youth, P. Sophomoricus, of
illustrious parentage, and grandfathers,
but without at the time a best girl on whom
to call, hustle greatly around and procure
from unknown sources a centerpiece of sur-
passing beauty? Did not C. Freshicus,
T. Graball Senioribus and a host of others,

poor in purse but rich in pluck, do as much?
And seekest thou, known to be the pet of
the fair sex and adored by all female rela-
tives thus to evade our clutches? Get thee
exceedingly hence and show not thy face
again in the presence of working enthusiasts
without thy doily: With these omens be
off! depart! excede! evade! crumpe!”

Exit Camilina, quam primum, followed by hisses from Senatores
Indignati.

Scene II. Place—Porch of Senate House. Time: IV. Non.
Dec., Midnight.

Enter Camilina with dishevelled chrysanthemum and Toga, and
bearing white linen embroidered scarf. (Solus).

CAMILINA: “Alas! too late, too long
deferred was this the bringing of my doily!
Never can I face the reproachful glances
of the conspirators, nor the scorn of the
consul, nor the rebuke of Nellie Bly! To
yon Doric column will I my worthless self
by this same linen suspend and leave a
name of which procrastinating youth shall
read with awe to point a moral and adorn
a tale!”

Hangs himself—Red light—Slow music—Last words: “O that I
should live to see myself a dead man!”—REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

TOM SUNSHINE.

A DAY WITH EPH AND SAM.

If you'll think of the blackest, leanest,
raggedest, most mischievous looking little
darkey you ever saw—with glistening
white teeth, black eyes, and startling eye-
balls—you will have a very good mental
portrait of Eph Lightfoot, the hero, though
a dusky one, of this little tale.

He lived in Washington, D. C., almost
in the center of the city, in Goat Alley—
“One of de high-tonedest parts ob the hull
city,” as he was fond of telling his boon
companion, Sam Johnson, who was so
unfortunate as to reside in unfashionable
Swampoodle.

Mrs. Lightfoot did washing fer de qual-
ity and Eph “toted” the baskets back and
forth. This, with occasional spasmodic ef-
forts to eke out the family purse by run-
ning errands and selling newspapers, was
the sum total of the work this lazy fellow did
from one week's end to another. Most of
his time was spent in company with Sam
Johnson or some equally disreputable
darky, wandering about the streets and
gazing into store windows, with the occa-
sional treat of setting two curs fighting, or
getting chased by a policeman.

Not a place in the city that Eph was not
thoroughly familiar with, from Washing-

ton Circle to the Navy Yard, and from
the Soldiers Home to the great power
house at the foot of the cable line. Every
fire and street fight numbered him among
its spectators; every “dago” with his fruit
cart, knew and dreaded him.

One morning, about Christmas time, be-
ing particularly tried by some fancy iron-
ing, Mrs. Lightfoot suddenly informed her
aggravating son that he must “clar out an’
leab de house in peace ef he didn’ wan’ er
whack side ob de haid,” which mild re-
quest Eph obeyed in his own good time,
and might have been seen a little later,
wending his way toward 7th street, holding
a tin tomato can in one black fist, while
from the other dangled about a yard of
small rope, carefully ravelled at the end.

On the corner by the grocery store he
saw Sam Johnson.

“Hi, Eph!” shouted this worthy, “whar
yo’ gwine wid dat can?”

“Gwine ter run her down de cable.
Come erlong an’ watch. Hit’s de lates’
ting out,” and the pair proceeded to 7th
street and posted themselves on the corner
opposite the hole through which the grip
is inserted.

“Got ter wait fer dem two cyars ter pass
’fore I kin start her,” remarked Eph.

“How does yer wuck hit anyhow?”
asked Sam, wonderingly.

“Easy as shucks. All yer hev ter do’s
ter tie de rope to de can, an’ shuv de rope-
end dat’s ravelled down de hole in de road
an’ move her roun’ twell she cotch on ter
de cable, an’ denn yo’ lets go yo’ hol’ ob
de can, an’ she goes er whizzin’ down de
line like de lightnin’ express. Hit’s been
’vented by de boys up ter de Boun’ry, an’
hit’s de greatest ting out.”

Soon a favorable opportunity presented
itself. Eph darted forward, charging Sam
to “keep yo’ eyes peeled fer de cops,”
and in a few moments the apparatus was
arranged to his satisfaction. Sure enough
the can was instantly gliding down the line
—“jes’ er whizzin’” as Eph had said—the
two black imps running along beside it,
waving their caps and yelling in high glee.

Certainly it was a ridiculous sight to see
that can moving swiftly down the middle
of the street, with no visible force at work
upon it, and passersby halted smilingly to
watch it.

"Dat ar ting 'll go clar down ter de wharf, ter de pow'r house. Dar han't nuf-
fin kin stop hit," chuckled Eph.

"Doed hit's er gret ting," puffed Sam, almost out of breath from running. "But of yo' t'ink dis nigger gwine ter foller hit down ter de pow'r house, yo' is mighty staken, I's nigh upon winded now."

"Who wan's yo' ter go ter de pow'r house, yo' brack herrin?" retorted Eph.

"Yo' nebber t'inks ob moah'n one t'ing ter er time! Now I's got er nodder ideah in my hand. Sposin' we-uns goes up ter Sain' Alloysiuses Church or whot ebber yo' call dat ar big cath'lic church out by New Jersey Avenue. Dey say ez how dar am some kin' ob er Chris'mas show dar an' hit don' cos not'in' ter git in." This proposition meeting high favor with Sam, the twain retraced their steps, with a parting glance at the vanishing can.

The morning was mild and pleasant, though there had been a heavy fall of snow the day before. It was thawing rapidly now and falling with crashing noises from the roofs upon the heads of unwary passers by.

St. Aloysius's high pointed roof and granite masonry towered toward the sky in silent dignity. Its beautiful stained windows, "casting a dim religious light," only partially revealed the out-lines of the high oak pews, the confession boxes, and the vaulted ceiling.

As is customary in many Catholic churches at Christmas time, a representation of the Nativity of our Lord, with life-sized wax figures occupied the space between the altar and the chancel rail. The figures were so natural and beautiful, from the tiny Christ-child in the Virgins lap, to the adoring shepherds with their gentle sheep, that for some days the church had been thronged with visitors, many with true devotion, coming to pray before the shrine, others only curious to see and admire.

When Eph and Sam reached the church, it happened to be quite empty, so the two walked unmolested up the broad, softly carpeted aisle. They were very quiet, something in the dim calm of the place subduing even their wild spirits.

The deep vein of superstition in the African nature is only exceeded by the

sensibility to color and music. All these elements were present in the church, and deeply impressed the imagination of the two small darkies. With rolling eyeballs and solemn, awed faces they leaned upon the railing and gazed on the beautiful scene. The air was heavy and sweet with incense; a thin cloud of pale, shifting smoke enveloped everything; the wax figures seemed almost alive.

"Dis hain' no place fer niggers," whispered Sam in an awestruck voice. "Come erlong, Eph, an' le's git out er hyar. I feel sorter's ef de las' trump wuz er bout to soun'!"

As if to corroborate his words, a terrible crashing noise broke upon their ears. It was followed by another, and another, resounding in the vaulted arches, until the whole place seemed alive with echoing sounds.

"Hits don' com'! I knowed hit! oh, Lordy, what er mi'sble sinner I's been!" quaked Eph, his eyes rolling up in his head, his hair nearly straight with terror.

"Whar kin we go? What shill we do?,"

"Le's git outer dis place. Oh, Lord sabe us, dar hit is again!"—a louder crash than ever, sent Sam and Eph flying toward the door, neither stopping until once again in the open air and several blocks away from the church. Much to their surprise, everything was as usual in the streets, wagons rumbling, cars rattling, people splashing to and fro in the slush.

"W'at yo' s'pose dat wuz?" asked Sam, still shaking violently from his fright.

"Dunno. Wan' ter go back an' fin' out?"

"Not much. Yo' don' kotch dis chile neah St. Alloysiuses agin in one while! I's gwine home git sumfin hot b'leeve I's got er c'nipshun fit! and they separated.

Had our friends gone back to St. Aloysius's they would have seen the old sexton and two other men laboriously removing an immense pile of snow from the walks on each side of the church, and laughing to themselves over the fright its fall had given the two little darkies.

Human nature, black or white, often needs a good shaking up. For fully a week after this occurrence, you might have searched Washington over and not found two better behaved colored boys than Eph and Sam.

L. E.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DISTURBANCE.

The Man in the Moon,
He had got up too soon
And was cross as an old brown bear.
He fretted and snarled,
And scolded and quar'led,
And flung his things 'round everywhere.

He declared with a frown,
That he would go down,
For the Evening Star was late
And Mars and the rest,
Were doing their best,
To put everything out of date.

The Dipper, he'd think,
Might bring him a drink
From the caves of the cool Pole Star
And Orion's belt,
He certainly felt
Had been meant for himself to wear,
The seven Sweet Sisters,
He called doughnut twisters
And said that they giggled too much
While Saturn's bright rings,
He called rusty old things
Made in the year one, by the Dutch.

If he had that Dog Star,
That was barking afar
He would give him a piece of his mind
And the things that he said
Of Mercury's light head
Were, to say the least, not very kind.

He roared out with spite,
And threatened to fight.
When a smart little Meteor skipped by,
And Sir Comet turned pale
For he threw salt on his tail
And drove him quite out of the sky.

Oh! the Man in the Moon,
Had got up to soon
And was cross as an old brown bear
So they put him to bed
And packed ice on his head;
If you look you can see him still there.

EDITH MOURNING.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

I.

The last cold brightness of Thanksgiving-day was lingering on a westward window-pane. Gay ivy-twigs were tapping playfully upon it, but the sombre parent vine was sad at heart, for it was hiding, under those strong branches, many an empty nest. Without, the wild wind rollicked through the tree-tops, nor grew more gentle as it buffeted the thread-bare lamp-lighter, whose glittering torch was seen far up the street. He, good man, being well accustomed to such usage, pushed onward the more sturdily—home to wife and little ones. Within, the lighted logs were crackling merrily, while the laughing flames were

reflected in distorted images upon the tall brass fire-dogs; but in vain was the warm glow striving to penetrate beyond the hearth-stone. Cold gloom was hanging over rich old rugs and carven furniture. There at the window was standing the room's sole occupant, her garment one of deepest mourning, her hair a very halo about her sweet, young face, her cheek pressed close to the cold glass, her clear eyes gazing afar into the sunset land. To her the corner lamp was sending forth blurred rays. All sights and sounds, to her, grew dim and muffled, save the sound of little, pattering footsteps coming nearer in the silence, the sight of a little toddling form swaying from side to side in its eager haste to reach her. Once again she was feeling the soft hands pulling with gentle insistence at her skirts; was hearing the baby voice which love had taught to whisper "Mother, dear." Then a great sob broke the silence. The vision faded, and a childless mother fell upon her knees, praying that some day she might see her darling lost one. Thus her husband found her, when he came home from his missions of charity,—her charity to the needy ones about them. Holding her close, close to him he told how he had waited to see the lamplighter's sturdy flock enjoy the good things she had sent them, and how the lamplighter's wife would name her precious baby, "Agnes." "After my own Saint Agnes!" he whispered, as he kissed away her tears.

II.

SCENES ON CAPE COD.

I.—A SUMMER MORNING.

The genial old sun is sending abroad his golden rays to frolic with the fickle breezes, which, acknowledging the courtesy of the slender marsh-grasses, linger lovingly there for an instant and then go rollicking on over the narrow strip of dazzling beach, as if eager for a dip in the liquid blue of the tiny, hill-bounded harbor beyond. All nature is smiling beneath the life-giving influence of sun and wind. Wild-rose bushes have spread themselves, a sunset cloud, over a corner of the broad green field. Near

by, a blackberry vine has tossed its snow-drift of blossoms over the very top-most rail of the grey, weather-beaten fence. In yonder hollow, the stately iris, true daughter of the sky, holds sway amid herbs and rushes.

The white beach sparkles, in its shining robe all edged with dainty shells and pebbles,—sparkles for an instant only, and then is clasped in the soft embrace of the gentle on-coming waves. These waves seem ever laughing, softly, happily, as they advance to meet the shore, and then retreat, to flirt about the prows of the idly wandering, white sailed pleasure boats, or to receive the airy compliments of the graceful, gray-winged gulls, as they circle and dip near the water's surface. Still beyond, the dazzling hills glisten, bright as icebergs in the summer sun.

Thus smile the sea, the sands, the grasses, and thus the messenger breezes whisper to all, a tale of peace and love and happiness; for Mother Nature is so fair!

III.

2.—AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

The leaden clouds hang threateningly above the sad old earth, touching with clammy fingers the russet meadow's edge and striving to obliterate the jagged sand hills which rise in sullen grandeur beyond the colorless water. A great shudder passes through the grasses, in answer to the north wind's gruff demand that they shall pay him homage. The scarlet wood-bine clings in terror to its friend the old grey fence and seems to burn itself a pathway through the hearts of its withering neighbors. But the great King Goldenrod, smiling proudly on his subjects, defiantly waves his regal banner in the face of the despot wind.

Ah! sad is the pallid beach in her widow's weeds of blackened mosses. Leaving her gloomy and forsaken, the gray-green waves have retreated, far backward and downward, and are now muttering sad-sea stories to the listening sand-bars, which show themselves, bare and stern, at intervals, all across the harbor. On them lie a colony of gruesome seal, flapping their awkward bodies

in and out of the water. Melting away against the clouds are the frowning, desolate sand-hills.

Still as the North-wind rushes onward, he locks old Autumn's arm in his and sighs over bowing grasses, timid woodbine, and proud Goldenrod, "Death! Death! Death to all."

ALICE K. COYLE.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

Shakespeare has written of awful crimes,
Dante has sung of tragic times,
Poe's wierd yarns make the cheek grow pale,
History has many a fearful tale;
But nothing they tell is half so bad,
Nothing's so harrowing or so sad,
As—its towering ugliness haunts me yet—
The new style cap on the small cadet. CIVILIAN.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Nellie Bly has fully demonstrated her agility and strength, and is daily growing in favor with the Westerners. Her gentle tread shakes the Curtis to its foundation stones at every intermission time, as troops of boys and girls wait their opportunity to mount this graceful steed, and take a turn about the corridors. So far she has shown so stubborn an obstinacy about kneeling, that her manager begins to fear they may have to humor this caprice to the extent of providing steps for mounting. Her wardrobe is in the hands of competent artists, and promises to dazzle the unaccustomed with its richness and brilliancy. On Monday, the 2d of December, she will make her triumphal tour from Georgetown to Convention Hall in charge of a troop of Arabs in full regalia.

The Central school have organized a Dorcas society to vend their wares at the Bazaar. Let our youth of K. S. K. look to it, lest these dainty misses tempt all the small coin from the purses of unsuspecting patrons, while their own choice wares of gold go begging.

"*I can call spirits from the vasty deep,*" Such a heading above the door of a Greek temple is gruesome enough to fright the timid, but if there are those of stronger metal who would sound the mysteries of the Delphic Oracle, they will find our enterprising Business rivals no less successful in the department of wizardism than in that of cleansing fluids and silver polish.

Late as is its appearance a second wheel

has at last come into the field, to be competed for by the Central and Eastern schools.

The National Rifles will be present at the Bazaar on December 6, High School night, so that with the entire regiment of High School Cadets in full uniform, we shall not lack attractions. The program for this evening will also include a minuet, danced by sixteen boys and girls selected from the Central High School. Every student in the Washington High School should be present on this night, and make it a memorable occasion in the annals of the school.

The Bazaar offers attractions of every sort and kind. Beautiful music, a tin-type gallery, an Art Loan exhibit, a refreshment room, a merry-go-round, street musicians, a whole gypsy encampment, an orange grove, cooking, sewing and manual-training classes in operation, a corn-palace, an oriental booth, chocolate booth and a tea house, are among the more picturesque features, while displayed for sale, may be found articles varying from a diamond ring and gold watch to a 5c peanut-doll; from a set of furniture and ticket to Europe to the smallest doily brought in by the smallest Westerner.

Our printers, Messrs. Harvey & Gettinger, have manifested their interest in the Bazaar in the most substantial fashion. They have offered to furnish, gratis, one thousand copies of a poem written by Mr. E. C. Kane, as a Bazaar Souvenir. The poem will be printed on a handsome card and will be tastefully embellished with letters in red and black.

F. M. MORAN.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

As is the case at all times, Kamptown is right in line in the Bazaar. After heading the Western subscription list with a round little sum we feel that our duty is only partly done. Accordingly, with the help of our fellow students in the Business High School and those in the good old Western, we have been able to collect a great mass of army buttons. These, having been dipped in gold, are being made into jewelry: hat-pins, stick-pins and linked cuff-buttons, which the Kamptown boys will peddle at the fair. Watch out for the K. S. K. for they are coming in great style, and if they don't cause a sensation it won't be because they won't try. Nellie Bly and all the other attractions are going to draw, but they'll

not be in it with the Kamptown. Again, watch out for us and if you don't see us you'll be sure to hear us.

After careful re-consideration the executive committee of the club have deemed it best to defer our entertainment, previously announced for this fall, until January. We have done this for several reasons, but principally because we wanted to give our aid and support to such a worthy cause as the great bazaar, and we could not assist in the preparation for it and an entertainment at the same time. When once the bazaar is a thing of the past we expect to buckle down to earnest work for our appearance in January. Already we have made a start, but when we get all of our new songs, new jokes and new costumes we will be ready to put on the stage a show worthy of Kamptown and the Western High School.

Kamptown has the honor of having one of its former members, Mr. Chas. Ramsburg, on this year's Cornell Glee Club.

Teachers and Scholars! Boys and Girls! Be sure! Be sure to get a pair of linked cuff-buttons or a hat pin!

NOTES.

Some are thankful to-day because they received four 10's (?), some are thankful because they escaped with four 7.2's, some are thankful they have but one condition to pass off; but we are all thankful that four good long holidays are just before us.

To think of it, all for ten cents or fourteen chances for fifty cents, and right here in Convention Hall in our own city we shall have an opportunity to see not alone manual training and cooking schools in full blast but even the "worlds fair", surpassing Chicago's, Paris's or any other city's in beauty and attractiveness.

Poor J. W. could no longer resist the temptation. He was late Monday the eighteenth, not because he overslept himself as is usually the case, but simply because he had spent Sunday out of the city—at Rockville (?)

One of the English sections was discussing the sentence not long since when suddenly the teacher exclaimed, "Oh! I do so long for a class that I can criticize for beauty!"

What disease has the Thanksgiving turkey? Consumption.

Should "Bud" our giant, let a second year Latin book drop from the gallery on a certain first year maid the result would be none other than the fall of Caesar, the humiliation of Cassius, and the destruction of a living Bean.

The experienced musician Mr. A. B. Bennett pronounces A. Bradbury (piano) the sweetest (toned) on the market.

A Humorous boy of the second year has apparently been moved in religious lines lately, as we see him spending so much time with the Bishop.

If poetry was the result of spontaneous emotions is that the reason the metre is so often "spondaic hexametre"?

An echo from the Physical Laboratory.

Teacher, explaining: "Now in a candle there are two flames. I can represent the inner thus, (holds up both hands curved together) and by putting one hand over the back of the other, thus, show the way the outer flame fits down over the inner on one side, but I haven't another hand to show how it looks on the other side."

Smith, '98, eagerly: "Oh, take one of mine!"—Tableau.

A teacher's reproof of some of our scholars has about the same effect as the letter "p" in the pronunciation of pneumatic.

GRINS.

Johnson has two bouncing boys,
And now J's a fine feller,
For since he's pushed the kids around
He's known as the "twin propeller."

"Say Mrs. Young, do you teach Algebra?"
"Yes, sir." "Oh, I thought you taught mathematics."

"Give me Washington," was the call over the long distance telephone. "It can't be done—he's dead."

A side issue—out the side door.

"Shucks, that fellow stepped on my corn." It went against the grain, but he stalked away as best he could.

The capitol has wings and yet it cannot fly. Funny, isn't it?

"No consultation," said the teacher in the French examination. "No," said one of the victims, "but we will need consolation before long."

The lover and the gas are foes,
Without an earthly doubt,
For surely as the one comes in,
The other one goes out.

As two elderly ladies were walking down F street last week one of them noticed a sign "Mrs. Smith's Hat store." "Well," she exclaimed, "I wonder how she tore it?"

Teacher rushing into class room, "Why, the classes changed long ago." "But we did not hear the bell," replied the class. "Well, hereafter when you don't hear it, come to the office and say so."

Although the wagon has the longest tongue, it can't talk half as much as some women.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence,
Mirroure of fructuous endement,
O universal fadir in science,
Alas that thou thine excellent prudence
In thy bed mortel mighteste not bequethe!
What eyled Death? Alas! why would he sle the?
OCCLEVE.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1895.

No. 5.

TO CHAUCER.

Now, through the hedges bright with budding May?
With loosened bridle rein and eyes cast down,
Comes one, a stranger 'mong those pilgrims gay
Riding at ease toward Canterbury Town.
The slender form in garment dark arraved,
With ink-horn girdle and with loosened hood,
The tender mouth, the youthful heart, betrayed
By boyish brow and eye's incertitude,
Quick-glancing, suddenly darting here or there,
Anon cast down,—“as he would find an hare”—
Chaucer,—best loved of all who search his stores,
Chaucer,—first warbler upon English shores.
Gertrude Frost.

AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

“Thou lazy lout! Where hast thou been all these hours? Did I not bid thee build the fire and have all in readiness when I returned? 'Tis long past sunset now and there is my lord's supper to get. I shall make thee rue thy carelessness this day.”

The cook was a large, powerful woman, and Hans, the kitchen boy, well knew the weight of her fist. Therefore he made no reply but set himself sullenly to building the fire, while she bustled about him, still scolding. His duties finished, he stood back in a corner, well out of the range of her arm and watched the kitchen maid as she polished up the great beer-mugs.

“How now,” said the girl presently, turning sharply upon him, “canst thou not lend a hand instead of gaping and staring like a stuck pig? 'Tis no time for idleness now with the King within awaiting his supper.”

“King indeed,” said the boy contemptuously, “what care I for the King or his supper? He may await it till the trump of doom for all me.”

“For shame, Hans,” cried the girl, “he is thy liege lord and master. Verily his horses are the finest in England, and his followers the handsomest lads in the land. Of a truth we have some brave guests here this night. The Lady Prioress that did arrive at noon has a gown of silk

finer than a cobweb and a wimple whiter than the wax candles in church.”

“I like her not,” said the kitchen boy roughly, “I held her bridle rein while she dismounted, and she swept her skirts aside as though I were some vile beast. And seest thou that dog?” he added, pointing to a poor, half-starved animal crouching by the fire, “he did but come up to her, sniffing and begging for food, and my Lady spurned him with her foot. Yet those little beasts of hers, with the shining coats and beribboned collars, she loves so dearly that one may not touch them for fear that they be hurt.”

“Holy Saint Martin,” laughed the girl, “but thou art particular, Master Hans! I saw thee, thyself, kick that same dog from the doorsteps this morn. Has not the Lady Prioress a better right than thou? She is a right holy and good lady. 'Tis true she doth despise all poor folks and beggars, and her eye is so cold it gives me the shivers of a night, but it brings one little good to quarrel with one's betters. Indeed,” she added presently as she set the beer-mugs on the table, “if thou comest to that, there are none of these fine people, but have their faults. The King himself, of whom they tell such brave stories of courage and daring, even he is not much to look upon. He is little handsomer than thou art, Hans.”

“Have done, wench,” cried the boy angrily, “an' thou likest not my face thou canst turn away thine eyes.”

The girl burst out laughing, “I do love to tease thee, boy,” she said “but I meant no disrespect to our King. That he is a brave man and a true I doubt not one whit. I know why thou dost speak so rudely of him. Thou hast been with those vile men, I saw here yesternight, who swear that they will kill the King, and overthrow his gov-

ernment. I have no patience with such idle boasts.”

“They are not idle boasts,” cried Hans. “Before to-morrow morn thou wilt see that they have spoken truly.” He got up and went out, slamming the door behind him.

When he came in again some time later, the supper was all cooked, and the polished tankards, filled with wine, stood on the table. Hans went over to them, and stood there examining them, for several minutes. He looked especially at the King's goblet, which was of silver, ornamented with cunningly wrought designs.

The kitchen girl was staring out of the window, trying to discern the men-at-arms who were sitting without.

“Look!” she cried, “there is that lusty black-bearded knave who asked for his beer so sweetly. I would he would come for more. And there is the fair haired one with the brave suit of green.”

“Peace, girl!” said the cook, “attend to thy duties and leave the men alone.”

As the kitchen girl went back to her work, Hans turned around and walked slowly towards the fire. Suddenly his eye fell on the opposite corner of the room, and he started and blushed guiltily. A Benedictine friar, one of the wayfarers stopping overnight at the inn, was standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the outer room. His pale face was overshadowed by the dark cowl, and his bright eyes looked at the boy intently. His lips curved into a sardonic smile, but he said nothing and went back into the other room, followed noiselessly by the old yellow dog.

It was a gay scene that met his eyes there. A company of tradesmen and yeomen were sitting about the fire, and in the middle of the room was a long table, at

the head of which sat King Edward the Third. He had returned some time before from his first Conquests in France, and now, after enjoying for a while in peace the praises and plaudits of his people, he was about to set forth again. He had been obliged to stop for the night at this wayside inn, where the Host, feeling it to be a great event, had exerted himself to honor the occasion. The table was spread with all manner of delicacies, and the King and his nobles, together with the Prioress and her party, were a very gay company. The Prioress sat on the right of the King. She was dressed in her finest gown and looked her best as she sat there, eating delicately with her white fingers. The Benedictine friar stood in the dark corner, his hand lying on the dog's ugly yellow head, and watched her intently. There was a flush on his thin cheek, and a strange light in his dark, bright eyes. The Prioress was leaning forward a little, laughing lightly at the King's jokes, and listening eagerly to the King's tales. He was relating his many adventures on the battlefield, and recounting the victories of the Black Prince. Every one was greatly interested and the meal progressed pleasantly. At last the wine was brought in, and the King rose from his chair, holding his silver goblet in one hand.

"My fair Lady Prioress," he said, bowing to her, "may I beg that thou wilt drink to the welfare and prosperity of our expedition?"

The cheeks of the Prioress flushed, and her eyes sparkled. Taking the cup from the King she bowed low and gracefully, "I deem it a great honor to so do," she said; "May his Majesty's mission be crowned with success, and may he return to England victorious and unharmed!" She raised the cup to her lips. Crash! Unseen, the Benedictine friar had approached from his corner, and taken his stand behind her. With a sudden movement he had dashed the goblet from her hands, and it rolled along the floor, the wine spilling in all directions. The Prioress's little dog rushed to the spot, and lapped up the crimson pools with great relish, but his mistress hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears. The sudden shock had been too much for her.

The King turned upon the offender, his thin lips compressed, his eyes glowering with rage. "How now, thou naughty fellow! What hast thou done? Are all my men asleep that they allow the King's supper to be thus disturbed?"

Three men at arms rushed forward with drawn swords. All eyes in the room were turned to the spot. The friar alone seemed entirely indifferent. He stood there with a slight smile on his lips, gazing over the head of the King at the wall beyond. His utter indifference restored his Majesty to calmness.

"Nay, nay," he cried hastily, "let the fellow be. He is mad, and his madness shall not disturb us. To your places."

The men at arms fell back, and the friar returned to his corner.

The festivities of the evening went on undisturbed. There were stories told and toasts drunk, and finally the Tinker, one of the group around the fire, was asked for a song. He cleared his throat with many remarks concerning his hoarseness, and began:

Oh a day in the spring,
When the little birds sing
'Mid the flow'rs of pink and white
And up in the sky
The clouds go by
And the sun is shining bright.
I'll take my love
To a flowery grove
And gay as the birds we'll be,
For my love is as sweet
As a red, red rose,
And as sweet as a rose is she.
Then the fiddler gay
Will begin to play
And we'll dance the green leaves upon,
And we'll dance all night
While the stars shine bright
And we'll dance till the break of morn.
Ten times more fair
Than any lass there
My own true love will be,
For she is as sweet
As a red, red rose
And as sweet as a rose is she.

The song was greatly applauded by both nobles and trades-folk, but a furrow still remained on the King's brow, and when the party broke up, for the night, all were less merry than usual.

"'Tis an ill omen," said one lord to another, "I would it had been any toast but that. I doubt me not the fellow is one who is ever plotting against the King, and

who desires his downfall. 'Tis an evil omen, indeed, for our expedition."

As the Prioress passed out of the room into the hall she felt a hand laid on her arm. Glancing up, she saw the Benedictine friar.

"Thy pardon Lady," he began, "if I acted rudely this night. I did not think to offend thee."

"Peace, fool," said the Prioress sharply, "have a care what thou sayest. I accept no apology from thee."

"'Tis thou that shouldst have a care, that thou mayst not one day rue thy words," replied the friar gravely, "I came not to insult thee, but to beg thy pardon if I have done aught amiss."

"Thou saucy varlet," cried the Prioress, "cease thy prating, be gone, ere I call the King's men to send thee."

A dull red crept into the friar's cheeks, and he drew himself up proudly. "I obey thy orders, madam," he said quietly, "I have but one last word to say. Look well to that dog of thine," and he was gone.

The Prioress stared after him for a minute in wonderment, then she said, with a disdainful shrug, "My Lord the King was right, the fellow is mad," and gathering up her skirts she went up the stairs leading to her room. As she passed through the door her foot came in contact with something soft. She looked down, and with a sudden scream, recognized her little dog. He was lying on his side with his little legs sticking straight out and his tongue hanging from his mouth. His body was stiff and cold, he was quite dead. The Prioress pressed her hands to her head, as all at once the events of the night impressed themselves upon her mind with startling clearness. The cup prepared for the King, the friar who had dashed it from her lips, and the little dog that had lapped up the wine lying in pools on the floor. Then she recalled the strange light in the friar's eyes as he watched her at supper, and the longing in his voice as he begged for her forgiveness in the hall. All at once her knees seemed to give way beneath her, and she sank down by the bedside and buried her face in her hands.

The next morning broke clear and bright. The sun had not yet risen when the first traveller left the inn to go forth on his way.

It was the Benedictine friar. He walked slowly down the path, his head bowed in thought.

By the gate stood the kitchen boy, singing a merry tune. The friar paused for a second and looked fixedly at him.

"So thou wouldst have poisoned the King?" he said presently.

The boy started and turned red. "I was but doing as they told me. The men said it was right," he replied, sullenly.

"Tis never right to kill" said the friar, sternly. "If the King had done thee harm; if he had taken from thee all that thou hadst; if he had slain all who were dear to thee, even then shouldst thou not kill him, but bear with his cruelty in Christian patience. But he has done thee no ill. If he were harsh or cruel thou didst not know it. Yet thou wouldst have killed him because some wicked men told you it was right. For shame, boy, think on my words, and thank Heaven that thou hast not a black crime on thy conscience this day." After taking a bit of silver from his pouch, and giving it to the other, he went on his way, leaving the boy staring after him, open-mouthed.

When he reached the turn of the road he paused, and looked back to the window of the Prioress's room. "There she lies sleeping," he said, bitterly, "and I, who saved her life, already am forgotten." But the Prioress was still kneeling where she had knelt all the night, praying for his welfare.

A. M. KIDDER.

ON THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

A SCENE.

CHARACTERS:

MADAM EGLINTYNE, the prioress.

A NUN, her chaplain.

THE GOODWIFE OF BATH.

THE PLOWMAN.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

(The scene is laid on the road near Canterbury. The Prioress, Goodwife, Plowman and Squire, who are traveling with a large party of Pilgrims, are riding in a group by themselves.)

PRIORESS. (turning to Goodwife) Tell me, my good woman, is not my cloak very dusty, and is my wimple much awry?

GOODWIFE. (teasingly) Ay, thou dost indeed look very travel-worn, my Lady Prioress.—thy cloak is full of dust and thy wimple is not of the freshest.

PRIORESS. (directing a malignant glance at Plowman who rides beside her) Well,

what can one expect, riding in such a large and mixed company? All the horses make such a dust,—especially great awkward ones like that plow horse yonder.

PLOWMAN. (apologetically patting his horse) Indeed my Lady, it gives me much sorrow, that my horse so clumsily kicks up the dust, but he, like his master, is more used to plowing than to travelling. An it please ye, I will ride in the rear.

GOODWIFE. (coquettishly) Nay, good Plowman, I pray thee do not leave us, methinks my lady could be no more dusty than she is.

SQUIRE. (gallantly) My lady Prioress, ride you ahead with me, there is very little dust there.

PRIORESS. (with a coy smile) Many thanks, sweet sir, but that would be unseemly.

SQUIRE. (turning to Goodwife) Since my lady deems it unseemly that we go alone,—wilt not thou give us thy company, Goodwife?

GOODWIFE. Gladly, young sir, an the Plowman will come too.

PRIORESS. (haughtily) Nay, trouble not thyself, Goodwife, I will call my nun to ride with me.

PLOWMAN. An thou wilt point out thy nun, lady, I will bid her come to thee.

PRIORESS. (condescendingly pointing out the Nun) There she is, good fellow, pray thee bid her attend me.

GOODWIFE. Be sure thou returnest, to ride with me, my sweet fellow.

PRIORESS. (with dignity) For shame, Goodwife, how canst thou speak in such an unbecoming manner?

GOODWIFE. (bluntly) Surely, lady, 'tis no more unseemly for me to bid the Plowman ride with me than 'tis for you to smile and make eyes at the young squire.

PRIORESS. (blushing and angry) Hold thy tongue, woman, and do not dare to criticise thy betters.

SQUIRE. Here comes thy chaplain, lady. Let us ride on and leave this vulgar woman.

PRIORESS. (whipping up her palfrey and calling to her nun) With all pleasure, dear young sir, (sarcastically) I wish thee a pleasant time Plowman with the Goodwife.

PLOWMAN. I hope the dust will be less thick ahead, my lady. Farewell.

GOODWIFE. (angrily) Give thee good

den, lady Prioress, and hope I may never see thee more.

PRIORESS. (to Squire, as they ride forward) Insolent woman to talk so to her betters! I am well minded to give her a good rating.

SQUIRE. Nay, lady, 'tis not seemly that thou shouldst speak to her; leave her to the Plowman, they are fit company.

PRIORESS. (with a sweet smile) My sweet sir, in thy pleasant company I will forget that woman, and the journey which has been so tedious will now seem only too short.

SQUIRE. (gallantly) To me also the way now will be too short.

NUN. My lady, are not those the spires of Canterbury that rise yonder?

PRIORESS. In truth, I believe they are. Have you my fresh wimple and handsome new cloak in readiness for me to don when we reach the tavern?

NUN. Brother John is carrying them, my lady.

PRIORESS. An art sure my Prayer-Book, Bible and Rosary are there? And is brother Andrew carrying the dogs? It is too hot for them to run.

NUN. Yes, my lady, brother Andrew has the dogs, and brother John thy books and rosary.

PRIORESS. (sweetly to Squire) Did I not tell thee that no sooner was my journey made pleasant by thy company than we would arrive at Canterbury? We are within a few moments' ride of the gates and I must join my priests—so fare thee well, sweet sir.

SQUIRE. Farewell, dear lady, I hope to ride with thee on our return.

PRIORESS. (as she and the Nun ride off) I shall not ride back this way, for fear I may meet that vulgar Goodwife and her lout of a Plowman, so farewell, sweet sir, farewell.

MARY HOPKINS.

Scene, a Butcher's Stand. Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williams' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John. "All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

"That remains to be seen," said the boy as he spilled the ink on the tablecloth.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1895.

JUNIOR CLASS NUMBER.

Miss Kidder, = = = Editor.

EDITORIALS.

I.

This is a third year number, and as far as practicable, a Chaucer number. Although we know that the majority of the school are not studying Chaucer, yet we hope that they will be patient while we help him to bring his motley band of pilgrims to the Canterbury shrine, and that they will listen, not altogether without interest, to our efforts to reproduce some of his immortal tales, or to weave new ones with his golden thread. We have sought to present only such articles as are of general interest, and at the same time show that we have appreciated, if we have not always caught the divine fire that shines through the works of this "Father of English Poetry."

In reference to the proposition made in the last number regarding the competition between the third and fourth year papers, we beg to say a word or two. As we have devoted our paper to a special subject, with a particular end in view, the contest would hardly be a fair one. At all events we deprecate any attempt at rivalry and only consider our paper as one written by the third year pupils, with Chaucer for its theme.

To prove to the Seniors, however, that we are not afraid to measure swords with them, we should like to have another num-

ber later on in the winter. Upon this we will expend our best efforts, striving to make it bear comparison with even the able and highly interesting paper the fourth year will be sure to produce.

Our next issue, owing to the Christmas holidays, will be postponed until the third of January. There is every reason to believe that this will prove the most attractive number that has yet been published. To begin with, there will be a new cover which is very tasteful and especially designed for the occasion. Although, of course, an attractive exterior does not always indicate an interior to correspond, still it is hoped that such will be true in this case as there will be at least ten pages of reading matter from some of the most gifted pens of the school.

While striving to make THE WESTERN pre-eminent among the High School papers, we must not lose sight of the fact that other contests challenge our reputation. We must not let the delights of the Bazaar and the preparations for Christmas so absorb our attention as to crowd out two other very important matters; namely, the winning of the bicycle and the securing of the Captain's sword. Remember that we have a reputation to sustain, that of always carrying to success whatever we undertake. So let us put forth all our energies, buoyed up by the thought of that proud day when we shall behold our Captain adorned with his sword, and our bicycle girl riding triumphantly to school on her wheel.

II.

Our friends of the Eastern have much to congratulate themselves upon in their Paper. The blue and white cover is very neat and effective, and the inside also is attractive. There are one or two sketches and poems that indicate much ability in their writers, and the Editor certainly deserves high credit for his ingenuity in filling up extra space. We would suggest to the Easterners, however, that they contribute a few jokes and poems to enliven the odd corners of their paper, and relieve the Editor from this great tax upon his inventive powers. Perhaps it is because we are not so learned as our Eastern brethren that we fail to altogether appreciate their scientific column. While we deem it a most important mission in a school paper to indicate the progress of the school in the various branches, still we consider it the chief object to amuse rather

than to instruct. Moreover, while the first merits of such a paper should be every article original with the student, and these notes are but clippings from different scientific journals. However there is much that is most excellent in the "Easterner," and we hail the marked improvement in this, and the other High School papers, over the attempts of previous years, as a welcome sign of that day to come, when the schools of Washington in their literary productions, as in other respects, shall stand pre-eminent among the schools of every city in the world.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

The premiums offered by THE WESTERN to the person selling the greatest number of our Thanksgiving edition have been awarded as follows: the boy's premium, a handsome sterling penknife, to Mr. Earle Tanner of the first year; the girl's premium, a beautiful filigree silver belt buckle, to Miss Amy Concklin of the fourth year.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Write it down in your best gilt edge note-book that the Western scored another triumph by her participation in the great Teachers' Bazaar now coming to a successful close. Our fame began with the imposing street parade of November 30th, when Nelly Bly, headed by the K. S. K. kazoo band in full uniform, escorted by her Turks and Arabs and Guarded by Co. H, after her exit from the friendly shade of the Western corridors make her first appearance in public. To say that we attracted attention is but mildly expressing the tumult of excitement stirred up along the line of march, culminating in the perfect storm of enthusiasm which greeted us at Convention Hall, and in which even our rivals were forced to join.

Even our wonted modesty will not permit us to omit the mention of our successes in the Hall. Everywhere our people with their natty badges of red and white have been in evidence. Kamptown, gorgeous in white ducks, red and green shirt fronts and "tiles" of the same delicate hues, are features of the festive scene impossible to overlook. Their cordial manner and attractive jewelry have brought in many a shining shekel to the fund, while the dulcet strains of "Darling Cloe," "Side-

walks of New York" and "I've been working in the Company" surrounded them with an admiring crowd at every rendition. K. S. K. with all its love of fun and song, has an eye for business and, ere the first week of the fair had come to a close, had sent in an order for a new stock of army and navy pins and buttons.

Our booth is highly commended by all for its really artistic appearance. This is largely due to the fact that we kept our stock in trade strictly confined to the one branch of embroideries, even at risk of parting with some of our most charming donations in other lines. This prevented the conglomerate appearance characteristic of so many of the other booths and allowed us of more scope for the artistic arrangement and setting our dainty work than would otherwise have been possible.

On Thursday and Friday, December 5th and 6th, the Western held sway at the High School candy booth. Our receipts there on our first evening exceeded those of any other High School during the first week, and it is with pardonable pride that we also state that our girls were the prettiest ~~there~~—or anywhere else during the Bazaar.

Nelly Bly was kept on the trot early and late. The mount was so crowded with impatient would-be riders every evening that order could be maintained only by aid of a burly policeman. New relays of Arabs had to be cabled for and fresh supplies of Turks were pressed into service when the less crowded condition of the floor made it possible for the pretty sedan chair to be carried.

Nelly netted the sum of \$95 during the first week and is still in excellent condition and shape, notwithstanding her arduous labors. It is not improbable that a pension will be voted her by our grateful teachers, in the near future.

It may be of general interest to know that the largest receipts of any one night during the first week of the Fair were those of High School night, amounting to \$1500. On the whole, the Bazaar has been a great success, and our share in the good cause makes us realize that size doesn't count for so much as well-directed enthusiasm and concentrated enterprise.

D. G. STARR.

THE AWAKENING.

The lingering light of a dying day,
Some five hundred years ago,
Looked down a rocky gorge where lay
Saint Christopher's Monastery gray;
And the last bright sunbeam cast a ray
Of light on its golden cross.

Within the hall was warmth and light,
And merriment and mirth;
Without, the gloom of the coming night,
Now gathering fast, obscured from sight
The hills and the valleys, but made more bright
The feasting within the walls.

The Monk at his wine in his room, alone,
Was hushed and deep in thought;
Dreaming strange dreams of a doubtful tone,
And thinking cold thoughts for his heart was as
stone,
And of human sorrow and human moan,
Had he little knowledge or care.

The brothers were in the cells below,
Some talking, some drinking wine,—
When a cry of "Fire!" rang out to and fro,—
A stifling smoke, a heat and a glow
Filled the building with fear and woe,
As each man fought for his life.

Pushing his way, with the strength of ten,
Came the Monk excited and wild,—
"They must stand aside for this man of men,—
His life must be saved first of all,—and then
His fur-trimmed robes and his jewels, when
His horses and hounds were secure."

"Brother Hubert is missing!" a sudden cry
Rang out from the crowd around,—
For a moment silence followed,—then by
The cloisters and postern they started to fly,
While the Monk with scorn and contempt in his
eye,
Stood motionless,—silent and grave.

What was his life, that he should live?
Had he ever done any one good?
Had he cared enough for the poor to give
A goat's worth of bread? or e'en to retrieve
A soul from sin? or from pain to relieve?
Were the questions he asked himself.

At last he hastened towards a door
Of a room apart from the rest,
Into this through the fire and smoke he tore,
Never once heeding the crackling and roar,
Till he paused by a half grown youth on the floor,
Apparently stifled by smoke.

Lifting the boy in his arms he turned
And hastened into the air—
His milk white hands and his robes were burned,
But a life-long lesson he had learned,
And he found the peace he had nobly earned;
For his life lost its selfish aims. BLANCHE BIRCH.

Labor Question. Two tramps were standing on a street corner, one day, conversing. First Tramp. "Say Bill, did you ever work?" Second Tramp. "Only wonst, when I was a boy I swallowed a 'east cake.'"

THE PRIORESS, A CHARACTER SKETCH.

On arriving at Canterbury the pilgrims separate, some to seek refreshment in the town and others to hasten to the old Cathedral which raises its lofty, graceful spires far above the roofs of the busy little town. Those who mean to make the church their first resting place wend their way through the narrow, old fashioned streets and in groups ascend the time-worn stairs.

Madame Eglentyne, my lady prioress, attended by a nun and three elderly priests, slowly follows the rest. Before her, one carrying a large Bible and the other a heavily embossed leather bound Prayer Book, solemnly march two of her priests. My lady follows, gracefully holding up her long, full cloak with the tips of her jewelled fingers. The quiet little nun and a tall priest, each holding with tender solicitude a fat puppy, the special pet of his mistress, close the procession. With a dignified manner the prioress mounts the stairs, pausing at the top to have her wimple straightened and the folds of her cloak and gown arranged by the attendant nun. Then, after a motion of approval, my lady steps over the threshold and going to the fount dips her fingers in the holy water to make the sign of the cross on her broad white forehead. Closely followed by her attendants she next sweeps through the broad portal and up the sculptured aisle.

The church is dim and silent, the occupants all kneeling, apparently at prayer. The odor of the incense burning in the swinging vessels pervades everything, and low solemn chords of the organ float from the chancel.

Madame Eglentyne reaches the front of the church and, making a deep genuflection, enters. Her Bible, Prayer Book and puppies are deposited beside her by her attendants, who retire. She pats her disturbed pets and from her capacious pocket draws a morsel of sweet-meat with which she regales herself and the little creatures. Then, after casting a coquettish glance behind her, she composes herself and kneels—to pray! CHARLOTTE W. HOPKINS.

"We shall go," said a speaker attempting to quote "*Hamlet*," "to that land whence no traveller's bones ever return."

ODE TO K. S. K.

Who's always true to us?
 Kamptown, Kamptown!
 Who upheld the Western's cause
 Thro' the whole bazaar?
 Who loves to cut a dash,
 Who knows how to rake in cash,
 Who never gets too "brash"?
 K. S. K.

Whose flirting's always nice?
 Kamptown, Kamptown!
 Whose songs are always sweet
 In concert or in Hall?
 Who hath bewitching smiles,
 Who hath seductive wiles,
 Who weareth giddy "tiles"?
 K. S. K.

Who're always gentlemen?
 Kamptown, Kamptown!
 Whose glory shall ne'er fade
 From THE WESTERN'S page?
 Whose spirits never tire,
 Who're full of fun and fire,
 Whose pluck do all admire?
 K. S. K.!

A. M. BROWN.

THE PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS.

"Hark! what is that music in the distance? Let us throw open the upper sash of the door, and try to see what is going on. It may be another procession of pilgrims to Canterbury.

"Yes, I can tell by the crimson dress, of one of them, and that brass cross glittering in the sunshine, that they are pilgrims. They are coming almost near enough for us to see their faces. What a motley crowd!

"See! the miller takes the lead. How he swaggers along in his clumsy way! His broad chest rises and falls as he tries to keep time on the bag-pipe,—I suppose he feels his importance as leader of the procession. What ever induced him to wear that blue hood on his red hair?

"What a noble looking knight! How quietly he rides, in company with a young squire, his son perhaps. The squire is gorgeously attired in embroidery of crimson silk and gold. He sings merrily snatches of ballads, as he makes his horse caracole and prance, and again reins him in, to the admiration of all around. Truly an interesting group. That sturdy yeoman in brown and green, must be their attendant.

"What a dainty lady comes next—A prioress, I suppose. Although too lady-like to show her feelings openly, she seems not disinclined to coquet with her companion, a jolly monk who rides a fine brown

palfrey. How demure she is and stylishly attired; and how solicitous about the little dogs that trot along beside her! I see she uses a side saddle. How very fashionable! She must have been in Paris, to have learned such ways.

"Here is a solemn little nun, accompanied by three elderly priests. No wonder she looks so solemn. They probably attend my lady prioress.

"Now, who have we here? Another little group. By the shabby crimson robes of the one, he must be a parson, while the tabard of the other would prove him to be a serf—probably from the manor of the franklyn, yonder. I wonder how they fell in with the lady in the broad hat! They seem out of spirits and not inclined to listen to her conversation.

"My lady sits her horse astride. She, too, has grown tired of her quiet companions and turns her attention to the friar, in the rounded cape who rides behind. From the great effort the friar is making, to talk loudly, I think she must be deaf. She seems not unskilled in coquetry, for as she listens to the friar, she not only enjoys the admiring glances of the merchant, who rides at a little distance, but is actually trying to entrap his companion, the sergeant of the law! He, however, seems quite proof against her charms.

"By my faith! Tradesmen also travel Canterburyward! Here come a dyer, a weaver, a hatter, a carpenter, and an upholsterer. They are no doubt, well-to-do, for look at their new girdles and silver wrought knives.

"What a poor rider! He must be a sailor, his face is so tanned and his clothes are so coarse. They say that a sailor never rides well. That man by his side is a cook. I recognize him by the great three-pronged fork which he carries.

"Isn't this a contrast? A doctor of physic and a clerk of Oxford! The one in such handsome, silk-lined garments certainly must have a large practice; the other, in a threadbare coat, rides a lean horse and carries a book under his arm, as he looks thoughtfully upon the ground. Probably he is a great scholar. Scholars are always poor, you know.

"That maunciple appears to prefer to be alone. I wonder what he is thinking

about? How he can defraud his masters, perhaps.

"More music! It is the famous song, 'Come Hither, Love, to Me.' What a great deep bass and thin sharp treble! O! O! What a pair of riders are these! Can they be going to Canterbury? Why the one looks like an ale house sign, with his great garland of ivy leaves, and his buckler—why, I heard some one in the crowd say, that his buckler is only a huge cake! Don't look at him! his horrible pimpled face is enough to frighten you.

"The other seems to be trying to sell something,—relics or possibly pardons. Yes, he must be a pardoner, for he carries that brass cross that shone so when we caught a first glimpse of the procession.

"This last fellow seems unsocial. He tries to avoid the others and looks quite cross and formidable. My! what long, thin legs! Perhaps he is a reve. Surely his docked head is not in harmony with the sword by his side.

"Now the procession is drawing to a close. But two remain, conferring together. Mine host of the Tabard, well known to all the country around, is one, and the other, a small fair man dressed in a robe of brown, is a stranger.

NELLIE YEATMAN.

NOTES.

The "Bzuz" ar has many attractions for Miss Manakee.

Whose did he mean? (Small boy, staring in wide-eyed wonder at Nellie Bly and her Arabs.) "Mamma, do the *real* ones have such ugly legs?"

Things surely must have been approaching a serious state when one of our seniors on his way to Georgetown, from the Bazaar, the other night, became so wrapped up in his best girl that he forgot to ask for an F street transfer, and had to pay extra fare.

It's queer what an attraction the chocolate booth at the Bazaar has for one of our K. S. K. boys who never drank a cup of chocolate before.

One of our Arabs awoke the other morning to find himself pushing with might and main against the bedpost. His mother told him at the breakfast table, that all night he had been shouting, "One side, please! Out the way there."

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1896.

No. 6.

CHANGES.

What meaneth the peal of those sweet chimes of midnight,

That ring out a carol, melodic, harmonious,
Proclaiming glad tidings, good will unto men?
It meaneth naught else than the glad world's awakening

To greet that bright natal day sweet to us all,
Of him who came down an example to set us,
Who died to uplift the whole world from its fall.

What meaneth the toll of those sad chimes of midnight,
Which comes o'er the breeze in harmonious cadence.

Proclaiming a parting to earth and to man?
It meaneth nought else than one moment a death knell,

The next an announcement of birth and of life.
A new coming season, a new generation.
The New Year has entered her pathway of strife.

L. R. ALEXANDER.

EBENEZER'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

He was an old man with a bent shrunken figure and a thin grey beard. His eyes were of a pale, watery blue, and his thin lips were pressed so closely together that it seemed to require a great effort to open them, whenever he spoke. He lived a lonely life in his little hut, with only a short-tailed, soft-eyed dog for a companion. When times were good he earned a little money at shoe making, but in general he preferred to decrease his few wants, than to increase his capital by labor. The other people in the village had little or nothing to do with him. When he was a young man, with a warm heart and quick impulses, he had left his native New England town, at the outbreak of the war, and joined the Southern Cause. When at last the war ended, there was many an empty place in the little village; many a brave man had left it, never to return. But the Southern Soldier, with his uniform in rags and with lines of weariness on his face, came home, un hurt and unharmed. He took up his abode again among his

fellow townsmen, but he was no longer one of them. Thirty years had passed since then and the outspoken indignation of the villagers had gradually faded to silent contempt, but he was still an outcast. Perhaps he would have felt this more keenly as he grew old and feeble, but his once hot, young blood flowed sluggishly in his veins, and all the excitements and dangers of the past were merged into the uneventful present.

On coming home that morning from his customary trip to the village for tobacco, he had passed by the school-house window, and seen within, the Christmas tree the children had been decorating. The bright colors had caught his fancy, and the thought of them occupied his mind all the way home. By the time he had reached his house, an idea had taken definite shape in his brain, and he proceeded to impart it to his attentive friend.

"Dorg," he said, "Let's have a Christmas tree. We kin git some paper down to the shop an' make some chains like them on the school house tree. We kin take that g'eranium an' trim it up kind of. It'll be real pretty with the red flower an' all."

The old man chuckled with delight as he examined his choicest possession. It was a large geranium, with glossy, well-kept leaves, and a bunch of red blossoms. To keep this alive and blooming during the long, cold winter months had been his chief care for some time past.

Later in the day he and his dog started again toward the village. The little store was thronged with buyers and it was some time before he could get his wants attended to. He was feeling rather hurt by the many rebuffs he had received, when the sound of a friendly, "Good evenin'," made him look eagerly up at the speaker.

It was the Widow Lane, who lived across the street from him, a little white-haired woman neatly dressed in black. Her kind heart was filled with good-will towards all and malice towards none, and she always spoke pleasantly to the old man whenever they met. Thus it happened that as Ebenezer trudged homeward, a roll of paper under his arm, another idea had formed in his mind; an idea which he speedily imparted to the dog.

"It's kinder selfish for us to be a keepin' our Christmas tree to ourselves," he said. "We might ez well let the widder see it, too. She was a real nice little gal when she and I went to school together. She had a blue apron, an' a red ribbon in her hair. She used to show me how to do my sums. Yes, dorg, we'll let the widder see it too."

Dorg, as usual, made no objections, and thus the matter was settled.

Christmas Eve night found Ebenezer filled with a pleasurable excitement, so also the dog. Something in the air recalled to him his long past days of puppyhood, and he raced about the room and jumped up on the geranium plant until he finally attracted the attention of his master.

"See here, dorg," said the old man, "this won't do, you're either agoin' to keep still or be put out. You hear?"

As the dog knew very well that his master was totally unable to dispense with his society, he did not cease his demonstrations. At last Ebenezer became seriously alarmed for the safety of his plant.

"See here," he said, "this won't do. I've got to put it somewhere, out of your reach. I guess I'd better take it over to the widder's now, or you'll have it all tore to pieces."

He took the geranium under his arm, and set out across the street with it.

"We'll leave it here on the window sill," he decided, "an' after we get them paper chains made we'll come an' trim it up. Then we'll make the widder open the window, an' we'll bring it in. She'll be real surprised. Won't she, derg?"

He set the plant down carefully, and stumbled back to his cottage.

Soon after this the door of the widow Lane's house opened and the figure of a young man, her son, appeared in the doorway.

"Where are you goin'?" called out the widow from within.

"To the rehearsal," replied the young man shortly.

"It's awful early," objected his mother.

"I said I'd stop in for Jennie," he replied.

"Land's sake!" said the widow, fretfully, "He lives at jist the other end of the town. You won't be home till all hours of the night, if you're a goin' to take her there an' back."

"I said I'd stop for her," said the young man. He stepped out, closing the door behind him. As he passed by the window the odor from the geranium attracted him. He stopped, for a minute, to look at it.

"Its real pretty," he said, "one of mother's finest plants, I guess."

It did not occur to his dull masculine intelligence to wonder why his mother had left so choice a plant out in the biting December air. He hesitated for a second, then put out his hand and broke off the flower. "I guess she won't mind," he said, and putting it into his coat pocket, he strode off down the street.

Later on in the evening the widow had a visitor. Not a welcome one, to judge from the tears in her eyes and the anxious lines on her forehead as she sat opposite to him. He was evidently one of the well-to-do members of the little community. His fur-lined coat was warm and handsome, and his hands were covered by thick gloves, while his face wore an expression of well-bred condescension as he laid the facts of the case before the tearful little woman. It was a very simple matter. A debt owed to him for many months, the payment of which he would no longer await. In vain did the widow plead for an extension of time, she was expecting some money, to be

paid her in the Spring. If he would only wait,—But no—with calm politeness he had argued every point with her, the result being always the same. Either the entire sum must be paid by New Years or the widow's home must be sold to make up the amount.

"But I cannot sell my house," she said plaintively, "I've lived here all my life, I would not know where to go." While the woman poured out her tedious plaint, he rose and went to the window, drumming impatiently with his fingers upon the pane. She watched his countenance anxiously but saw in it no signs of relenting and her heart sank. He stood there, looking out into the snow-covered street, wishing she would have done, so that he might get home in time for supper. All at once, the faint scent of geranium came to him through the window. It startled him for an instant. It transported him back through the years to a nine-roomed cottage, with himself, a little curly-haired child in a blue pinafore playing in the front garden. His mother, busy with her knitting, watched him from the window, the bees and the butterflies buzzed and fluttered all about him and the whole air was filled with the sweet fragrance of geraniums. He turned away from the window and his eyes fell upon the poor little widow, sitting there, the very picture of woe. How frail and shrunken she looked! Small wonder when she was about to lose the home that had sheltered her all her life! Then again came the thought of his mother, who was beyond all care or help of his, and his heart melted.

"After all, Mrs. Lane," he said, "there is no great hurry about that money,—any time between this and Spring will do."

The widow started up,—could she have heard aright? "You are very good," she began, but he waived her aside with, "It is nothing, nothing at all, I do not need the money just now." He seized his hat and hurried out, feeling a little ashamed of this unwonted act of generosity, yet there was a warm glow in his heart such as he had not felt for many a long year.

Outside Mrs. Lane's cottage a dark object might have been seen, lying in the snow. It was nothing more nor less than the widow's cat which had been locked out of doors, for her mistress kept good hours.

She had wandered around the house, giving utterance to several suggestive miaus, but no one came to let her in. At last the light in the sitting-room window attracted her and she prepared herself for a spring on to the window sill. Now pussy was large and well-fed, while the window sill was narrow and therefore as she jumped upon it the pot of geranium was dislodged and rolled down the terrace onto the side-walk below. It so happened that a few moments after, a young girl was coming along the street on her way from evening service. The night had grown bitterly cold and she drew her threadbare shawl closer about her as the wind whistled in her ears. As she reached the widow's house her eye caught sight of the dark leaves of the geraniums, thrown up in bold relief upon the snowy back ground. With a joyful little cry she picked it up, broken pot and all; "It will please Jamie," she said, and putting it carefully under her shawl to protect it from the wind, she hastened on her way.

In a little room at the back of the baker's shop in the centre of the village, lay a boy whose wasted cheeks and fever-lighted eyes told of a long illness and great suffering. His pain, however, seemed to be forgotten for the time as he gazed at the large geranium standing on a chair by his bedside. His thin fingers stroked the plant caressingly, as if to gain strength from the vigorous freshness of the dark leaves. There were no signs of Christmas cheer in the bare little room. Business had not been brisk in the bakery this year and there was little enough money even for the necessities of life. The geranium was the only gift Christmas had brought the sick boy.

All this time old Ebenezer had been fashioning paper chains with his clumsy rheumatic fingers. It was late before he laid aside the glue pot with a sigh of satisfaction, and gathering the chain in graceful festoons over his arm, started across the street. He stopped under the window of the sitting room and reached up his hand for the geranium. To his dismay the Christmas tree with its scarlet bloom had vanished! He stood for several moments, gazing bewildered at the empty window-ledge, then hearing the sound of approaching foot-steps, he turned round and went slowly back to his cottage. Safe in the

shadow of his doorway, he paused and looked up and down to see who were coming. It was the widow's son, returning from the rehearsal with a young girl leaning on his arm. As they passed by Ebenezer's house the light of the street lamp cast a gleam on her young, sweet face. Peeping from under her soft, woollen hood was a spray of scarlet gernanium, closely pressed against her dark hair.

The old man watched them until the sounds of their footsteps died away and they were out of sight. Down in the village the lights shone out over the snow in the streets. Far away the church bells rang out the hours of mid-night. A crow flying over the house-tops gave forth a harsh discordant cry. Above all gleamed the myriad stars, each one sending its message of Christmas love and cheer to the earth.

At last the old man went in, closing the door behind him. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it down on the table, then settling himself into his splint-bottomed arm-chair, "Dorg," he said, "next Chrismus you and me're agoin to keep our tree fur ourselves." A. M. KIDDER.

DESOLATION—A PASTEL IN PROSE.

The great hall was but dimly illuminated by the single electric light at either end. Of all the vast throng which but an hour ago had crowded the hall, only a few weary women remained and these were preparing to depart.

Suddenly, from behind the Western booth, a youth rushed out like a sheeted ghost. The cold glare of the electric light struck mockingly upon his spotless duck trousers and emphasized the lines of care on his young face, o'er which the shadow of a crushing fear was slowly stealing, like the dawn of a winter's day.

One trembling hand clutched overcoat and Derby hat, the other was pressed against a red and green shirt-front under whose delicate texture probably lay somewhere concealed a beating heart. Despair, remorse, desolation were unspeakably stamped upon his countenance. A crowd of sympathetic women closed around him, but he waved them off. A groan burst from his quivering lips. With an effort he controlled himself, and bending toward

those nearest him he whispered in tones hoarse with emotion. "Some jay has swiped my other pants—and I live in Georgetown!"

The fatal words fell like a knell upon the ears of the little band. Silence reigned in Convention Hall for the space of thirty seconds. * * * * *

On the wind-swept corner of 7th and L streets a solitary figure in white ducks stood alone. It was a solitary figure. No one else was near. The first snow of winter enveloped in its soft and silent embrace the S. F. and slid pityingly down the creases of the ducks o'er which the flickering lamplight loved to linger. The S. F. resolutely faced the north whose bleak whiteness was broken by no friendly cable-car. "It cometh not," he said. Down L. street swept the wild east wind, howling in fiendish glee at sight of the S. F. on the corner. "Lost yer other trousers, did yer? Ha! ha! Well, yer can't lose *me*, Charlie!"—and the snow kept on falling, and the car kept out of sight.

MARIA T. SLOWCOMBE.

BEWARE.

"Observe" said our learned Professor of Botany. "We will," responded our eager class of Junior girls.

One calm, sunshiny day in October, the kind that inclines one to give himself up to the arms of a very near relative of Morpheus, a dainty maiden with cheeks a trifle pale, expression very studious, and form a little bent from an armful of unmerciful looking books, sauntered, rather than walked, down High street.

Coming up that same street, fighting the influences of Nature and puffing along at a great rate, was a short, stout, badly dressed woman. She carried a basket filled with Irish potatoes and topped by an immense head of cabbage, which together with her plainly marked features furnished a sufficient certificate of her nationality.

They met, the maiden still engrossed in thought when lo! there in that basket was the object of her meditations, the goal of her ambition for the past week! Sinking into a deep study, her eyes fixed steadfastly on the basket, she stopped. Suddenly, she was rudely awakened from her reverie by a sound box on the ears, followed by, "Thir now, take thot, you impudent young Miss,

it is about time thot the likes of yez be afther larnin a few minners, instid of papin in ither paples' baskets." Slowly the soft eyes of our poor little maiden filled with tears as she said, "Indeed, ma'am, I meant no harm, I was just looking to see how different a racome wa-as from a hea-ead like the bras-sica oleracca!"

ALBERTA WALKER.

THE GIRL NEXT TO ME.

'Twas Christmas time up in our town,
The leafless trees were bare and brown,
And everywhere that one could go
The air was thick with falling snow.
'Twas mighty hard to sit in school
Bound down by stern, barbaric rule,
Watching the snowflakes dance outside
And longing to go out and slide.

The ice-bound river lay below,
Wrapt in its winding sheet of snow,
And the trees stood out against the sky
Sighing for summer days gone by.
I sat in the unpainted school-room chair
In my neat little suit, with my well-combed hair.
My teacher had filled my heart with joy,—
She had called me a dear and a good little boy.

She had also told the girl next to me
How much better and wiser I was than she.
We were ancient rivals, this girl and I,
We would often with each other vie.
A great man came to the school that day
With a gold-topped cane and a beard of gray,
To see what we all had been doing there
And what we had learned in our teacher's care.

He had given us very long words to spell
And told our teacher we knew them well.
And at last he called the girl next to me
And told her to say the table of three.
Well, she jumped right up as smart as you please
And rattled it off with the greatest ease,
But it soon became apparent to me
That she didn't know what was nine times three.

She looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor
Out of the window, then up once more,
Her dark cheek flushed and her eyes grew bright,
But she couldn't remember that number right.
I laughed out loud, then turned it off
Pretending it only had been a cough,
But I was so glad I could hardly see,
Cause she didn't know what was nine times three.

I called to mind what she'd often said
That I had a large and an empty head,
And as for her, if she didn't half try
She could do ten times better than I.
I laughed again, this time right out,
I felt so pleased I was ready to shout,
To see her black eyes cast down on the ground
As she twisted her curls her finger around.

Then I gave a glance at her half turned head,
And suddenly on her cheek so red
A great tear trickling down I see,
And—I whispered what was nine times three,

A. M. K.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1896.

EDITORIALS.

I.

There is always a reluctance on the part of school boys and girls to return to the daily routine of the class room after a holiday, but if there is one time when this should not be the case it is after the Christmas holidays. At this time we come back to make a new start with the new year. Whatever may have been our failures in the past we will bury them with the old year, as with firm determination we start on a new course.

Whether or not the remaining half of this school year will be as pleasant for us as the past has been, rests with us as individuals to determine. If the individual is honest in his efforts, thoroughly conscientious, we can safely prophesy that, for us as a school, the remaining months will pass as rapidly and profitably as the past have done.

THE WESTERN enters upon its new year's work fully determined to continue its course of improvement from issue to issue. In order to accomplish our purpose every student must have the same determination and follow it up by contributing largely to its pages. One of the most gratifying evidences of the increasing interest among our students, is the fact that nearly every week brings to us some new contributor. Keep the good work up and let everyone contribute.

Our next number will be published solely by the Senior class. The Seniors will

have much ado to surpass the paper published by the Juniors, for without doubt the "Chaucer" number, from a literary standpoint, ranks among the best we have ever issued.

II.

The promoters of any enterprise are always besieged by a set of people, best designated "know alls," who, out of pure kindness, of course, are ever anxious to offer a bit of advice here or a suggestion or two there, in order that the scheme may prove successful. Of course these people mean well, but nine times out of ten if their advice or suggestion should be followed, utter failure would result.

In the promotion of our journalistic enterprise in the Western we are not absolutely free from these busy-bodies, for once in a while some wise-acre tenders his sage advice and then goes away, probably with the satisfaction of duty done.

The latest annoyance or rather amusement we have had in this line comes to us from our esteemed contemporary, "The Review." We quote from the exchange column of its last issue.

"We suggest to the editors of THE WESTERN that they are publishing a *school newspaper*, and not a literary miscellany or a text book of literature. A high literary standard is excellent and that THE WESTERN has attained and for it deserves (we suppose they mean DESERVES) great credit, but please desist from an attempt to usurp the province of *The Century*, *Harpers* or the *New York Evening Post*."

We are indeed grateful to "The Review" for reminding us of our object as a school journal, but we think that they might have saved themselves a misconception by consulting our motto. While we do not profess to compete with "The Century" or "Harpers," it is our purpose to raise the literary standard of our paper just as high as the ability of high school students will permit, for we believe that a school periodical should be not only a SCHOOL NEWS-PAPER, but a stimulus to the literary ability of the students as well.

Jealousy, pure jealousy is the only reason we can assign for this and other harmless slaps, beneath our dignity to notice, which the Central insists on giving us. Let them slap away; we are strong enough to stand all they give us and more beside.

Our new cover was designed by Miss M. Donald, of the staff.

Mr. J. H. Wilson, of the fourth year has been appointed a member of the editorial staff.

It is too bad that "The Balance Sheet" has not enough originality to offer a comment of its own make, but has to copy from us. What next will the other schools want us to do for them?

Wait for the Kamptown Soshul Klub's entertainment in the near future.

NOTES.

"She only answered ting-a-ling"—Alice.

The bazaar was pronounced a great success by all the boys except "Spider," who had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a fair South Washington lass who resided eleven blocks from any street car line.

Nelly Bly and her sisters, the Sedan Chairs, enjoyed the much-needed rest of the holidays, in the basement of the Curtis.

Did you ever notice a teacher when one of the ushers rushes into the class room with some memoranda or notice from the office? Sometimes the paper will call out of class a reciting student, sometimes the teacher himself; again it may be a notice of a teachers' meeting at noon. We are all familiar with the effect of such notices upon the instructor, but last Friday week a precedent was established. The usher rushed from room to room, until at last he came to the fourth year Greek class—the lesson ceased; "you may enjoy yourselves the rest of the hour," said the teacher.—The pay-roll had arrived.

By trade she's a Weaver, by preference a Tanner.

Why not change the name "Teachers' Retiring Room," to "Teachers' Attiring Room?"

She stood on the beach by moonlight,
A Sawyer, although a "she,"
And the Waters before her moaned,
"Amo te, nonne amas me?"

TEDDIE'S CHRISTMAS.

"Stiddy Jack, old fellow. Whew! what a blister. We'll never reach the valley 'f we're not purty stiddy—Whoa! guess I'll git down and walk a bit. Wait 'til I git's my hand tight in your tail, Jack—Now, ge-up! Golly, it's cold. Wonder ef dad's missed me? Wonder ef Teddie's sleepin' sound—" and Rob fell a musing as he walked heavily through the loose snow that for some hours had been falling in feathery flakes, clothing the rugged sides of the mountain in a robe of spotless ermine. "Didn't I work it slick tho'?" he murmurs half under his breath. "Soon's ever the candle was lit I crawls up aloft sayin's how I's tired, and wants a good sleep; and then I a climin' out the winder with the wind 'most blowin' me away, and takin' Jack outer the shed, an' findin' the trail—gosh!" and he blew his warm breath upon his already benumbed fingers—"Bet yer life they'll never guess where the beauties comes from," he resumed with a gay laugh as he plunged his free hand into the depths of his trousers' pocket, whence came another sound than the tinkling of Jack's bell, or the moaning of the winter wind among the scant pines that skirted the trail to Buenna Vista,—the cheerful chink, chink, of a handful of small coin.

A glad light gleams from the depths of the boy's wondrous eyes—eyes that have made many a fair one turn to gaze a second time upon the sturdy little mountaineer; for many tourists visit this region in the summer months, and stop for a guide or to rest at his father's cabin. His cheeks are all aglow with health, and there is an indescribable buoyancy in every movement and gesture, as he moves along, the solitary traveller upon this lonely road on Christmas Eve. A rough fur cap is drawn close over his tumbled locks, and his worn jacket is fastened close under his chin with a large thorn. With one hand clutched firmly in the donkey's tail, he follows stumblingly thro' the gathering darkness, now whistling cheerily, now singing snatches of wild mountain melodies, and anon losing himself in the delicious calculation of what the money in his pocket will purchase, fingering the coins with the loving caress of unaccustomed ownership.

Far in the west the last streaks of depart-

ing splendor have vanished. The Day God has run his race swiftly this brief winter's day, and the long purple shadows linger but to caress the rugged slopes of the hills, and then melt into the tense blackness of the night. Down comes the dark garment over the shivering mountain, and the rising wind revels in mad carnival, shrieking among the gaunt pines standing spectral and ghostly in the gloom, moaning through deep slumbering valleys, and sending its reverberating thundrous voice, laden with ten thousand echoes, down the resounding aisles of the rocky canon.

Far up the snowy defiles of the mountain pass, the tinkling of Jack's bell breaks through the pauses in the wind symphony, and in the momentary silences snatches of a child's voice singing. The song is full of the rugged beauty of the mountains, and as strains of it are borne in fitful cadence down the rocky way, it seems to breathe the spirit of heroism, almost of defiance. Stout hearted Rob to brave the mountain pass alone this weird wild night.

But what had sent the child out alone this bleak December night, facing the thousand terrors of the solitary (and oft dangerous) path, to reach the settlement in the valley a dozen miles away? His life thus far had been uneventful enough. Long summer days when he had carried Teddie on his shoulders in search of such treasures as the mountains had in store for them, when they had sat for hours beside the silvery mountain stream watching it play upon the pebbly bottom while Rob skillfully landed many a speckled beauty in Teddie's fishing basket. Dreamy summer evenings, when under the mysterious spell of the twilight Rob had held his little brother's delicate hand in his, singing his very heart out to him in fanciful sweet songs, half-remembered from the crooning lullabys a dark-eyed woman had sung to him in that misty far-away past of his own baby-hood, and half the product of his own poetic imagination. Then there were winter days, bleak days, when Rob's ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to divert the thoughts of the little lame boy from the too often empty cupboard and cheerless hearth; long games of Bizique learned from a friendly minor, and played with a dirty

deck of cards, curious tricks in whittling, and best of all, the never finished game of Rob's own devising, in which he always "struck it rich," and carried Teddie away over the hills to Denver to the great doctor who would make his twisted ankle straight, and smooth the lines of pain out of his little brow. A solitary life, full of stern realities, of fears lest "Dad would git too much at Barker's and 'buse Teddie" of anxiety for the winter's stores, latterly grown so alarmingly small, of shuddering terror for the wild brawls which sometimes reached even Miggs' remote cabin. The love of Teddie made up the measure of his life. He was to the orphaned child parent, brother, doctor and nurse, brave-hearted Rob!

The day before, a party of surveyors had stopped at his father's cabin desiring a guide to "Sikes' Diggin's." In Miggs' absence Rob had cheerfully undertaken to pilot them, and with many a tender reassurance to Teddie, had set out, not however, without some misgiving at leaving the child alone.

He hardly knew how it came about that he had walked by the strapping young surveyor in brown corduroys and top-boots, that he had gradually been drawn out in conversation with him, that at last, yielding to the sympathetic interest of his companion, he had poured out the story of their lives in Lone Pines. Albert Temple, despite his six feet of stalwart manhood, and soft brown beard, had not entirely outgrown the romanticism of youth. The prospect of spending Christmas day in camp was not a pleasing one, and with his mind full of the festivities in which he was for the first time doomed not to share, what wonder that he poured into the eager heart of the child the wondrous story of the Christmas feast? not the story of the Christ child, but of 'brave Saint Nicholas and his merry reindeer, and of the thousands of children beyond the hill country who hang up their stockings on Christmas eve to have them filled from the overflowing stores of jolly Chris Cringle.

Every word sank deep into the lad's heart. His face glowed, his eyes seemed alight with excitement, and his little frame trembled with a new emotion.—Half unconsciously he took the handful of coin

Temple held out to him, and apparently unheeding the gay charge, "There, sonny, buy some Merry Christmas things for Miggs' cabin in Lone Pines," he mechanically began retracing his steps, absorbed in deep thought.

Why had St. Nicholas never found Teddie? Was the pass so steep he was afraid to try it with those reindeer steeds? Or, perhaps he had never heard of Lone Pines or perhaps Christmas was only for the children living in the cities in the distant valley—cities of which he had heard such thrilling tales.

Suddenly a bright light leaps into his eyes, and an exultant little laugh banishes the lines of bitterness that had grown tight about his boyish mouth. He slaps his leg with a sudden resolution as he bounds down the path like a deer, exclaiming "Teddie *shell* hev a Merry Christmas, by Gosh: I'll stuff his stockin' chock full o' things—O! what larks for Teddie." He resolves to go himself down the pass to Buenna Vista. To go in the night when "Teddie's sleepin' an' dad's at Barker's." Surely some of the shops will still be open, and he can buy the gifts St. Nicholas is so tardy in bringing. Then he will tell Teddie that this wondrous old man has brought them while he slept—How Teddie's eyes will sparkle at the story of the reindeer!—How his little heart will gladden at the tho't that the great world has sent a message to Teddie—the cripple at Lone Pines!

Does this explain the solitary journey undertaken by a twelve year old lad that wild December night?

Onward they plod through the darkness—eerie sounds swell up from the rocky glen, fierce gusts of wind shake the boy's ragged locks, and bring the sturdy little donkey to a halt, but at Rob's voice now gently persuasive, now shrill and imperious, he staggers on. No stars glimmer in the vaulted sky, no lambent moonlight sheds a glory round the rugged mountains, but wrapped in gloomy shadows, with a strange feeling of dread and terror combating his manly, reiterated, "Umph, th'aint nothin' to be 'fraid uv," the two strange companions pursue their stranger journey. The journey is almost over, Teddie's Christmas is becoming very real. The wind has abated, and the snow

has almost ceased falling, while away in the east a single luminous star has burst its cloud fetters, and is shedding a soft ray of light thro' the darkness. A veritable Star of Bethlehem.

Below him appear other stars, faint and pale in the gray dawn, the first lights in the windows of the little village where already good church people are bestirring themselves to attend 5 o'clock mass at St. Paul's. A great sob rises in Rob's throat, for even to a sturdy mountain lad, bred by hard experience to the enduring of all dangers with silent fortitude, the night had been one of severe nervous strain, and as he nears the goal of his hopes he feels an almost hysterical desire to cry. He forces it back, muttering with a feeble effort at jollity.

"Bet yer life they can't git a head o' me'n Teddie! Hooray fer Teddie's Merry Christmas!"

The first early worshippers are entering St. Paul's church, as Rob, his donkey tied to the paling of a near fence, slips curiously through the open doors, lured by the flash of light and warmth which their swaying throws athwart the untrodden snow. The color, the melody of the full-throated organ, the mysterious hush of the place awaken in his soul emotions new as strange, and under their sway he slips half unconsciously into a seat under the very front of the altar.

The church begins rapidly to fill with worshippers. Devoutly they kneel; as the full tones of the organ sweep thro' the aisles, the glow of ecstatic devotion is on their upturned faces. Each seems carried beyond himself, beyond the rugged mountains, beyond the star-lit sky, on the waves of delicious sound. Now the melody is plaintive and tender, recalling the night in Bethlehem so many years ago, "When shepherd's watched their flocks by night;" anon filled with the anguish of exquisite suffering, as the Life was brought into the world, and swelling into glad triumphant tones as the wise men lay their precious offerings at the feet of the holy babe, and sing their anthem of "Glory to God in the highest—Glory."

To the little mountaineer, forgetful of his empty stomach and aching fingers, what mean the many glittering lights, the

chanting monotony of the service, the pealing triumphs of the choir?

Motionless, wide eyed he nestles in the sheltering corner of the great pew, hearing for the first time of the Christ, the Christ who this day is born in Bethlehem, the Christ who loves little children. From a maze of strange inexplicable emotion he at last arouses himself to note that priest and people have left the church and only the organist remains, who, letting his hands dwell lingeringly upon the keys in an abstracted mood, is filling the place with quiet, tender melody.

The village street is now the scene of life, for early as it is, the hurrying sleighs with their glad bells, the merry tooting of horns, and gay salutations everywhere betoken happiness and the Christmas-tide. But to Rob as he walks soberly by Jack's side, there is a spirit of loneliness that the wildest haunts of the mountains had never cast upon him; a sense of being shut out from the knowledge and sympathy of his kind, of reaching after a love that never yet had gladdened the low door-way of Miggs' cabin, and brought peace to its pale sufferer. But the thought of Teddie cheers him. Hastily reassuring himself that his treasured toys are safe, he sets out sturdily for home, trying under a gay whistle to lose consciousness of a growing dread and heaviness.

The night with its dangers, the glory of the morning vision in the church, and the elevation of soul that comes to an imaginative spirit under the stress of strong emotion, vanished before the homely needs of healthy boyhood. He ate his "hunk" of coarse bread cheerfully, patting Jack the while, and merrily anticipating the joy to Teddie from the unpacking of his treasures. A trolley car that would run the whole length of the hard dirt floor, a peppermint cane that would made a very joke of Teddie's lameness, and—he tho't of this with half-abashed embarrassment, a picture card—the faces of Mary and the child.

The sun had reached the meridian when Rob, with a gleeful exclamation, leaped to the ground in front of his father's cabin, and, leaving Jack to find his own way to the stable, cautiously lifted the latch, as Teddie's frequent illness and timid fears had made it habitual with him to move

quietly lest he alarm the shrinking invalid. The glad salutation was frozen on his lips as he stood there in the open doorway, grasping his trolley-car with one hand, while with the other he clung to the wooden door-post.

Beside the fireless hearth sat Miggs stupified with drink, leaning his head heavily upon his sodden hands. He moved not, nor spoke, but remained in the same impassive, uncomprehending attitude of semi-consciousness.

On his little cot lay Teddie. The light of the eternal peace was on his face. He too had found the love that passeth understanding. For one wild moment a torrent of rebellious grief welled up in Rob's great heart, but even as his soul cried out against this cruel sorrow, the peace of the dead stole upon his head. He stooped in reverent awe over the tiny form, caressing in a quiet, gentle way as any woman might, the little lifeless hands.

Reverently he placed by the bedside a little wooden stool, and tenderly unwrapping each dear token of the Christmas-tide, laid them by the bedside on the stool. A peace akin to joy filled his soul as he turned his gaze from the pale-featured brother to the print of Raphael's Madonna and half unconsciously he murmured, "Teddie's found the merry Christmas."

GERTRUDE FROST.

They were gathered around the fire,—the grandmother and the three golden-haired children. The little ones had been roasting apples, but now the fun seemed to have died away, for grandmother appeared so thoughtful. Finally tears bedimmed her eyes as she murmured, "'Twas ten years ago to-night."

"What, Grandmother?" asked the children.

"Have I never told you, dears?" Here a tear fell from the dear old lady's eye. "'Twas on New Year's Eve that my youngest son went to sea and,"—

All started, as heavy footsteps were heard, and in walked a strong, well built man—

Stop a moment, dear reader, 'twas only the man bringing in wood for the fire.

CONSTANCE ADEE, '97.

RIDIN' "NELLIE BLY"

'Gin a body, meet a body,
Down at the Bazaar,
'Gin a body, greet a body,
Need she call Mamma?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
None they say, ha'e I;
Yet all the lads, they smile at me,
When ridin' "Nellie Bly."

'Gin a body help a body,
Ride on "Nellie Bly"
'Gin a body tease a body,
Need a body cry?

Amang the crowd, I hear aloud,
A voice I love mysel'
But whose it is, or where it is,
I really canna' tell.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
None they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads, they smile on me,
When ridin' "Nellie Bly." AHNY.

MICKY O'HOOOLIGAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

My story, though not long, is sad. It tells of Michael O'Hooligan's Christmas Eve and Morning.

Let me first introduce the reader to the O'Hooligan mansion, which though small, possesses that appearance so admired by lovers of the picturesque,—the appearance of extreme age. This dwelling, standing alone, on the very summit of that lofty eminence known as Goat Hill, commands a view of an extensive plain, well fertilized by brick-bats and tin cans.

Upon the Christmas eve of which I write, this palatial mansion has but a single occupant, a little, snub nosed, red headed Irish boy, our hero, Michael O'Hooligan, called Micky for short. He is seated on a soap box which, together with two rickety chairs, a dilapidated bedstead, a large washtub and a tall cupboard forms the furniture of the apartment.

There is an air of suppressed excitement in our hero's appearance as he sits with his eyes fixed on the cupboard. What can be on his mind? More, let us hope than there is on his stomach, although in a moment of preoccupation he has eaten all the food in the house, fully three slices of bread! No, it is not this unusual feat of gormandizing which causes this excitement; it is the fact that a short while before, his mother, a washlady, had produced from under her shawl a package which she care-

fully hid behind some tin plates in the cupboard.

After his mother had left the cabin, to enquire about Mrs. Rafferty's sick goat, Micky had felt at liberty to open the cupboard and feast his eyes on the spot where he knew the treasure to be. He did not attempt to open the package for he was an honorable boy and it was beyond his reach. So he took his place on the soap box where we have seen him, with his soulfull gaze resting on the plate behind which the treasure is hidden.

What can it be? He ransacks his brain and goes over time and again the presents he has hoped to receive, but to no purpose. He cannot form the least surmise as to the contents of the package for in his wildest dreams he has not expected a package as large as this. It is fully six inches long by four wide.

But now, seeing his mother returning from her call, he leaves his post of observation, shuts the cupboard door, or rather what is left of it and wrapped in meditation and an old overcoat, hies himself to his evening chores.

His task finished, he retires to his downy couch in order to make the morrow come as quickly as possible.

His dreams are rose colored, visions of tops, marbles, penknives and other toys float before his enchanted gaze, and once he even dreams that an angel gives him a quarter! What bliss!

What would not some bloated capitalist give for such a night!

In the morning Micky rises with the sun and seeing the package lying on a chair, without waiting to array himself in anything but a radiant smile, he rushes towards it. His mother, entering at the moment with a tub of water, sets down her burden in a matter of fact way and makes for the treasure also. She is the first to reach it and quickly unfolding the wrapper holds before the astonished gaze of the disappointed boy, a cake of soap!—by whose gentle ministrations, in the hands of his energetic and impulsive parent, Micky is made ready for the ensuing year.

GEORGE T. MAY, B 3.

Half the people that talk yachting don't know the port tack from a ten penny nail.

THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

Silently tripping out from the fair,
Into the chilly and frosty air,
Onto the snow-covered pavement, that gleamed
Like thousands of fairy lamps, just lately cleaned,

Were a lad and a lassie, happy and free.
"The Queen of my heart—*she is*," said he,—
Then looked at her slyly, as if by chance
For a tell-tale look, a jealous glance.

But she calmly said, with an easy grace,
As she turned to him a mischievous face,
"Monsieur, curiosity prompts me to say
Where is your lady and who is she, pray?"

"Come then, follow me, and you shall know
The lady who borrowed my heart long ago.
Since then, my dear, I've had to agree
To neither a lender nor a borrower be."

Before a window where shoes were displayed
And mirrors reflected images made,
By the passers by, he paused,—*"Ah me!*
There is the Queen of my heart" said he.

MUSICALES.

Since the advent of our grand piano, the monthly Musicales has been one of the pleasantest features of our school life—November 26, the day before the Thanksgiving holiday, Miss Florence Stidham gave a delightful song recital assisted by Miss Bestor as pianist. As Miss Stidham quite won our hearts last year when she sang the beautiful solos from the Messiah at our Christmas Entertainment, we welcomed her right royally this year. The program was delightful and we hail the day that shall bring her once more among us. Miss Bestor played in her usual happy manner, and we may safely assert that no musician is more welcome among us.

The following is the program.

Andante B flat, - - - Chopin
Miss Bestor.

a. He was a Prince, - - - Lynes
b. Lullaby, - - - Dennee

Miss Stidham.

Who is Sylvia, - - - Schumann
Ladies' Chorus under the direction of
Miss Bentley.

a. In A Year, - - - Carl Bohn
b. Daddy, - - - Behrend

Miss Stidham.

Waltz in A flat, - - - Chopin
Miss Bestor.

a. Kept in, - - - Nevin
b. Goodbye, - - - Tosti

Miss Stidham.

December 20, the following program was arranged by Mrs. Harriet Mills.

Barcarolle, from "La Gioconda,"
Ponchielli

Mr. Otto Luebker.

Polonaise No. 1 in C minor, - Chopin

Mr. Frank Ward.

a. Tell Her I Love Her So, - De Faye

b. The Soldier's Betrothed, Chamindi

Mr. Otto Luebker.

a. Praeludium } Op. 40 - - Grieg

b. Rigaudon }

Mr. Frank Ward.

The Wanderer's Song, - - Schumann

Mr. Otto Luebker.

Accompanist, Mr. Angelo Fronani

We are indebted to these gentlemen for an unusual pleasure, for it is the first time we have had a program rendered entirely by male artists. Mr. Luebker's singing had a certain brilliancy and style which quite won his audience, who showed their appreciation by such insistent applause that he sang the inimitable Figaro song from "The Barber of Seville," by way of encore.

Mr. Ward was no less happy in his execution of the masterful numbers by Grieg and Chopin, and altogether it was a most enjoyable affair.

JENNIE JEAN.

VERY WINDY.



Mr. McSpot—It's the mosht terrible sthorm Oi remimber of, we're a hovin now Mrs. O'Flewetry.

Mrs. O'F.—Ah, yez forgot the big wind in Oirland, Mr. McSpot: 'twas the day Uncle Dennie got hurted. We lived 50 moiles from the say, sor, and the wind blowed the red herrin's into me father's door till the flure was the color o' blud!—

National Tribune.

NOTES.

The Christmas entertainment consisted of a program rendered entirely by home talent under the direction of the K. S. K., Mr. Robert Leetch, the president, presiding.

The programe opened with a charming shepherdess drill by ten girls of the fourth year class. This was followed by Miss Bentley's solo "Ave Maria" by Luzzi. K. S. K. then took the floor and sang, "In the Old Carolina State!" in their own inimitable manner, well earning the enthusiastic recall to which they responed with, "In the Evening by the Moonlight." The piano duet, Spindler's "Conquerors" by Misses Alexander and Appleby was heartily applauded.

Two songs by Miss Bentley, "My Little Love," Hawley, and Tosti's "Serenade" formed the next number and another double number was Mr. Sanford Kirtland's piano solos "Beauty's Eyes" and the "Water Mill."

The announcement of the next number called forth a round of applause as Mr. Roy Kirkland moved toward the platform. The applause was more than doubled at the close of his solo, the Turnkey's Song from De Kavin's new opera "Rob Roy," and Mr. Kirtland was obliged to repeat a stanza as an encore. Another former student whose popularity was very evident was Mr. Will Mckee, whose piano solo, "Girls of the South" was also encored. To many the encore "Annie Laurie" was more pleasing than the original number.

The strictly musical programe closed with the "Soldier's Farewell" sung by K. S. K. in a way to make the average college glee club wild with envy. Of course, they were recalled. K. S. K. is always recalled, and always responds nobly. This time the encore was particularly pleasing and brand new—"Some People Say," a rollicking darkey song with a solo bass part in which Mr. Tanner's fine voice comes with excellent effect.

Speeches from several former members of the school were next in order, after which, through the courtesy of Miss Westcott, the entertainment was closed by a horn number, which in volume of tone and enthusiasm of delivery easily surpassed all that had gone before.

OUR BICYCLE GIRL.

A merry Western lass is she—
Of course!
She has full many a loving friend—
Of course!
And so she won the envied wheel,
That dainty thing of shining steel,
Of course!

And now she'll ride to school each day,
Of course!
Her heart is light, her spirits gay—
Of course!
The children cry. "Just see her go!—
And Georgetown says. "I told you so!"
Of course!

IN A STREET CAR.

Clang go the breaks in the gripman's benumbed fingers, and the cars slip provokingly along on the frosty rails! At last you are in, with your bundle-laden arms so firmly pinioned to your sides by the crowd of humanity pressing around you that your heart fails at the prospect of a search for the ticket so safely ensconced in the pocket of your new coat! Just here a fat old lady in the front of the car wishing to get out and refusing to take the short cut from that end, suddenly transfixes you with her elbow, yet you are in such a merry mood that you cheerfully flatten yourself against the door or your next neighbour to let her pass.

Some one near by has a bunch of holly which viciously scratches your hands and face, but as the owner of the flower, hearing it scrape your tender skin, politely begs your pardon, you smile as if he had given you the beautiful bunch, instead of a horrible scratch, and murmur, "Don't mention it."

A small child sitting on its mother's lap directly in front of you amuses himself by smoothing your new coat with his sticky fingers, or by poking you in the ribs with a large piece of peppermint candy, while you stand holding to the strap with one hand, and to your many bundles with the other, helpless to defend yourself.

Yet you can't feel vexed by the sticky-fingered baby, or by the fat old man who had taken up his stand on your feet, or by the thin lady who is trying to dissect your backbone with her needle-like elbow; for the chubby face of the child is looking up into yours with perfect confi-

dence in your good nature, the heavy old gentleman is at least keeping your feet warm by standing on them, you philosophize, and then, more than all this, there is the feeling of peace and good will among men, this frosty night, for it is Christmas eve!

JOSEPHINE M. DAVIS.

KAMPTOWN NOTES.

The Bazaar over and the tedious work connected with it a thing of the past, Kamptown is now putting forth all its efforts toward making its appearance, at an early date, a great success. At this issue we are not prepared to enter any farther into the particulars of the program than to state its general character. At a recent meeting of the "Klub" it was definitely decided to have the first part of our program the usual minstrel overture. The arrangement of the remainder was put into the hands of a special committee, which expects to offer the public the biggest hit of the season.

For the public interest we will state that there yet remains in the hands of Mr. Ed. Duckett a little of our Bazaar jewelry. Mr. Duckett would be glad to wait upon any one notifying him of a desire to purchase. Because it is left over it is not of inferior quality. On the contrary it is some of our last order from the jeweler and is really better than our first assortment.—Any K. S. K. boy will be glad to make a deal with you. A.

MYSTERIOUS.



Patsy—Phat hav yez in the bag, Uncle Michael?

Michael—Pigs, and if you'll guess how many. Oi'll giv ye both o' thim.—*National Tribune.*

THE TRICK WE PLAYED ON THE MINISTER.

We aint feelin' right smart just now, Will and Tom Jones, Artie Allen and myself, but I reckon no one would, for aint I got a broken leg, Will's sprained his wrist and Tom and Artie are laid up with their bruises? O my! I wont be out for a month, the doctor says, and next week my base ball team was going to play the West Buskers. Gosh! It's hard luck to be laid up just when you don't want er be. If I only hadn't done it,—but I don't think it was very bad,—its all Artie's fault anyway. If he hadn't been sech an idjit we would have been all right. He oughter have had more sense.

Well I'll tell you how it all happened. You see we had a new minister drive over from Newark to preach, cause old Mr. Newman was sick. His name's Mr. Peters and I just wish he'd staid away. He come and jest preached 'bout nothing but the "unregenerate youth." He made me tired. He said our parents weren't doin' their duty by us. None of his business. He said we were to be the men of the village and pretty men we'd make if we never went to meetin' but spent our time smokin' cigarettes and hangin' round the meetin' house. Well he went at us so hard that the old folks said we'd have to go to prayer meetin that night. I didn't want 'ter, none of the boys did, and I was jest goin' to get even with old Mr. Peters. So I told Will and Tom and Artie to meet me a little before meetin' and I'd tell 'em somethin'. Artie drove the boys over in his father's wagon, that was a new one. He took the horse out and left the wagon in the shed whar I met them. I'd thought hard how I could get my revenge and I had got a fine way. I told the boys, and we went to the minister's wagon and took all the nuts off the wheels. He had to drive back to Newark that night and we calkerlated the wheels would come off in a lonely part of the road and then wouldn't he have fun footin' it home! No one would know we done it. Well, after meetin' we boys hurried out so as to get away fore the minister came out. Artie said he'd drive us home in his wagon so he went out, gave the horse a drink and hitched him up and we all got in. We were drivin' along, laughing about how the minister'd

feel when he was dumped out, when all of a suddint I thought there was an earthquake, everything seemed to be turned upside down. I felt myself buttin' against somethin', and that was all I know till I sort'o waked up and looked around. There we were all out in the road. I felt pretty bad, Will was cryin', he aint nothin' but a baby, and the other boys looked kinder scairt. The four wheels was lyin' round us and Tom said the horse had run off with the rest of the wagon. Artie said his father'd be awful riled when the horse came back that way. We didn't know what ter do, I couldn't walk and the others didn't feel much like it, so we jest stayed thar till some folks from meetin' picked us up. I tell you it hurt but I didn't say nothin'. When I got home Ma didn't say much but Pa said it served me right.

Well Artie went and told, I made it up to play the trick on the minister. Wait till I catch him, I'll wallop him good, blaming it on me, when it was all his doing, hitching Betsy to the minister's wagon sted o' his own! But anyhow his Pa's got pay for the fixin of Mr. Peter's wagon so I don't care.

EDITH WOODRUFF.

GRINS.

As you enter the building each morning
And stride toward the cloak room so neat,
You are greeted the very same moment
With, "Much lighter there, on your feet."

As you start up the first iron staircase,
A sweet voice rings out through the air
And you look up to hear that old greeting,
"No talking, boys, while on the stair."

As you start up the third flight, disgusted,
And fear that nought would you appease,
Your attention is drawn by a whisper,
"Good morning, boys, single file please."

REESE ALEXANDER.

The Geom. Teacher. "You have not prepared your lesson? Then you must see see Miss Westcott, immediately." The boy left the room, but returned in an unreasonably short space of time.

Geom. Teacher. "Did you see Miss Westcott?"

Impenitent Youth. "Yes'm, I saw her, but she didn't see me."

Slight Acquaintances—Cassin and Blackiston.

Matchless—The empty match box.

"Hark! what muffled roar
Like billows on a rock-bound shore
Fills all the air?
List! what awful shriek
Like perjured villain's funeral knell,
Falls on mine ear?"
"Sweet freshman, tremble not
'Tis but the High School yell!"

Young Lady. Why didn't you meet me the other night, as you promised?

Young Man. There was no moon.

Young Lady. No, but the gas lamps were lit.

Young Man. What do you take me for, a gas meter?

A grave-digger who had made a grave for a Mr. Button, sent in his bill to the widow—To making one Button Hole, \$1.00,

Smart boy—Hartwell McCarteney.

Our second year Greek class is now making earnest inquiries as to the difference between a bloody and an aorist dual.

Eyes have they, but they see not.—Potatoes.

Ears have they, but they hear not.—Corn.

Lips have they, but they kiss not.—Pitchers.

Hands have they, but they clasp not.—Watches.

Feet have they, but they walk not.—Measuring rods.

Teeth have they, but they eat not.—Saws.

Tongues have they, but they speak not.—Wagons.

Those of us who assisted in decorating Convention Hall for the Bazaar, saw some sights which the less fortunate mortals were denied. One was Miss Westcott, Miss MacNulty and Charles Arth standing on a small table tacking up a frieze. N. B. It was a freeze-out for the rest of us.

A first year sends us a poem beginning, "I gaze at the moon in the sky." That's right young man; that's where to gaze at it. Don't try to gaze at it under the bed, or in the coal cellar.

Hens. (as the farmer appears in the hen-house) "That's the man we are laying for."

"She had never seen the streets of Cairo," our Camel.

"Oh my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer after a graphic description of a terrible accident.

"I'd like to know where they sell 'em at," exclaimed an old lady in the audience.

A RECIPE.

First, some active brain tissue. Dissolve quite a lot in some German or Latin; and then, while 'tis hot, Add some hard mathematics; some history, too; Then mix well together, and simmer it through.

The sciences next, and some spelling (the best) With music and drawing, to give it some zest. Greek and French may be added, if both are quite pure,

And last, but not least, some good literature.

Then your mixture's complete; if handled with care, 'Twill be found that few others can with it compare; It will never grow old, and I'm ready to say, That its owner will never attend "matinee."

GRACE F. BIRD.

It's a subject for serious consideration whether or not Wagner is making a greater success of car building than he did of music.

It would surely take a better mathematician than the Western can produce to figure out the story of the old English lady who, as she was showing the portrait of her great uncle said, "And he was the bravest of men, but in every contest in which he fought he lost an arm or limb, and altogether he fought in twenty-four battles."

It is said by authorities that a horse can go a mile and yet not move but four feet. Astounding isn't it?

The cadets are protesting against the high crowns of their caps. Crowns generally do come high, especially England's.

We did win that sword.

To our endless fame.

For our captain adored

We did win that sword,

Other rivals were floored—

We regret it!

But we entered the game

Full of energy stored

And accomplished our aim—

Don't forget it!

MARY B.

There's a phrase that haunts me ever,

There are words I always hear,

As I cross the first-floor hall-way,

As I hie me up the stair.

Ah! she knows not what a shudder

O'er my stricken soul doth glide,

When I hear her voice exclaiming—

"Only one line there—wall side!"

TIMID FIRST YEAR.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

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No. 7.

PRIVILEGE AND DUTY.

Why stand in useless silence there
With tear stained eye and mournful face?
What means that sad discouraged look
Wherein thy hopeless mood we trace?

Ah, 'take but one short moment's thought,
To read those eyes, to know their grief,
And then to stop and realize
How many might have brought relief:

How many close around us live
Who fall disheartened day by day,
When you or I by one kind word
Might send them gladly on their way.

'Tis sweet to hear a word of cheer,
When hopeless grown and in despair.
So where there's one whose lot this is.
Just stop, imagine you were there.

L. A. R.

THE SERENADER.

It was one of those perfect summer evenings which, coming after a day of oppressive warmth seem to create all things anew, and to make all men at peace with one another. A party of friends, visiting at the summer home of one of their number, had gathered under the friendly shelter of the vine hung piazza, for August moonlight, though fair, is treacherous. The conversation, as the evening wore on, was converted into story telling, and many a ghostly yarn was spun. A bright-eyed Virginia girl, having just finished a marvelous production, which, despite the weather and the stout hearts of the assembly, set every one to shivering with horror, now thinking to alleviate the suffering she had caused, cried vivaciously to her hostess, "Surely, Bertha, this fine old manor with its deep window-seats and dark corners, its shaded lawn and lonely grove must hide a traditional ghost which appears at stated intervals to perform solemn rites!"

The fair-haired Bertha shrugged her plump shoulders, in token of her disbelief in such visitants, then drew her light shawl

close 'round her as she answered that her puritan ancestors were, she trusted, all safe in their graves; but her elder brother, a mischievous young physician, shook his head doubtingly at her, as he exclaimed, "Bertha is right in saying that our ancestors are a lazy set who are more than content to sleep peacefully where they were laid; nevertheless, Miss Margaret, I will admit that there is a story, and a very pretty one, connected with this rambling old establishment."

Bertha looked in surprise at her brother, wondering what wild legend he was about to resurrect, but his usually merry voice was subdued and thoughtful, seeming hardly in keeping with his words. Margaret laughed and clapped her hands, in childlike glee, at the thought of a new excitement. There was the usual chorus of "Do tell it!" "Relieve our curiosity!" etc. Thus encouraged Dr. Rodney began; "Perhaps you know that this house was built of good old English brick by one of our ancestors some years before the Revolution. The original owner, one William Rodney, was, as far as I can discover, a kindly, clever, straight-laced old duffer, who hated the English and all their customs next after the Devil and all his works. His wife died when she was quite young, leaving her little, three-year old daughter to his care.

This girl, whose parents had bestowed upon her the quaint name of "Patience," grew up in time, though her father hardly seemed to realize the fact. He, good man, was much absent in Boston, so that his daughter, when the governess days were over, was left much alone on the great place with only her dogs and her riding horse as companions.

So it happened that on one of her lonely rides about the foothill, she met and joyously hailed as her companion, a merry

young Englishman who was traveling in the States to wile away his time. There was nothing forced or conventional about their acquaintanceship. Each was lonely and longed for companions, each found in the other a friend who filled his every need. In an incredibly short space of time the bud of friendship bloomed, as is so often the case, into the beautiful flower of love. All the summer he lingered in the neighborhood and they took many walks and rides together. Too late Patience remembered her father's antipathy for the English. She could not renounce her gallant foreign lover, so frankly telling him of her father's views they arranged to hold their meeting when the latter was absent in Boston.

He was not long in discovering her passionate love of music and, as he had attained no small proficiency in that art, many was the fond serenade to which she listened, through the honey-suckle which screened her window.

All through the winter he lingered in that valley, but with the spring came dreaded rumors and he was demanded by his country to fight against *her* land and people.

I will not dwell upon their parting. Sufficient that they promised to be ever faithful to one another. Again the summer came and every moonlight night she would sit at her window trying to imagine that she saw him coming through the light and shadow, streaked across the lawn.

At last, one night, she *really* saw him. He came from the poplar grove behind the house and sped across to her window. There he knelt and sang to her a sad song well. Trembling with joy she cried to him, but a black cloud swept across the moon's face, and when it was gone she saw nothing but the queer gnarled tree in the weird light.

Many miles away, at that same instant, the Englishman breathed his last, for he had that day received a mortal wound on the battlefield."

The young man paused. The merry group was strangely silent for a moment, so gravely had he told the legend. Then someone asked in a trembling whisper, "Is that all?" "Not quite," he answered solemnly. "The strangest part of all is that the Serenader may yet be seen in the moonlight on a summer's night,—provided only that the spectator be a maiden *who is in love!*"

Bertha smiled incredulously at what she pleased to call "the silly fancy," and the others soon forgot the Doctor's simple legend in telling of adventures more exciting; but to Margaret, the impressionable Southern girl, the story seemed so possible that she secretly determined to test her powers of second sight before the sun should rise upon her ignorance. It was after midnight when Bertha bade her guests good-night, wishing "happy dreams" to all of them.

Reaching her room, which was on the ground floor, a little apart from the others, Margaret seated herself by the window, and leaning out inhaled the honeysuckle perfume with which the air was laden.

Yes! it was as she had thought. Her window commanded a view of the smooth lawn and dark grove described in the story. The moonbeams sifted through the silent branches and fell in patches on the dewy grass and tree trunks. The girl shivered as she looked at the fantastic shadows. She half expected to see the poor dead Englishman, even to hear him singing. Within, without, all was breathless silence, save that somewhere in the distance a brook whispered tenderly to the drowsy flowers.

Suddenly on the sweet air a nearer sound comes to the window. With a smothered exclamation the girl watched the approaching apparition. There he was—the Serenader coming swiftly towards her! Pausing close by her, as she sat partly hidden by the vines, he sang softly, clearly a quaint little melody which she remembered to have heard somewhere before. With unaccountable gladness she recognized the voice and form—not of the ghostly Eng-

lishman—but of the lively American, Laurence Rodney. Involuntarily she held out her hand in welcome, and he, pushing aside the honeysuckle, whispered how he had for days been waiting for an opportunity to impart his secret to her and how, failing to find her alone, he had made bold to thus arrange a meeting.

"And how did you know sir," she spoke quite sternly, "that I would be able to see this heavenly vision?"

"I did not know, I came to test it," he laughingly declared.

ALICE K. COYLE.

A BACK-DOOR CONFIDENCE.

Mrs. O'Rourke leaned over the back fence to talk with the next-door cook lady, Mrs. Sullivan.

"Och, hone! Its the first impty minnit meself's had this marning. This young man, partic'lar that Boppet, do be thot tormentin' as the blissed saints above niver had put on thim. It's losin' all the religion Oi've iver had, thot Oi am, shure, with the plague of thim!"

She wrung out her dish-cloth and spread it out on the fence to dry. Mrs. Sullivan expressed her sympathy demonstratively.

"An' phat is thot young limb o' Satan after doin' the day?" she asked. "It's meself seen the loikes o' that Boppet a-a-hanging from the shed-roof in a foine way to break his neck this now!"

"Niver yez moind his breaking his neck, the spalpeen! Its nearer murthering his mother's heart he'll do first! An' she thot tinder she cries whiniver he gets a batin'. Poor lady, it's weepin' she's been the marning now, entoirely, for he's got wan av his days an' it's stoppin' at nothin' he is, an' him but six come nixt Michaelmas." Mrs. O'Rourke paused for breath and her audience took on a sympathetic expression, and remarked. "Shure, noo, Oi do recall me av hearin' some koind av wild yellin' this marnin'. Noo, phat moight the b'y have found to do so arly?" "Howly St. Dinis, he begins before he gits out av the bed! Whisht Mrs. Sullivan, it's the truth Oi'm afther tellin' yez av yez care to lishiten."

Mrs. Sullivan expressed her desire so to do. "Mrs. Marden's a lady thot Oi've nothin' to say aginst and Mr. Marsden's

another, shure, an' the peaceffullest man into the bargain, barrin' whin mad, but Master Boppet is loike to droive me to an arly grave wid his murtherin' thricks. Yez moind Mayrie thot nurses the childer, Miss Dor'thy, mostly, av course, her bein' but the two year's old? Frinch she calls hersilf, but Oi niver lift Oirland an' County Cork if the ancistors of her was'nt barn in Harlem an' verra young whin it happened! An' as full av airs as a strate pe-ayno, she is shure! She sez to me, sez she—but thot's nayther hear nor there—as Oi was sayin', she lift thim two young wans in the nursery whilst she wint down this marnin' for their bathin' wather, an' whin she came back thot villyan Boppet had found his father's name stamp which same he marks all his letthers wid, the crather a-workin' wid a spring which yez press, an' he was busy a-stamping Miss Dor'thy all over wid big "*James A. Mardenses, Attorney-at-Laws an' P'enchin Clams,*" av a delicate purple shade, mum, as dark as the skirt of yez! The poor darlint had it all ovur her for all the warrld loike the tattooed mon at the carcus. Och, Mayrie she let out a screetch to wake the sivin slapers an' the madam came on the run an' loike to have fainted away. Whin the master let his eyes drap on the blissed babby the divil a warrd he sez, barrin' 'Robert'—thot's the christhen name of that blayguard Boppet—'Robert,' he sez, Its' comin' wid me yez be afther goin'! And thin the two av thim went out to the shid an' yez heard the yells, Oi'm thinkin'! Much good it didn't do, but whin they come up Masther Boppet had the look on his face loike the angels in Hivven an' he's been actin' loike the foul fiend the while since. O, wurra, wurra! D' yez moind thot noise! It's some new divilment he's at, and Oi must be afthur tearin' mesilf apart from yez company, shure.

And the back-fence party adjourned *sine die*, as Mrs. O'Rourke charged up the walk towards the kitchen, dish-cloth in hand and a gleam in her eyes that boded no good to the recreant Boppet, should he fall into her clutches. Verily, eternal vigilance was the price of peace in the Marden household.

MARIA T. SLOWCOMBE.

Is the man who wears glasses gifted with foresight?

IN ANOTHER YEAR.

Where will the hours be spent
In another year?
What will life represent
For each one here?

In Virgil the fifty-five lines,
These tales in the French and the Greek,
The grave mathematical rule,
The German that one must speak,
This work, causing murmurs to-day
Will pass in another short year,
What seems such a great trial now
Will then be to us thrice dear;
In another year.

Where will each classmate be
In another year?
What will the fates decree
For our Seniors, dear?

The dingy red gallery above
Where we have assembled each day
And chanted our morning pray'r
And hymns, in our reverent way,
This dusty but cherished retreat
We'll leave in another short year
Its memories, like to its cobwebs
Will ever before us appear,
In another year.

Life will have changed for each one
In another year.
Old duties done, new one begun
With trembling fear.

We'll pass on our journey of life
With greater ambition and zeal;
Perfecting each character thread,
Entwining our highest ideal.
We'll leave thee, Oh Western so dear!
Your scenes, each familiar face;
Forgotten so soon, shall we be,
For another's will fill our lost place
In another year.

E. R. W.

ON THE CORNER.

It was rather late in the afternoon and the blustering North wind, growling in burley tones 'round fifteenth street corner, had driven the pedestrians homeward, before its spiteful gusts. The streets were nearly deserted.

An elderly gentleman with his great coat buttoned closely was passing on the Treasury side, when a little ten-year-old boy approaching him from the rear slipped his grimy hand into the gentleman's newly gloved one.

"Please Mister, buy a paper? I'm stuck on 'em!" The little fellow lifted his big eyes in earnest pleading to the kindly face above him, as he repeated his question in husky tones.

The chill of the child's cold red fingers had already penetrated the warmth of the gentleman's glove, and as the little chap shivered from the wind's fresh attack,

thoughts of his own boy at home, surrounded by luxury and warmth, flashed through his mind. Instantly he brought forth a silver half dollar and placed in the boy's hand. "There!" he said, "that will cover your loss. No!" he smiled, as the youngster thrust the soiled papers towards him, "keep them and sell them again." "Golly!" ejaculated the small boy staring first at the money and then at the man with a look of surprised innocence. "Gee Willik—." Here he clapped his fist over his mouth with such suddenness that his cap slid back on his tumbled curls. "Thanky Mister," he stammered rather awkwardly as the gentleman looked back and smiled encouragingly. He stood motionless for a brief moment then glancing cautiously around, I saw him scud around the corner, where another urchin stood holding his coat, When he had struggled half way into his ragged jacket, he paused in his gleeful chuckling to wave his dangling sleeves in the air and cry breathlessly, between bursts of laughter and wicked winks;—"Ha! Ha! Billy, that old fellow was a dead cinch! Ha! Ha! a bang up one!"

EDNA WESCOTT '96.

NOTES.

Although the faculty is unaware of it, some terribly crushing things are cast over the gallery rail each morning, generally toward those of the female persuasion and these things are not hymn books or notes either.

A recent recitation of the fourth year English class comprised special topics on the life of Robert Burns. One of the girls who had had assigned to her several of the poet's lady loves said, "I have four sweethearts." Coincident with this a shadow was noticed to pass over the noble brow of our editor-in-chief. Some irresponsible person is so irreverent as to suggest that he objected to the word "sweetheart" being put in the plural. 'Twas a base calumny.

It is evident that company "H" is not destined to be part of the standing army of the U. S., judging from the number of setting up exercises they indulge in.

—And they'll never come back—Nos-bit and Reed.

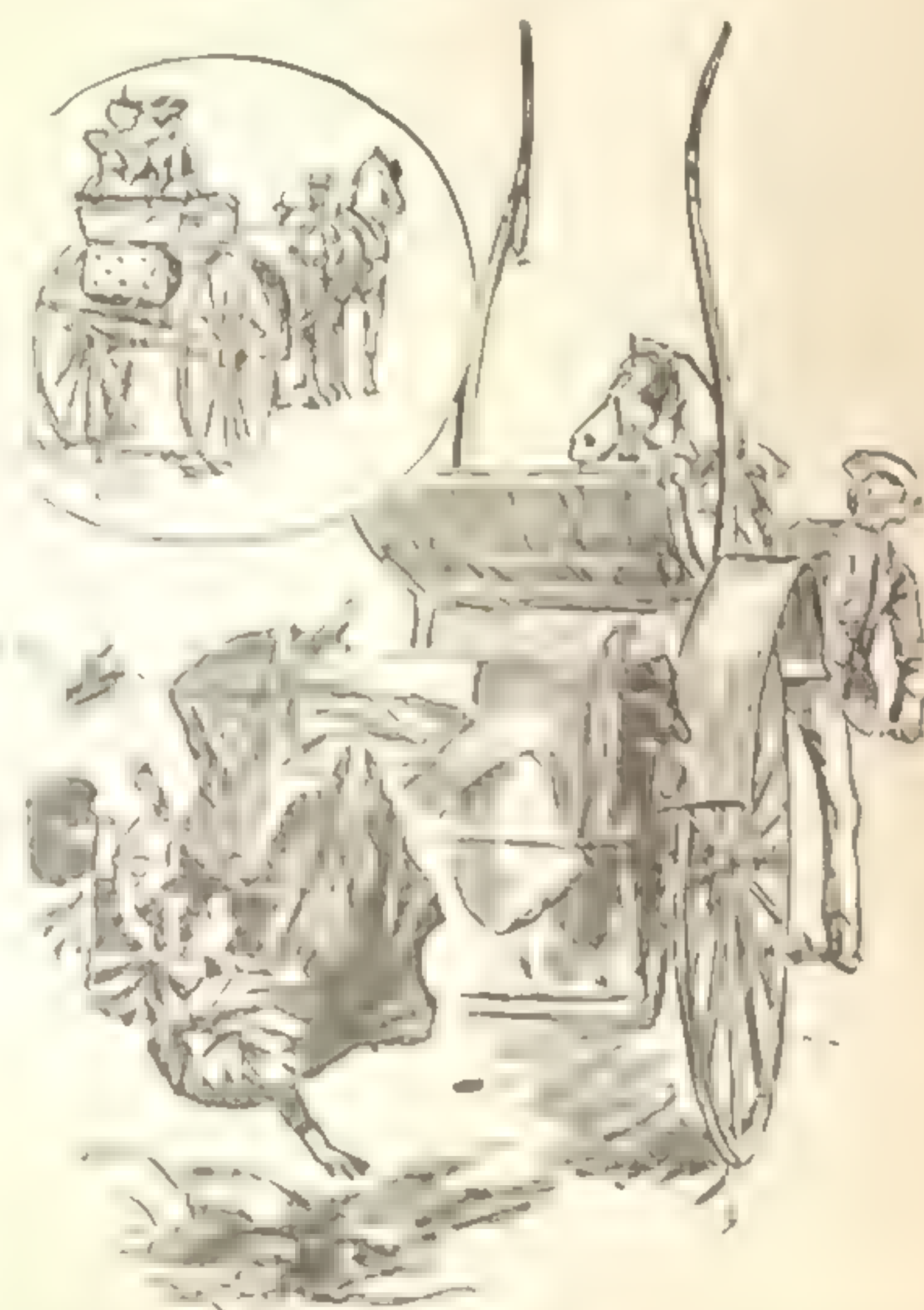
KINDLY INTENDED.

One bright spring afternoon Aunt Airey was comfortably seated on a soap box in front of her humble one-story shanty, enjoying her after-dinner pipe. Suddenly a strange sound fell upon her ears, a sort of wild moan, that seemed to issue from the open second-story window of the house opposite. The old woman was aroused. Her wrinkled black hand jerked the corn-cob pipe from her mouth. She stretched her head forward to listen. Then replacing her pipe and shaking her woolley head in a determined way, she rose to her feet. With wonderful agility, considering her years and the size of her carpet slippers, she shuffled across to the handsome, colonial brick mansion vis-a-vis to her humble residence. She had scarcely mounted the steps and rung the bell when the door was opened by the mistress of the house who was just starting out dressed in a calling costume.

"'Deed missus," said the old darkey, hurriedly, "some body's done hurt herse'f or somefin, upstairs yonder, 'pears to me like she's bein' murdered. -I heerd somebody a hollerin' an' a squealin', an' I come over to tell you you'd better"—But her kind, neighborly speech was interrupted.

"Oh, that's all right Aunty," was the reply, "I know what you heard—my daughter is practicing elocution."

WHAT THEY WANTED.



Ladies—Oh, Tom! we want to sit and watch you unhitch.
Tom—All right. *National Tribune.*

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly paper, devoted to the interests of the Western High School. Its pages are open to all. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 60 CENTS PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, 75 CENTS. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1896.

EDITORIALS.

I.

We seniors believe the juniors erred in confining their paper to the work which their class was then doing and which was of especial interest to them alone, and so profiting by their error, we have endeavored to issue a paper which will be of general interest to all our readers. It is not to be expected however, that we will surpass the "Chaucer" number in any point other than the one mentioned.

We are not responsible for the failure of the paper to appear last Friday, as this was due, not to mismanagement, but rather to a change of plan. Hereafter the paper will be issued on Monday instead of Friday as we find it a much more convenient day.

II.

We take this occasion to commend the young gentlemen of the K. S. K. for the judgment they have shown in deciding to hold their entertainment in our own hall.

By presenting their performances in the hall they give to them a more local bearing and will thus appeal more to the students and their friends.

It is with much pleasure that we look forward to the appearance of our boys in their annual entertainment. We recall with delight their public appearances in the past and from them we know what to expect in the future. Nor do we fear disappointment for they promise us even

rarer attractions than we had reason to expect. Never yet has the appearance of this popular club failed to call forth a most cordial response, not only from our students, but also from its numerous friends outside the school. On behalf of the boys we would bespeak the same hearty support in their present undertaking. They have a strong claim upon you as a school and upon this claim they base their appeal for your patronage. Then let us stand by the K. S. K., the boys who have done so much toward keeping alive school patriotism; who have done so much toward cultivating an appreciation of music among our students, but chiefest of all, who have rendered the school most substantial support in the financial way.

TO THE ALUMNI.

Unquestionably if you have ever been fortunate enough to attend the Western High School, be it for one brief year, or the swift passing four, you have in your heart an all enduring interest in the dear old alma mater. If you desire, and you should, and will, if you have lost none of your old time loyalty to the institution, to trace the progress of your former school, to take a peep at the bright doings of your followers and compare them with the efforts of your own classmates, and lastly to take a sympathetic survey of the management of things in general, you cannot possibly find a swifter, surer way than by taking up, and perusing the columns of "THE WESTERN."

We beg of you not only to show your patriotism by subscribing, but encourage you to make the paper a success in other than a financial way by contributing from your own store of wisdom made the richer by a larger experience. It is your school, your paper; therefore you should feel and take a personal pride in its successful management. You have gone into larger fields, your lives are crowded brimful of other interests but you will be the better for having kept that love for alma mater bright and burning.

"THE WESTERN" offers a way. Subscribe! Contribute! It will keep you in touch, most assuredly, with you old school and classmates. Let each and all, graduates and non-graduates, show their loyalty by subscribing to "THE WESTERN."

ALUMNI EDITOR.

KAMPTOWN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SECOND ANNUAL APPEARANCE OF THIS POPULAR ORGANIZATION—BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The time is near at hand when that well known organization, the Kamptown Soshul Klub, will make its yearly appearance before the public. After more than a year's experience in public entertaining, the Klub feel that they are able to and have selected a program which will appeal to the public as no previous one has done. Generally speaking the class of music to be sung this year is of a higher quality than any previously used, yet the popular songs and good old darkey melodies have not been forgotten and will find ample space on the program. As was announced in the previous edition of THE WESTERN the first part will be the usual minstrel overture. If you want a good laugh, come and hear the end men sing and talk. The Klub has more talent in the comedy line than it had last year and every bit will be put to a test. To pass on to the second part, it is with great pleasure that the Klub announces to the public that having obtained the services of one of the most competent of instructors, Mrs. Walton, a selection from Shakespeare's Midsummer Nights' Dream will be presented. Though this is a new departure for the Klub it is the feeling that if every bit of ability is put to the test, as will be the case, the presentation will be the greatest hit in the history of the organization. After careful consideration it has been deemed best not to go to the city for the hall and accordingly on the evenings of February 20 and 21 and the afternoon of the 22 the performances will be given in Curtis Hall—At each performance a limited number of seats will be sold so that the hall shall not be uncomfortably crowded. Lastly and most important of all, the prices of admission will be twenty-five and fifty cents; the later price being for reserved seats of which there will be over a hundred directly in front of the stage. For the matinee the price of admission will be twenty-five cents all over the house.—Come one, come all!

"What a beautiful hand your daughter has, Mrs. L——." "Yes, I'm thinking seriously of having a bust made of it."

TRANSPOSITION.

She changed his seat.
No more behind that oaken post
His lunch he'll eat.
No more, or seldom at the most,
Of secret mischief can he boast.
Those happy hours departed when
She changed his seat!

Oh, Spanish monks of long ago,
No torment like this did ye know!
Just see him squirm
Like baited worm
On fish-hook neat.
Away down front he's now revealed,
No more his pranks can be concealed.
She changed his seat!

F. M. MORAN.

TWO REVERIES.

I. OF AN OLD MAN.

I am an old man now bordering on the three score and ten to which the scripture limits the days of man. Nathless I am a hale man for my years, coming from a long lived race, and my back has become bent, my step made faltering, my glance lustreless and my spirit lacking more by trouble than by age.

I am still possessed of the desire and strength to go to the city to draw my half yearly dividends from the banks, although, when I am thus drawn into that neighborhood, I usually hasten away as soon as is possible and with all the speed my aged strength can summon, for the place is associated in my mind with bitter and mocking memories. But as I left the bank to-day the desire to once more visit the theatre of those unlaidd ghosts attacked me with too much persistence to be unheeded, so I turned into a path I had once traversed with the confident stride of hopeful youth and once again rushed along with the madness of despair.

I came hither to the South Sea House. And now as I stand in the narrow street leading to the entrance of that tall and handsome but ill omened pile, my memory takes a backward leap of nearly forty years.

My bent old back straightens, my sluggish blood once more jumps in my veins and again I am young, strong and assured. But, young and hopeful as I am, cares press upon me and I am of a rather more cautious turn than the generality of youth.

For though I have a good patrimonial estate, am newly married to a fair young wife, yet my fields though broad have been burdened by my father with heavy mortgages and I have the certain knowledge pressing upon me that unless I soon raise a larger amount of money than seems possible, my tenure of them will soon be at an end.

Happily my wife knows nothing of all this, but, nathless, the consciousness of it weighs upon me continually and I am ever on the watch for some safe venture for my money.

Then there comes the famed South Sea scheme. The city, the whole country, is wild with the fever of speculation. The cost of shares is advancing at the rate of a whirlwind and all men are mad with the lust of easily gotten gains.

At first, however, I am shy of it, I like no scheme that is to pay off the country's debt by traffic in human beings, and I have confidence in Sir Robert Walpole, who is fighting it fiercely. But my need is urgent and excusing myself on that score to my conscience and my prudence, I soon make full surrender to the temptation.

I scrape together my entire fortune, and borrowing what more I can, I hasten to the Exchange. And even at this instant as I stand, leaning on my cane, old, ambitionless and broken, I seem to feel that terrible fever of excitement burning in my veins and gnawing at my very soul.

The deserted street seems suddenly to fill with pushing, shouting, fighting, cursing men, and I am fighting among them. I am forcing my way into the building, spending my all and receiving so many precious slips of parchment in return.

Then for weeks, the stock keeps getting higher and higher and I am the lucky speculator, whom even in that day of speculators, men pointed out to each other on the streets. My fortune is quintupled and sextupled, should I *sell*. But I hold on, the stock is still advancing steadily and the fever for gain is eating at my heart.

Then comes the crash of John Law's similar scheme in France, (premonstrating another greater crash), the withdrawal of some of the directors of the South Sea Company, and long days of horrible suspense, times when all my efforts to sell

were unavailing, times when I could get no sleep, times when my very soul seemed burning up with anxiety.

Then the bursting of the bubble.

And I am before the South Sea House in a mob fiercer than before, and with the fever of revenge not of gain in their hearts. On every side of me are white, drawn faces set with misery and despair but lit with the awful light of vengeance. The faces which sometimes appear at the windows are pallid and seem ghost-like to my feverish vision, but we greet them with stones and curses.

And, though the directors are in the Tower and there can be no hope of further vengeance or recompense, we rage all night through the city like madmen.

Then there is a gap in my recollection. I remember no more until some days later when I come to my senses, with my wife's sweet face bending over me. But we are in a strange room, unlike anything to which I have been used and my awakening senses realize that there is nothing before me but want and penury.

Soon after this came my dear wife's death and then years of weary labor at a meagre clerkship until an old aunt left me the slender annuity upon which I now live.

With a dreary sigh I come to myself and find that I am still gazing at those treacherous portals which swallowed up the wealth of the land and caused a wail of desolation and a cry for vengeance to go up from over all the broad fields of merry England.

I enter and wander through imposing porticoes and up magnificent staircases, built of the groans and curses, starvation and want of how many thousands! I go into the offices where the work of ruin was done and see the rooms and tables where sat the directors as they planned their work of heartless deception. I examine the great dust covered ledgers containing the names of their dupes and the moneyed extent of their folly, and finding my own name among them, sink low into a chair overcome by so many bitter thoughts. And as I sit, I think of my lost opportunities and my ruined life, and as I think the great blue veins in my temples swell, my old blood boils, and my bony old hands clench, for to this day the recollection of that gigantic swindle sits me deeply.

II. OF A BENEDICT.

I sit in my armchair and mournfully gaze at the last embers of the dying fire. I am not suffering from an unrequited affection, nor do I mentally compare the dying embers to my wasted life. Yet, as I gaze, my soul is filled with anguish as I know that my only alternative from committing the heinous crime of freezing myself and my family to death, is for me to go down into the cold, cold cellar and lug up two hods of coal.

But like the man I am, when the worst comes to the worst, I stumble down the steps into the dark cellar, take two bold determined steps, stumble over the shovel and land on my face amidst the coal. An irresistible desire to express myself in profane language wells up in my suffering soul and I deliver an anglicised version of Cicero's first oration against Catiline, the surrounding darkness and stillness forming a most attentive and appreciative audience.

These classical exercises being accomplished I pick up myself and the shovel and proceed to fill the hods.

Now I am not a nervous man. I am perfectly calm amid the most terrifying tumults and alarm, but dead silence bothers me. It does not frighten me, you understand, but it *bothers* me. I don't like it.

It is terrifically silent down here. Oh, why doesn't something sound, anyhow?

Great Heavens! there is something or somebody! He, she or it, is over in that corner stirring the coal. Merciful fathers spare me! I don't want a death on my conscience, I don't like newspaper notoriety.

There he comes! But he is coming on four feet. As I live it is Tige!

Oh, you conscienceless cur you! I'll teach you to sleep around in coal cellars and risk your valuable life by impersonating burglars! Why don't you sleep in the parlor, anyhow?

I stumble up the steps, replenish the fire and settle myself to read about that war we are going to have with England.

I don't see myself, why those people down in Venezuela cannot fight their own battles.

Of course John Bull is hoggish, that is his national characteristic, but I think that the Administration should consider the awful results of war, and think also that

the aforesaid Administration should have more consideration for the sensibilities of my wife and children than even to hint at the possibility of their loving husband and father being drafted. In my opinion that man Monroe perverted his religion by being too doctrinal.

I am getting very much interested in the question, and after a careful study of the map I begin to think that it is a great pity that I can't impart a few of my ideas to that investigating commission.

But as I cannot, I call my wife, meaning to impart them to her. With the paper upheld before my face I am (for her benefit) marking out the disputed boundary line on the map with the tip of my little finger. While in the very midst of my explanation a hard, spherical object strikes the aforesaid finger tip with considerable force and I come to the immediate conclusion that the war has materialized and that I am martyred by its first shot. It proves, however to be the result of the fact that my infant son has been engaging in a solitaire game of base-ball.

I rise from my chair and my promising offspring beats a masterly retreat under the table, while I, with one hand behind me and my injured finger in my mouth, deliver him, as best I can, an address, summing up and expatiating upon the many games lost on account of wild throws.

I grieve to state that he does not seem to follow until I incidentally mention the fact that it is time for him to retire. Then he makes some old and illogical but very forcible objections.

I am sure, however, that you, O reader of much abused patience, will be much more considerate, when I say that as the fire is burning low again and I am afraid a second expedition to the cellar would result in Tige's utter demolition, I must retire and close this record for the present, at least.

JESSE H. WILSON, JR.

Biddy the cook, unaccustomed to the gaiety of the society season in Washington, came rushing into her mistress' drawing room New Year's afternoon and exclaimed without any hesitancy "Sure Madam war has bruk out wid Auld England fur all the army officers wid all their togs are going wid great haste to the White House.

GRINS.

Teacher, You were absent yesterday Charles. What is your excuse?

Chas. Ma thought brother Willie had the measles.

Always making dates—the calendar printer.

Even sweethearts sometimes get up in arms against each other.

Allowed sin—blasphemy.

Deacon (of the Mount Hope colored Methodist Church to the retiring pastor)—De flock hab tuk up a c'lection and bot yer dis heah stanshiel timepiece to show de lub dey feels in deir pasture.

Pastor (examining the Waterbury Brethern and sistern, I'se ovahecome wid gratitude and can't find wuds to 'spress my feelin. De congregation will jine me in singin', "Dere nebah endin spring abides."

It brought tears to the eyes of all who stood in a group in the lower hall and heard some one down by Nelly Bly sing to the "wood" be camel "She may have seen better days."

The cadet of Company H who asked if the muzzle of the gun was not to prevent its going off has our profound sympathy.

Not sticking to facts—the postage stamp on the love letter.

Can't be retailed—horses with clocked tails.

"Tommy what are you doing in the pantry?" "Oh, just putting a few things away."

A pressing engagement—that of the lover.



Doctor—Unless your little tongue lies, my boy, you are suffering from a severe attack of ice creamitis, complicated with bananaria and peanuticus—*Nat. Tribune.*

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

No. 8.

GOOD NIGHT—DEAR.

Not long ago, there came to me
A vision veiled in mystery;
Stooping down, it whispered low
"Get thee to an art school. 'Go!'"

I bravely took my brush in hand,
I raked my brain, I thought, I planned;
I tried to think of something quaint,
Original or hard to paint.

'Twas done at last. My eyes did shine
For Mother said, "It's very fine
For one who's never tried before,"
As she tacked it firmly, over the door.

Just gaze at it! A beauteous night,
The moon sent down her trailing light,
I could almost see the sturdy wind blow
The delicate tufts of rose-tinted snow.

To break the monotony of this waste, wide
A leafless tree upon one side
An near, in awful majestic height
Stood a stag, with Antlers, long and bright.

But to go again to the story of me.
I am only a simple girl, you see
Yet I have many friends of the sterner sex.
The kind that tease, the kind that vex.

One night there called a bashful child.
Of course he looked at the picture, then smiled.
As he was going, what should I hear?
I'm surely right,—'t was "Good Night, Dear."

Oh, horrors! will ever audacity sink
Where man cannot find it, for here, just think
One I had thought ever bashful and shy
To say that to me; how dare he e'en try!

He saw in my face I was honestly mad,
So he turned to the picture,—mayhap he was sad,—
No,—for he said as he showed on the view,
"A good night, dear," and then off he flew.

ALBERTA WALKER.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER" OR HOW GETTHERIO WON HIS BRIDE.

Once in the days of Blankbatton, the
alderman, there dwelt in the town of
Gotham a maiden of such remarkable
loveliness that suitors flocked to her father's
hall-door in numbers whose magnitude
could only be estimated by means of log-
arithmic tables, latest edition, and even
her rival, the red-haired girl around

the corner, had to acknowledge that she
was a "beaut."

This fair girl's name was Atalanta, and
she owned a bicycle whereupon she
lived, moved and had her being and passed
everything on the road. Her only other
employment was that of turning down
would-be lovers, a thankless job, which
not only consumed valuable time, but as
years passed on, gained for her the repu-
tation of a *mulier nova*, which, as everyone
knows, is worse than the measles for keep-
ing suitors away. But Atalanta minded
the stings and arrows of the gossips not at
all, but gayly went her way and wheeled
from dawn till dark.

Now there were a few youths in the
town of Gotham, to whose attentions Ata-
lanta had not been as frigid as to others.
These were men whose names stood high
in the record of the L. A. W., and who
had never bored her by falling in love with
her. To one, in particular, she had even
been mildly gracious. Gettherio was his
name and he was a good-looking fellow
with a five hundred mile record.

Now it befell one day when the robins
were spooning in the cherry trees and the
spring mud was dry in the country lanes
that young Gettherio arrayed himself in
purple and fine linen—that is to say, his
best sweater and most becoming golf hos-
iery, and hied him out 5th avenue to keep
a date with the maid Atalanta.

Together they rode through pastures
green, discussing the scenery, the road and
their several wheels, till at last, when pass-
ing through a particularly secluded and
romantic spot, Gettherio completely under
the spell of her beauty, declared his love
and asked Atalanta to be his forever.

Now, the youth pleaded so eloquently
and with such passion, that although the
haughty beauty at first scornfully rejoined

"Nit," in the end, she was forced to com-
promise and promise to reserve her decis-
ion at least till the morrow, when the rash
youth might call for his final answer.

So it happened, that early in the morn-
ing of the following day came Gettherio to
the home of his love. He found the maid
sitting on her front doorstep, adjusting a
brand-new cyclometer to her front tire and
glowing with lofty pride.

"What, ho, Gettherio: and hast thou
courage and muscle greatly to stand a test
of this thy vaunted affection?" quoth she,
as he opened the gate.

"Ay, Atalanta, an' it were a ride down
the descent to Avernus," answered the
youth, for he had studied Virgil at the
Western and had a clas(s)-sic(k) soul.

"Go to. That were easy. List to this.
Hie thee to yon shop, and there invest
some shekels in a toy like unto this."
She pointed to her cyclometer.

"In one week if thy indicator points to
a greater number of miles ridden than
mine, I am thine! If not—tho' it be but
the fraction of a mile less, by the air in
my front tire, thou shalt see me never
more! Tra la!"

With these cutting words she mounted
her wheel and sped adown the street, there-
by getting the start of him, while he, sick
at heart, being forced to work in an office
all day, and seeing small chance for him
in this race, tore his elegant foot-ball hair
and cursed the day that brought him into
her toils.

And while he sat there using language,
behold there came out of the mansion by
way of the area door, the small brother of
Atalanta, and Hustlericus was his name.

"I pray thee, Getthere, old fel, what's
masticating you?" spake he, and poked
the love-sick one with his shinny-stick.
And when Gettherio answered nothing

but only groaned the more and hung his head, straightway Hustlericus interrogated yet the more and at last wrung from him all the truth.

Now when Hustlericus was made certain of the racket, he rejoiced greatly in his heart of hearts, and a mighty idea entered straightway into his soul, for he saw occasion therein to work the game for great profit unto himself. Therefore, he comforted Gettherio exceedingly and advised him to purchase the cyclometer immediately. So they started for the shop and on the way Hustlericus imparted his idea in these words.

"Now, Getthere, thou must understand that 'tis from small love of thee I do this thing, but rather for that I owe my fair sister Atalanta many grudges of long standing and one, yea verily, since but yesternorn, when she did induce my father to punish me for some paltry joke upon her. Therefore do I enter this game, and thou wilt, assuredly, furnish me something with which I may refresh myself in the mean time. And this my scheme. Do thou ride as much as thou canst each day, but trust not to equal her thereby, for she doth naught else save only scorch from early morn to dewy eve, and thou forsooth, must grind away at thy law all day. But when she returneth and leaveth her machine for the eve, will I secretly to the back hall betake myself and there turn back the meter, which thou seest can be done, though at expense of much time and some outwearing of the cuticle of the index finger. This will I do, as often as may be, until thou comest for thy final answer, and on that night, come thou upon thy wheel early to the postern gate, that is to say, the alley gate, where I will meet thee and together will we fix things up."

When Hustlericus paused for breath, Gettherio, at first stunned by the magnitude of the deceit shown by this boy of tender years, interposed a feeble remon- stance.

"But Hustlericus, my young friend—" "But me no buts, old stager!" roared the boy with a touch of his sister's haughtiness. "An' thou wilt have my help, speak now, or else forever hold thy jaw!"

So in the end, Gettherio, being sick at heart and knowing naught of better coun-

sel, suffered himself to be advised of Hustlericus and paid him a large retainer in advance, on demand.

And the days passed on, till at length the week came to an end and in all that time had Gettherio seen the young Hustlericus but seldom and Atalanta not at all, save on her shining wheel, yet was he kept informed of the state of things and knew that each night, Hustlericus had got in some strokes and turned back Atalanta's cyclometer not a few. She, coming in late and weary often neglected to examine her record, or forgot it when examined, so that it was not difficult for the young brother to deceive her. However, on this final day, the distance measured was still very greatly in excess of that travelled by Gettherio, though the poor youth spent his nights in the saddle and was fast becoming a mere anatomy.

Well, some forty minutes before the hour appointed for the comparison of records, Gettherio betook himself to the gate of the mansion, there to be met by Hustlericus.

"An' how high art thou?" queried the youth.

"Four-thirty-nine, and she?" gasped the lover.

"Beats you by a cool one-twenty! Hasten, there is work for us. Lo! here by a stroke of luck, hath she left her wheel out to be cleaned. Do thou on that side, I on this, turn back yon toy. Look to thy fingers, man! Watch me!" So sweated they for long, till at last, when they arose the record of Atalanta stood at four hundred and thirty-five miles, while that of her eager suitor marked four better.

So Gettherio won his bride, the fairest maid of Gotham, for Atalanta could not but acknowledge the corn, and in truth the youth was pleasing to her, as men go, though even a lover is not to be compared to a wheel for delight and they lived happily ever after, with the exception only of a single day, wherein the treacherous Hustlericus, having waxed wroth at his brother-in-law, did in his fit of passion, give the whole business of the cyclometer dead away to Mrs. Gettherio, and then, dear children, the hair flew for a while, but as I said this was an exception and only goes to show that men cannot keep a secret and therefore none are to be trusted—particularly brothers.

M. T. S.

AN ALPHABET OF FIRST YEAR BOYS.

A is for Allen, an all-around fellow.
B is for Burke, whose hair is light yellow.
C is for Creecy, delightfully trim.
D for Duvall, the "Spider," they call him.
E is for Eiker, with cheeks ever rosy.
F for young Fisher, as neat as a posey.
G is for Grunwell, as fair as a girl.
H is for Hudson, whose hair doesn't curl.
I's there ain't any, nor even a **J**, but
K is young Kleinschmidt, who's always sogay.
L is for Lacey, who talks a blue streak.
M is for Mechlin, and hard is his cheek!
 Not an **N** nor an **O** can they muster defiant, but
P is for Perry, a strapping young giant.
Quriosity's something this class doesn't know,
 And of masculine **R**'s they've no one to show.
S stands for sev'ral, from Shannon to Smart, and
T is for Tanner, devoted to art.
U're not in at all, tho' your double is there.
W begins Waters, flirtatious and fair.
 With this fine assortment, contented pray be,
 'Tis an **X**cellent lot, **Y**, of course you must **Z**!
 NORVAL.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Mr. Bennett of the Sophomore class, has returned to school after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. Larcombe of last year's class visited the Western last week. The Baron's looking well.

The "Current Topic Club" has reorganized, and holds a meeting every Tuesday, in Room II. All are welcome to attend, and discuss the items of interest.

There is talk of a ball team for next season, to represent the Western. Why shouldn't we have a team? With such notables, as Tanner, Leech, Duvall, Reed, and numerous others, we should be able to organize a club, that could complete with any of the High Schools. It's a good thing so push it along!

Company "H" is progressing finely under the able leadership of Capt. Berry, and will be prepared to put up a first-class drill on February 22d.

We are all glad to see Lieutenant McGowan back again, after his enforced absence, on account of sickness.

The "Kamptowns" are actively rehearsing for their coming entertainment, and are acquiring a degree of proficiency seldom surpassed.

Mr. Wilson has been appointed to the staff, and greatly aids us by the excellent productions of his pen.

J. M. P.

THAT OLE RAG MAN.

Now der's dat ole black rag man,
Er comin' down der road,
A pushing' dat ole soap box,
Where the rags is th'owed
So dey is!

He com ter see sis' 'Liza
So mighty much las' year,
I lowed as dey'd be marri'd
Fo dis day got yer,
So did Liz!

He uster giv' me nickels
Fo' scarse a poun' of rags,
Den I buyed some candy,
Done up in yaller bags,
So I did!

One day, he laugh' and an' tease' me,
An' call'd my pigtails, quills,
An' say my purple ribbons waved
As ef dey had de chills.
So he did!

One day he was a sayin'
Ob sumthin' mighty gran;
Fo' Liza was er grinnin';
An' swingin' back her han;
So she was!
An' he held his han's togeder
Beneath de old red pump,
Fo' some one stole der dipper
As was hidden in de stump,
Among the fuz!

He telled her that he'd brung her
A wappin' water-millon
An' Liza's mouf was water'n'
Jest like ther pump was spillin',
When it riz!
As she pursed up her big lips
To take a sugar drink
I yell'd, "Look out dere, Liza!
His han's is black as ink!
So dey is—"

"He stole dat water-millon
From outen Daddy's patch!—"
Den Laws! I did some runnin'
Fo' Land! I ain't his match,
'Deed I ain't!
But den he neber cotched me,
An' he neber com'ed agin,
Fo' Liza's feller drives a wagon
An' ain't as black as sin:
'Deed he ain't!

Yo' see dat old I lack rag-man
Er comin' down de way;
Befo' he cotches sight ob me
I guess I'll runned away!
So I will!

EDNA WESCOTT, '96.

It is hardly to be wondered at that people catch cold on the cable cars, because one of the cars always has the grip, and grip is contagious.

The latest thing out—the owl.

Why is a messenger boy like a penny?
Because he is one sent.

PIANO RECITAL.

The Fourth of the Monthly Musicales which have proven so attractive a feature of our school work this year took place Thursday, January 30 at 1 o'clock.

The announcement that Mr. Mayo assisted by Miss Josephine Appleby was to render the program, was sufficient to draw nearly a hundred visitors; so that Curtis Hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Mayo was never in a happier mood at his chosen instrument, and played with that rare art which combines brilliant execution with perfect interpretation and sympathetic feeling.

His numbers were all enthusiastically applauded, but the Papillons by Schumann and the brilliant waltz by St. Saens seemed to be especially pleasing.

Perhaps there is no instrument so universally beloved as the violin, and in her mastery of it, Miss Appleby fulfilled our highest expectations of its possibilities.

Our only regret in regard to Miss Appleby's playing was that our insistent applause failed to elicit an enchoire.

In fact, both artists left us with the hope that before many days they would again brighten our day with another such delightful hour.

The following is the program.
Caprice Etude, - Mendelssohn Heller.
Polonaise, G sharp minor } Chopin.
Fantaisie Impromptu }

Mr. Mayo.
Fraumerii, - - - Wuerst.
Miss Appleby.

Papillons, - - - Schumann.
Mr. Mayo.
Russian Air with Variations, De Beriot.
Miss Appleby.

Etude in F flat, - - - Liszt.
Etude en forme de Valse, - St. Saens
Mr. Mayo.

Since the Latin in the Sophomore class has assumed such a serious aspect, it has become noticeable that a very general interest in horsemanship has developed itself.

"I'm stuck on you" said the fly to the fly-paper.

We have heard of the strong butter, for which some boarding-houses are famous, but the billy-goat is about as strong a butter as we care to encounter.

DEDICATED TO A BOOK.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that Imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read carefully, keep neatly,
Handle cleanly,
And return with the corners
Of the leaves not turned down.

S. G. O. A.

KAMPTOWN KLIPPINGS.

The Kamptown Soshul Klub has broke loose agen. They feal thet the enterests uv this skule an teown rekuire them tew giv a nothur entertenment, Sew, havin from their innur consnessness envolved a skemo for a program they're goen tew giv it.

Wats it goen tew be?

Wy its goen tew be semply grate uv corse.

But, tew be more perticuler its goen tew be dividead intew three parts. First thers tew be a reguler ole time minstrel shew, with funny songs an jokes an stories, which we hope will alsew be funny. Duren this part, Fred Sybuld is goen tew sing about his Old Gal an duvulge the most sacred secrets uv his luv affares, Roy Curtlend is goen to sing a Grinnoy Legund, Tanner is goen tew sing about his Heoney, an Babe McKee is goen tew burst forth in song about hew bad he was to his honey, which last is affectin tew the emoshuns.

Then aftur this part is ovur theres goen tew be an onstrumental part wen All Right an some othurs will showely make yew want tew get right up an dance.

Aftur this, an finully as the preachur seys, will be geven the most lamentubol comedoy of Pyramus and Thusby, wich was rittun buy a man named Shakspeare, spesshuly fur this purformance of the Klub.

En this our tow end men Sybuld and Berdie Duclsett hev the leaden parts an they is fine. Ef yoa want tew laugh real hard an most die from an attack of consenecrated risibility, cum an seo Fred Sybuld die an Berdio sorrowfully follow him tow the grave.

At present we ar looking fur a furst-clas banjoo klub. Are you saw one?

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

Since the Western High School first started on her career, her sister institutions have been ever ready to give her the benefit of their wider experience. She, as they know, has always taken in good part their sage counsels and fraternal advice, gratefully observing that they regard as her most heinous sin what time is doing his utmost to remedy; namely, her youth! In connection with her youth we would speak of the measles, which disease has lately paid an untimely visit to her sacred precincts. This monster, whom, as we all know, children have to encounter at some period of their existence, has at last seized the Western in his clutches. Nobly has she repelled his attacks, yet many a fair maid and gallant youth has been laid low! The Western, however, has not allowed this obstacle, however serious, to interfere with the regular course of study, since, as far as we can judge, our scholastic endeavors have been crowned with as much success as if no measles had come to bar the road to learning. In most cases, too, the monster has been satisfied with but a slight exhibition of his powers, allowing his victims to return to their respective places before many days have elapsed.

We have perused with much interest the recent pages of our honored contemporary "The Eastern." Undoubtedly, in the field of journalism the Washington High

Schools are approaching a standard, which we may safely say, few other schools have succeeded in reaching. The Eastern is a bright little sheet, that with each issue perceptibly lessens the distance between it and the goal of perfection. We would especially commend the editorials, which indicate not only surprising maturity of thought but also a ready pen well versed in the arts of journalism. What we would like to suggest to all our sister schools in regard to their papers is, that with more frequent issues, a far more marked rate of improvement is possible. It seems rather strange that the "young and ambitious" Western should put her youthful mind to the matter, and "sette hir alle cappe" in this respect, the present number being the eighth Western published this year.

WOMAN.

She is not a noun, for, charming creature, she is never declined—

Nor is she an adverb, for she rarely modifies anything she says or does.

She is not an adjective in that she seldom agrees with one.

Her voice, never passive, is sometimes painfully active.

Often she is a preposition for she governs the case of a person; sometimes she has a case herself.

Why is it that she is so often objective? She can't be a conjunction for she is rarely a minister.

When she is in the imperative mood we feel that she is indeed a question.

She is a letter, not a J, for we often sound her.

She is never impersonal and is not to be compared.

At times she calls herself an object, but she is never an indirect object.

Best of all is she when she is the second person singular, feminine gender and possessive case.

A. L. CONCKLIN.

Owing to lack of space the usual joke on McCarteney's intellectual abilities will have to be omitted.

Miss Westcott recently announced to the Sophomores that they would soon take up Caesar. As this gentleman has been buried for some time, the result of his being exhumed is awaited with interest.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

I wrote a poem and bedew'd each line
With tears, so touching was its tale of love.
I said, "The Western is the setting bright
Wherein this darling of my heart shall shine."

And then, in dainty envelope of blue
Perfumed throughout with fragrant violet,
With beating heart too full for common thought,
I mailed my treasure, Editors, to you.

The laggard days their length of hours prolong'd
Or e'er a word from you to me did come.
At last, like to the cat of vulgar song,
My gem "came back," alas, how foully wrong'd!

Heart-breaking then the words I found upon it,
In common, spiteful, slangy High School English—

"This rot returned. Don't try it on again,
Is our advice. Go paste it in your bonnet!"
M. T. S. '98.

IN THE STUDY HALL.

The study hall was awfully still—so still in fact that an occasional turning of the leaf of a text book was the only sound to be heard. No desk-lids squeaked, no pens dropped, no pencils were being sharpened. Everyone was absorbed in his own study from the frolicsome first year to the demure teacher on the platform. My thoughts had been far away in the Forest of Arden; there stood Rosalind playfully talking to Orlando, and there Celia—rather apart from the lovers. Thus I mused,—“As You Like It” lying upon my desk. Suddenly I started, for a voice resounding through the hall called my name. What could be the matter? Had I been dreaming, and in my sleep had I acted as was not unusual for me in study hours? Had I passed a note under my desk-lid across the aisle to my neighbor, had I cautiously put a chocolate-drop into my mouth, and had it all been seen by the teacher? I shuddered, I grew cold, but nothing being left for me to do, I slowly marched up to the platform, feeling all eyes were upon me as I turned from red to white and to red again. Finally after seeming hours had passed, I reached the step, ascended, and stood awaiting my doom. The teacher turned her head slowly towards me,—I turned away,—I dared not meet her gaze.

“May I borrow your ink-eraser for a moment?” she said. CONSTANCE ADEE.

“All the world's a stage.”—If so, fewer of us would have to stand up in the herdies.

COMFORT.

Must Earth seem ever dark to thee, O wandering Soul?
Is thine a lonely path? Art ignorant of thy goal?

Hear'st thou the birds chirp busily, high in yon apple-tree?
They have each one a nest to build. It is not so with thee.

Behold the flowers nod and smile. They deck the earth in May.
Thou hast not such a lovely place, nor canst thou smile so gay.

Put hark! A hope I give to thee, an thou wilt list awhile.
The birds must pass from yon fair tree, the flowers cease to smile.

But thou! O thou, a radiant path awaits thy halting tread!

Wherefore, O Soul, be not cast down, but with uplifted head

Pass on. What though on either hand are joys thou canst not share?

Strange tempters they, but at the end, a home awaits thee fair;

Fair? nay so bright, so glorious, it sheds its light below,

That, if thou wilt, in darkest hour, thou may'st behold its glow.

Then Peace and Light be on thy path, that path which all must tread,

Which leadeth to the Font of Life, where hungry ones are fed—

Thou wilt not sorrow now, Oh Soul, for Fear and Doubt lie dead!

A. K. C.

LUCY JONES'S WEDDING PRESENT.

"Did you ever see sech weather ez this The wind's that strong I'm clean tuckered out, and I ain't been walkin' more than ten minutes nuther."

Mrs. Meggs sank into an arm-chair and dropped her bundles into her lap. Her black silk dress fitted her ample form closely, and was so stiff that it rustled with her every movement. There was nothing restful about Mrs. Meggs. Her voice was loud and penetrating, and she seemed always pervaded with a bustling activity. Louisa Small, the little milliner, who stood opposite her, always felt somewhat in awe of Mrs. Meggs.

"I'm real glad you dropped in," she said, nervously helping the visitor to untie her bonnet, "'twas real kind of you, Mis' Meggs."

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm dretful busy these days," replied the other lady with a sigh of resignation. "What with gettin' the house ready for the winter, an' Lucy Jones's wedding present, I'm about ez busy ez I can be."

"I guess you must be," Miss Small said with a commiserating glance, "I heard about that tidy you're makin' for Lucy. They say its real han'some."

"Well, I dunno but 'tis," assented Mrs. Meggs, her pride piercing through her modesty, "I dunno but it's the best thing I ever made, an' I've done considerable of that sort of work. You must drop in some day, an' see it, Louisa."

The little milliner smiled and flushed slightly. "I'd be real glad to," she said, "if I can spare the time. Mis' Sims she says its the talk of the town its that han'some!" Mrs. Meggs smiled in great good humor. She alway enjoyed Louisa's company when other amusements were unavailable. Louisa was so very lenient in her judgment, and so flattering in her remarks. Her visitor always left the little parlor feeling on better terms with mankind at large.

When she got home that night, Mrs. Meggs spread out the tidy and gazed at it with more than her usual complacency. It was of dark red, elaborately embroidered with large flowers.

"It's been a sight of work," she said to her daughter, "I'm real glad it's done. It looks real nice, don't it?"

Anne expressed as much admiration as could possibly be desired. "Lucy aint likely to get many things han'somer than that," she said decidedly.

Mrs. Meggs folded up the tidy with the expression of an artist, regarding his masterpiece, or a poet re-reading his finest verses. She felt most thankful that the work over which she had labored so strenuously was at last so creditably finished.

"I'll leave it down here till to-morrer," she said to her daughter, "then I'll get some paper an' put it away till the weddin'." "There, father," she added turning to the old man who had just come in, "Anne's got supper all ready. You jist sit right down."

Silas Meggs needed no second invitation. He was many years older than his wife, and life had long ago lost all pleasures for him but those of eating and fishing. He was entirely happy when seated by the cosy little supper table with a supply of good things set before him, or when lying in his boat in the middle of the harbor, with his rod hanging over the

edge, and the clear blue sky reflected in the wide expanse of water about him. Here, with nothing to disturb the quiet but the lapping of the waves against the boat, and the occasional hoarse cry of a sea-gull, he could find a refuge from his wife's loud voice, his daughter's remonstrances, and all the other inconveniences and worries of civilized life. Poor lonely old man. He had met with so little sympathy or forbearance in his own small world, that he had grown to confide his cares to the great Mother Ocean, from whom he found a solace for many griefs.

Mrs. Meggs had her household up and astir very early the next morning. Lucy Jones's wedding, the great event of the time, would come off in a few days, and she wished her house-cleaning to be completed before that time. It was a cold dismal day. The ocean, itself, seemed restless and uneasy. Mrs. Meggs remarked as she glanced out at the dark waves tossing about in the harbor. "We'll have snow before long, I reckon, I'm dretful afraid Lucy 'll have bad weather for her weddin'."

She had finished all her indoor duties and started for town when her husband came slowly down to his breakfast.

"It's kinder stormy out," he meditated as he stood looking through the window, "guess I won't go fishin' 'till it kinder calms down." After breakfast he put on his old hat and thread-bare coat in preparation for a walk to the village. "Guess I might ez well go up an' hear the news," he said to himself. He had no sooner put his head out of the door than a fierce gust of wind lifted him from his feet and nearly knocked him down. He shut the door, and returned into the sitting-room.

"Guess I'd better wrap a han'kercher 'round my neck," he said, "er I'll be coughin' all day long. M'riar don't like me to get those coughin' spells. It keeps her awake nights."

There was a neatly folded red woolen cloth lying on the table. Silas took this up, unfolded it laboriously with his stiff fingers, and wound it around his neck. That bit of red makes quite or show," he said, glancing complacently at his reflection in the glass. Then he took his stick from behind the door and started forth.

Mrs. Meggs had had rather a trying

morning of it. The butter was much higher than she had any right to expect, and the grocer was out of sugar. It was, therefore, not in the best of humors that she made her way home, battling against the strong wind.

"I do declare, Anne," she said to her daughter, "there's father sittin' in the post-office, smokin' his pipe, an' doin' nothin' in the world but talk. I do declare it makes me real out of patience. Why couldn't he stay home an' help me about them carpets?"

Poor Silas was enjoying himself very much. He was waxing eloquent in praise of his wife's famous tidy.

"It's real fine," he said, impressively, "M'riar she sez Lucy'll do well ef she gets anythin' han'somer than that, an' I guess it's so. Its a real han'some piece er work."

During the course of the day's duties, Mrs. Meggs happened to notice that the tidy was not on the sitting-room table.

"I guess Anne's put it away," she said, "I guess it's jest ez well. It might hev got dusty. I'll go an' take a look at it when I get through my work. More'n likely it aint folded up properly."

Anne, too, noted its disappearance. "Why, Ma said she hadn't no time to spare," she thought, "I should think she'd hev waited to put it away till evenin'."

It was supper time before Mr. Meggs returned from his day's fishing. He had been out in his boat since noon.

"Father," called out his wife imperatively, "Do be keerful how you step. The sittin'-room's just been fixed up an' you'll be certain to knock down somethin'." Silas made no answer. He had discovered silence to be his best shield against his wife's scoldings. Slowly and clumsily he began to take off his coat. Suddenly Anne, who was pouring the tea, was startled by a scream from her mother.

"Silas Meggs," shrieked that lady, "Silas Meggs, what *hev* you got around your neck?"

With great deliberation the old man unwound his red "hankerchief," and shook it out—!!! Was this the much prized tidy? This torn, crumpled rag, covered with fish scales and mud! Alas! It was.

"What *hev* you been doin' with it?" cried Anne.

"Why, I dunno," replied the old man slowly, "I didn't know ez t'was *your* tidy M'riar, I jist put it on 'cause t'was so cold. I reckon I must hev' wiped the bottom of the boat with it. I didn't know as t'was *your* tidy."

"Well, I *never*," said Mrs. Meggs. Her face was red. Her rage had reached such a point that it almost strangled her. "I *never* in all my days! what was I about when I married you anyhow, Silas Meggs? There is that tidy I've worked over and labored over for months and months. Now I haven't got one single thing to give Lucy, let alone wastin' all my time an' trouble. I'll see that there boat of yours gets sold. You see if I don't."

"But, M'riar," remonstrated Silas feebly.

"Don't 'but M'riar,' me" interrupted his wife angrily, and she went out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Silas passed his hand feebly over his head. He had an unaccountable feeling that he had been struck by a cyclone. His wits were still in a dazed condition when he left the house after supper, and wandered slowly to the end of the long wharf. It was a wild night. The wind was blowing a gale, whipping the sea into angry, foam crested waves. There were a few boats riding at anchor in the harbor.

They pitched madly from side to side, one minute between the dark waves, and the next rising on the crest of a huge billow, that tossed them about like playthings and dashed them down again into the hollow of the waves. Far out at sea the lights on an island gleamed faintly. They spoke of warm firesides and peaceful homes, far removed from the rage and turmoil of the angry water. Silas stood at the end of the long wharf, the salt spray dashing in his face, the cold wind whistling about him. Before the magnificent spectacle of Ocean

in her fiercest mood, his own small cares and troubles vanished. He stood there until the night was far advanced, and the darkness had closed in thickly about him. Then at last he turned his face homewards.

"M'riar allers was dretful high strung," he said with a sigh. ANNE M. KIDDER.

Why is it that before kicking the bucket most people turn a little pa(i)le?

GRINS.

A TRAGEDY.

Swinging hammock,
In the shade,
Holds just two;
Man and maid.

Little brother,
Pocket knife,
Cuts the rope;
Causes strife.

When they rise,
Both are mad,
Little brother
He is glad.

Mended hammock,
In the shade,
Holds just one,
Weeping maid.

J. M. P.

We have all heard of the orations against Catiline. But it is probably better that we should not listen to some of the orations delivered against the line o' cats on the back fence about the hour of midnight.

"Madam," said the tramp, escaping from the threatening wood pile, after having settled the dog. I came, and though I didn't "saw," I conquered.

A sympathetic strike—When the clock strikes thirteen at eleven o'clock, and Charley Baugh hasn't yet gone.

Did you ever kill a meter?

Little words of warning,
Little drops of tears,
Make a mighty mourning,
When matinee appears.

We are glad to notice that many of our girls become so absorbed in the morning exercises that they raise their eyes to heaven in a very ecstasy. We grieve, however to note that this ocular elevation is confined to and centered upon the upper left hand side of the room.

Latin Student (reading) Quadrupitante, etc.

Teacher. The meter of that verse is so beautifully and appropriately arranged that we seem actually to hear the hoof beats of the "horse" (of which it tells).

Student is haunted by a horrible vision of his "ponie," staggers, and, making a desperate effort at self-control, gasps out, I s— is that because it has feet?

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

No. 9.

ANOTHER SONG FOR K. S. K.

Air: "Michael Roy."

In the Western High School there is a Klub
And it is known to fame.
It's now well known o'er Washington
And Kamptown is its name.
It sprang into life one day last year
In a most surprising way,
It won our hearts and it made us laugh,
And now it's here to stay!

CHORUS.—For oh, for oh, it is our K. S. K.!
They are the lads of the red and green
All honor to them pay.

They're full of business these jolly lads
As often they do show.
When they undertake to do a thing
They're sure to make it go.
They gave us a conce t one day last year,
A concert of high degree,
And when another one they do give—
May I be there to see!—CHORUS.

They stand by the Western thro' thick and thin,
And aid us in every way,
They save their money to help us out
When there comes a rainy day.
They start our yells and they awe our foes,
And they make a fine array,
Whether blackened up and in minstrel clothes
Or in garb of every day.—CHORUS.

Then hail to Kamptown, with one accord,
The Klub that came to stay!
And back them up in all they do
You'll find it'll always pay,
For they can sing to entrance the soul.
And they have a winning way,
To save your quarters, attend their show,
And cheer for K. S. K.—CHORUS.

M. T. S. '98

MISS HARRIET'S MATCH-MAKING.

The three Bennett girls had been hard at work for a week getting their valentines ready to send to their many friends, and the house, as Lucinda their colored maid, expressed it, "looked lak er circus groun' wen de show don' lef'!" Scraps of fancy paper, cardboard and ribbon were everywhere in evidence and cups of many hued water bristling with paint brushes adorned the window ledges.

Lucinda Maria was intensely interested

in all this. Never before had she seen "sich goin's on." She watched the proceedings for some time, then curiosity got the better of training and she began to interrogate.

"Miss Har'et, wot foh yo' mek all dis yere fuss, any how? Wot is dem tings," indicating the *billet doux* with a comprehensive sweep of her black hand.

"Valentines, Lucinda," replied the oldest Miss Bennett, as she rounded up a metrical line with a flourish. Miss Harriet was the poetic genius of the Bennett family, and at this season of the year was always in great demand.

"Wot is wolluntimes? Wot good is dey?" persisted Lucinda, with laudable desire to acquire knowledge.

"Oh, valentines are just love letters, only a little sweeter than usual, and written in poetry. You send them to the people you like best. If you know anybody you want for a sweetheart you send him a valentine to tell him so."

"Laws. Miss Har'et! Ain't dat er scan'lous ting foh er gal ter do? 'Pears pow'ful fowad lak. Mammy she don' tol' meh ez how the fellahs wus' allus come spruceus' up ter de gals, an' not de gals ter de fellahs! Yo' means to tell me, Miss Har'et, dat yo'uns gwine ter sen' all dem ter gem'luns?"

"Mercy, no, you foolish girl!" gasped Miss Harriet amid the peal of laughter that broke out in response to Lucinda's horrified query. "Mercy, no! I just send mine to girls, but it's quite the proper thing to send them to your sweetheart if you've got one. If you haven't got one, you send to the person you'd like to have, but you don't sign your name, you see, but leave him to guess who sent it. It's just like giving him a hint, as girls always do anyhow, you know!"

This last heretical remark brought down maledictions upon the head of Miss Harriet from the other girls, and Lucinda Maria retired under cover of the confusion to meditate upon the ways of white folks.

The Bennett family was still sitting around the breakfast table next morning, when a new comer, in the shape of old Aunt Viney, Lucinda's buxom mother, appeared at the kitchen door and inquired for "Miss Har'et," with the accent on the last syllable.

Aunt Viney was an old-time friend of the Bennetts, a good-hearted soul, greatly given to scheming and of soaring ambitions.

Miss Har'et, honey," she began, "I'se lak ter see yo' in private an' bah yo' sef' ef yo' please. Kain' yo' step dis way foh bit? I'se 'ticklar want to ter spik wid yo.'" Miss Harriet accompanied her to the kitchen, and the old woman went on in a mysterious way.

"I hope yo'll 'scuse meh comin' 'roun' lak dis, Miss Har'et, but I'se don' had sumfin onter mah min' foh er long time 'bout dat ar gal ob mine, dat Lucin' Mariah. Likely ez dat gal am, she don' 'peah ter hab any stiddy comp'ny 'tall, an' I tells yo' I'se pow'ful worrit 'bout hit, kase she's gittin' 'long now an' she's dat bashful an' gawky I'so 'shamed ter tek hur inter s'ciety. Las' night she com' home er cryin' an' takin' on ter beat all kase she hain't no wolluntime fellah lak odder gals, an' she say how Miss Har'et say dat wolluntime waz do tings ter do ef yo' wanted stiddy comp'ny. I tole huh ef she's shot huh snufflin' I'd com' ovah hyah an' ax yo' ter be so kin' ez ter mek Lucins' one ob dem fool tings foh ter cotch huh er husban', an' I sholy hopes yo' kin hab de dissolution ter do hit, kase dat gal sutney do need er stiddy comp'ny ter keep

huh fum 'sultin' de Voodoo 'oman foh er chahm!"

Aunt Viney was really concerned at her daughter's grievance and looked so distressed at the thought of the "Voodoo 'oman" that Miss Harriet hastened to assure her the valentine should be constructed at once.

"But to whom shall I send it?" she asked.

"Bless yo' sweet soul, Miss Har'et, I jess knowed yo' gwine help Aunt Viney! Now, I'se been tuh'nin' dis hyar ting ober in mah haid an' I'lows I'se 'bout 'cluded in Rufus Smith ez de man foh Lucin. He's don' got er good staht at table-waitin' in er res'rant, an' he's er peart, likely niggah dat ain' stuck on himself ner 'shamed kase he's brack. Ef yo' sen's ter him, yo' sen' hit ter de 'Selsior Res'rant, an mebbe dat ar'el fix tings up, but mind yo', honey, don' yo' say too much, kase dat Rufus he don' need no brick house fallin' on him ter tek er hint no how, an' I don' wan' him er thinkin' Lucin' don' sat huh heart on him 'clusively. Yo' understan, hon! 'Deed yo' sholy is good, Miss Har'et? Is yo' feelin' well? Yo' look lak er sweet briar rosy in dat pink gown. Yo' favor yo' daddy, an' he sholy wuz a han'some man!" With this piece of diplomacy, Aunt Viney went on her way rejoicing.

Her departure was the signal for Lucinda Maria to emerge from her coign of vantage behind the pantry door.

"Lucinda!" exclaimed Miss Harriet reprovingly. "I'm ashamed of you! Were you listening?"

"'Deed, Miss Har'et, I jess couldn' help hit! I'se bleegeed ter know wat Mammy gwine say, so, mah axshuns be c'reck! An' yo' gwine do dat wolluntine, honey? Den I sutney gwine mek yo' Sally Lunn foh tea!" and the delighted girl beamed with joy.

So the valentine was written and adorned most festively with every known variety of heart, dart and dove, and Lucinda's bosom swelled with pride when she saw it. Her delight in the verse passed all bounds and her admiration for its gifted author became merged into adoration.

This was the verse:

When e'er I see thee, Rufus,
I tremble like a dove,
Because no girl can look on thee,
Without she falls in love!

Oh, Rufus, in your loving heart,
Just keep one thought for me,
For my heart pierced by Cupid's dart
Beats valentine, for thee!

To this remarkable creation, Miss Harriet, in a mischievous mood, slyly signed Lucinda's full name, and in due time, that innocent maiden entrusted it, like many another loving missive, to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam's postal service. Then the Bennett family awaited developments, but before any came Lucinda was obliged to leave her work and go into the city to care for a sick aunt, so the family soon forgot all about "Miss Har'et's" match-making venture.

It was forcibly recalled to their remembrance one fine morning in April, by the appearance of Aunt Viney, beaming with good humor and bristling with importance.

"Miss Har'et, yo' dar?" ignoring the rest of the family. "Is'e surtney grad ter see yo' capshivatin' count'nance! Is'e don' com' 'roun ter tell yo' dat Lucin' Mariah don' git married yistiddy in the 'Vivalist church, an' 'thout hit had ob bin fo' yo', honey' she mus uebber been nuffin!

Yo' see's Rufus Smift, wot yo' uns don' writ de wolluntine ter, he wuz mightily took wid hit, an' bress yo' he com' er marchin' out ter de house de nex' Sunday, dressed ter kill, kase he's er pow'ful rushin' niggah, Rufus is. He com' from West Virginny, an' dey sholy does mek tings hum out dar. I 'low't would er took dese onery Georgetown niggars nigh on six months ter fine out who sent dat ar Wolluntine, but Rufus he fines hit out widout tryin'. Laws when Lucins' went ter de city ter tak keer of sis Marthy, Rufus was right on han' an' didn' 'low huh no chance to be bashful, so dey don' fix hit up, an' dey want's me to tell yo', Miss Har'et, ez dey's pow'ful beholden ter yo' fer dat Wolluntine, an' dees gwine hab hit framed foh de pahlor.

'Deed yo' sholy did git one good husban' for Lucins', Miss Har'et," said the old woman, as she rose to go, "an I hain' got on'y dis moah ter say, hit's a mighty pity yo' ain't done ez much foh yo' sef!" And Miss Harriet thinks so too.

M. T. S.

Kamptown Entertainment Feb. 20th, 21st, and 22d.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

The members of our Klub
Whose names I now shall use,
Have each and every one
Specialties to introduce.

The first is Jessie Wilson
A fair strawberry Brunette,
And next our funny Birdie,
A freak of the family Duckett.

There's lanky Alexander
In his trials of might and main
To teach to gentle "Babe McKee"
The art of speaking plain.

And Wright, the banjo picker,
Whose equal I never saw,
With little Charlie Waters
Who shuffles on the floor.

The dark brown singers, Kirtland,
Whose names you have probably
read,
Together with the brothers Leetch
The noble Bob and Fred.

And stalwart Edgar Berry
As a captain now is reigning,
And Lawrence Reed, a wonder
In his attempts at vocal straining

And now we come to Tanner
The largest in his class,
And crazy "reddy" Seibold
With his knowledge of laughin'-gas

Last is charming Billy Bell
The "sport," as I have heard say,
So now conclude with a loud applause
For the noted K. S. K.

JOYCE.

NOTES.

The "L. I. C.," the organization in the Sophomore class, is progressing finely, and is considering several plans for the advancement of its interests. Mr. Jackson is its President, and under his efficient rule, the club expects to accomplish great deeds in the near future.

The sale of tickets for the Kamptown's entertainment, goes merrily on, and if any one escapes the clutches of Messrs. Duckett and Berry it will be a miracle.

The entertainment of the K. S. K. will not be without a rival in the field. Miss Wescott purposes to give a matinee performance on the day following the Kamptown's, which will at least rival it in point of attendance.

"MARSHALL."

Ann.—Charley is tickled with his new mustache.

Susan.—Not half so much as I am.

HAEC FABULA DOCET.

I sat me down with tountain pen so fine
To write my sweetheart out a valentine.
Long time I dug for thoughts that deep do lie
But ere I reached them—that fool pen ran dry.

I used no language, but I filled that pen
And with a sobered heart began again.
And soon love's message stirred my very blood,
I seized my pen—the ink came in a flood.

I groaned aloud. In rage I tore my hair
But Cupid chuckled at my wild despair.
“Oh, Cupid, god of love and lovers true,
If thou wert I, now pray, what wouldst thou do?”

He laughed advice. “Ha, ha, thou rapid man,
To write of love with fountain pen, who can?
Cold-blooded, business things, go to, I say!
Wouldst write thy love? Go get a goose quill
gray!”

I got a quill; my love wrote smoothly out.
With ne'er the faintest shadow of a doubt
I sent it off. It pleased my fairy fay,
And happy that I am! She set the day!

TOM SUNSHINE.

THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN.

“Wal, yes, reckon I do know uv 'bout
the meanest man around.” So spoke
Jabez Strong to a circle of admiring
listeners gathered round the town store
and post office.

“Guess ye all remember old Hiram
Upam, he didn't live here, but over in the
next town. I was thar then, doing chores
for the minister. Wal, Hiram was 'bout
the darndest, meanest cuss in town. He'd
go ter the store, pertending to be lookin'
at things and help hisself to everything
'lyin round. Stuff his pockets with dried
apples, prunes and anything else he cud
get his hands on! Old Silas 'at kept the
store he wuz so meek he wouldn't say a
thing, only once he kind o'made out ter
say somethin' to Hiram, but Hiram up and
jawed him 'bout bein' so close so he shet
right up and when Hiram 'd take anythin'
after that Silas wud jest look at him. We
all thought it wuz mighty mean but ez
long ez Silas sed nothin' it wuzn't our
funeral.

Wal one time a hul lot o'us were down
to the store settin' round the store and
talkin'. Thar wuz Elijah Porter, Dwight
Green, Frank Lewis and I disremember
the others, but we wuz all 'bout ez nigh the
stove ez we cud get fer it wuz es cold ez
Greenland out and nun too warm inside
'cept over in our corner.

Elijah hed his feet braced up against the

stovepipe and wuz jest working his jaws
fer all git out, he alwuz did hev a chaw in
his mouth! Here Jabez moved his 'chaw'
from one cheek to the other and his aud-
ience gathered closer round him to lose
no word of his discourse. “Dwight wuz
chinnin' away so's no one else cud get a
word in edgewise.

Nun o' us round thar liked Hiram and
Dwight jest hated him like pizen. He
wuz tellin' us bout Hiram's comin' over
inter his sugar camp last spring and tappin'
some uv his trees, so whin Hiram comes in
nun o' us looked very pleasant er said any-
thing to his “Howdy.” He went up ter
buy a cake o' soap and jest thin I seed him
tek a package off the counter and jam it
inter his hat. Dwight seed it too coz he
punched me and seys, “Do ye see thet old
sinner? for he goes I'll find out whut he's
got.”

Hiram started fer the door but we seys,
“Hiram, ye pear ter be mighty unsoshull,
come and warm yerself here at the stove
fore ye go.” He kinder looked at us and
sed somethin' 'bout havin' to hurry home
but I tuk hold o' him and sed, “See hyar we
want ter hear yer story 'bout the bars out
west.” Hiram wuz powerful fond o'
spinnin' yarns so thet brought him in.

He came up to the stove and I gev him
a cher close ter the fire and he started tew
tell the story. Purty soon he kermenced
to fidgit and thin he got up but we wudn't
let him go so he stud thar, mighty oncom-
fortable fust on one' fat thin on the other.

“He don't zackly relish our company,”
sez Dwight, pokin' me in the ribs.

Hiram seemed powerful oneasy and he
hemmed and hawed a sight, then directly
I seed somethin' tricklin' down from under
his hat. And I sez, sez I, “Why Hiram
whut's the matter?”

Hit peared ter be ile runnin' down his
face and sech a sight ez he wuz, looked
like the greased pig they hev sometimes at
the county fair.

He stud, chokin' and splutterin' fer a
lette time, while we split our sides lafin.
Then he lit out fer the door like two-forty
and thet wuz the last we saw o' him.

Seys Dwight ter me, “Say Jabez, Hiram
pears mighty fond o' butter, don't he?”

A well re(a)nd man. The healthy Indian.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'93. Miss Lucy Walton Falls was mar-
ried to Mr. John Green on Tuesday the
4th inst., at Trinity Church parsonage, the
Rev. Father Roccofort officiating. The
affair was unostentatious, only the immedi-
ate relatives of the contracting parties be-
ing present.

'94. Miss Agnes Muntz is teachin' the
first grade at the Madison.

'94 Miss E E Patterson has been trans-
ferred to the Fifth Division, where she has
been promoted to the teaching of a second
grade.

'96. Louis Hieston is with the Farmers
and Mechanics Bank, Georgetown.

'95. Miss Alice J Crowley of the Nor-
mal school, popularly known to the Kamp-
town Soshul Klub as the “orchestra” of
'95, spent her Christmas holidays with a
party of friends at Atlanta. Miss Crowley
was one of the fortunates, who ran for an
exposition ticket at the recent Teachers
Bazaar. The party made up of young peo-
ple, of course, had a very charming time
and had many interesting things to relate
of their visit.

'94 Robert Haycock was another fortu-
nate who happened to be at Atlanta during
the balmy days of Christmas week.

'94. Miss Carrie B Troth was married
on New Year's Night to Mr Frank Park-
hurst. The wedding was a charming home
affair, at which an elder sister of Miss Car-
rie was also married. The young couple
will make their home with the parents of
the bride.

'96 Mr. Grafton McGill is said to be do-
ing good work on the Georgetown Journal.
He is one of the editors of that periodical
and has written some charming poems for
its columns.

'94 Miss Elizabeth Cartwright who was
home from Wellesley for the holidays was
unfortunate enough to contract that infantile
malady, the measles, during her stay in
town.

'94 Miss Grace Stone, who is teaching
at the Patterson, suffered a severe loss
during the past month, in the death of her
mother, her only living parent.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

I.

It is the third quarter. The second milestone is passed, and, looking back over the first half of the year we find many added reasons to be proud of the Western, and glad to count ourselves among her inmates. From every enterprise into which she has entered she has issued crowned with laurels and honors. Whether it be for a sword or a bicycle, a school paper or a camel, the Western has spared no efforts, no enthusiasm nor labor, to bring the matter to a successful issue. Clubs have sprung into existence in the different branches of school work, and we feel an interest in our studies far superior to that of the old-time school boy who studied his lessons "just to get through." Whether amid the gay scenes of the Bazaar, or in the quiet school-room, we see the same ambition and singleness of purpose that has made our school what it is. But best of all, we can to-day blot out the failures and discrepancies of the past, as the Greek boys did of old, and, with our waxen tablets fresh and smooth, "begin again."

II.

There was once an old man who, feeling that his days were numbered, called his sons to him to receive his final instructions. They were all equally beloved,—and he was much puzzled as to which one he should

choose as his heir. Finally he placed a bow and arrow in the hands of each. "Shoot in turn as far as you may," said he, "and to him whose arrow flies farthest will I bequeath my possessions." The eldest son aimed for the church steeple and his arrow shot among the village spires;—the second aimed for a lofty mountain peak, and his arrow lost itself among the hills. The youngest raised his bow and aimed for the sun, and a bird, circling about just over-head, caught the arrow in its flight, and soared with it up, up to the sun itself. Some of our contemporaries have told us, rather scornfully that we are trying to usurp the domain of the "Harper's" and "Century." Let us aim, not for these, but for the masterpieces of our language. Surely he who does his utmost to equal the attainments of the greatest writers will accomplish more than he who aims but to reach the ideal of an ordinary school journal. We do not want to bring our paper down to the level of the school, but to raise it and the school to a higher level. If THE WESTERN is above the idea of a school-paper, rather than let its columns degenerate into mere matters for the amusement of the school, let us raise the idea of a school paper, always bearing in mind the words of Sir Philip Sidney "who shootes at the midday Sonne, though he be sure he shall never hit the marke; yet as sure he is, he shall shoote higher than who aymes but at a bush."

CLUBS.

The Current History Club organized on a most informal basis this year. No written constitution, no elected officers, no listed membership is in existence, but every Wednesday after dismissal those interested stay in Room 2, to talk. The attendance varies. Last week we were but eight. It speaks well for the interest manifested, however, to say that those eight talked until after three o'clock, on silver and kindred topics. If you have a question to ask, or a bit of information to impart, come into room 2 on Wednesdays.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

The newest organization of the school will be known as the Western High School Camera Club. At a meeting held Friday, February 7, a constitution was adopted,

and the following officers elected. President, Mr. Wright, '98. Vice-President, Mr. McCartney; Secretary, Mr. Mitchell, '97; Treasurer, Mr. Lamberton, '99. Meetings will be held weekly, and as the members of the club are enthusiastic, it is believed that much profit as well as pleasure will result. Plans are already being discussed for outings in the spring, for the purpose of securing photographs for the permanent possession of the Club.

WHY NOT A BICYCLE CLUB?

Are the Western bicycle riders to be outdone by the Camera Club?

The Western's wheel from the Bazaar is here. Several members of the faculty have learned to ride, a student with or upon a new wheel appears quite frequently. The number of bicycles in the corridors is increasing. We are soon to have a rack for these and there will be room for more. So while we are enjoying the wheels, it is suggested that we organize a Bicycle Club. Then our interests as wheelmen can be better centralized. As the spring comes on, is there anyone who would not enjoy a run into the country with all the wheels and riders carrying our red and white?

COMPANY NOTES.

The companies of the Second Battalion drilled together for the first time on Monday last, when a battalion drill was held at the Eastern High School under the direction of Major Ross. The drill was very creditable, and without a doubt the Second will pass a fine inspection on the 22d.

This year, as in 1895, fate has assigned to Company H, a place at the end of the program on the first day of the competitive drill. It is to be hoped that they will again, as last year, appear before the judges at the close of the second day also. This will be the third consecutive time that Company H has drilled on the first day.

Those who had the pleasure of participating in the battalion drill of last Monday are fully convinced that Mr. Cassin has risen to about as high a position, in this world, as possible. For although Company H was next to last in the line, even Mr. Scudder was able to distinguish his head and shoulders at the head of the column.

TO "THE REVIEW."

We thank thee, elder brother,
For thy kind advice to us,
And we'll straightway try to smother
Our unnecessary fuss.

We're sorry that we measured
Our puny little jaw
Against the cheek *you've* treasured
Through the merry days of yore.

When you held the field in glory,
Born of size and solitude;
Nor dreamed of battle gory
With "The Western," young and rude!

Then we'll promise not to "holler"
When your ammunition flies—
'Though it takes a *great big* swallow
To surround those "Humble Pies."

A. K. C.

THE MAN WITH COLORED BLOOD.

The subject of the transfusion of blood has been before the world since sometime in the seventeenth century. From then till now, it has been buffeted about by medical men in a most unprofessional manner, one day pronounced the greatest scientific discovery of the age, the next, decided an illegal and useless operation. To the casual observer it would seem that, after this verdict by the authorities, the question would be dropped at once. But it has lingered on with always enough believers to keep it before the eyes of the medical world.

About the year 1880, the subject of transfusion of blood had reached a climax in this country; it was talked of, argued about, and, in a few instances, it was put to a practical test. Of all the enthusiasts in the country, there was no more hearty adherent or conscientious promoter of the scheme than Dr. Gilbert, a noted practitioner of southern Virginia. The Doctor had under his care at this time a young man, Frederic Barrington by name, whose health was a perfect wreck. Barrington was of good family and superior education. He had been at a northern college for four years, and at the end of that period had come home a physical ruin the result of severe mental application and exposure to a harsh climate. Rest and recreation appeared to have no beneficial effect whatever; in fact there seemed to be no recuperative force left in his system. Dr. Gilbert having applied all moderate remedies without effect, at last, in hope of saving his patient and advancing medical

science at the same time determined to try the transfusion of blood. An hour of his fervid and hopeful argument induced young Barrington to submit to a trial, and by dint of hard work and persuasion he gained from the authorities the necessary permission to perform the operation.

The preliminaries over with, now came the real task,—to find as perfect a specimen of physical manhood as possible, who could be induced to part with some of his good red blood for the benefit of a fellow man, and a consideration. The enthusiastic physician found several men who possessed the required physical conditions but none of them would consent to the operation. He had begun to despair of the successful termination of his project, when during a visit to Norfolk, Virginia, he met a mulatto boy, "Dick," a former slave of his father. Dick was overjoyed at seeing a representative of "de old fambly" as he expressed it, and the Doctor was equally pleased at the meeting, for in Dick he saw more than he had ever hoped for, in a way of a supply for his experiment. Though Dick was ragged and horribly dirty, the quick eye of the ardent physician saw under the rags and dirt, one of the most splendidly perfect physical developments of his experience. Though fully half of Dick's blood was African, he made but slight show of it in his outward appearance; his skin was no more than swarthy, and his hair although very curly, was real hair, bright and glossy, not wool; his face too, when clean, was prepossessing. Negotiations were soon begun and successfully finished, for though Dick was somewhat frightened at first his faith in "one ob de old fambly," soon reassured him, and the prospect of plenty to eat and some money without work attached, clinched the matter. Dick's life after freedom, had been from his own many crimes, a hard one; he had served on nearly every chain gang in southern Virginia, for every conceivable petty theft. Added to this he carried in his stalwart anatomy, more than an ounce of shot of varying sizes, fired into him at sundry times by watchful guardians of orchards and hen-roosts.

A good warm supper, a bath, a hair cut, and a new suit of clothes, made the re-

doubtable Dick a very presentable man. A few days passed and the first experiment took place, resulting in young Barrington's veins being enriched by three ounces of Dick's pure red blood. After the first depressing and sickening effects of the operation had passed, the Doctor was overjoyed to observe that Barrington was rapidly acquiring what he had not possessed for months, a real appetite. The prudent physician warned him against using anything but the plainest food and noted with pleasure that his directions were cheerfully obeyed by Barrington, who ate plain corn-bread and bacon with "hog jowl and greens," with the greatest relish. After a few days, a second transfusion was made, the amount of blood being considerably increased. It was followed by a very alarming depression of the patient, then nausea and high fever ending in some hours of delirium. During the delirium young Barrington sung many of his college songs, but always accompanied his singing with the rhythmic patting of the plantation negro. Two or three times he sprang out of bed and in spite of all his attendants could do to restrain him, danced and patted the old plantation juba and Mobile buck, in a very violent manner, but in faultless time. This was rather remarkable as he had never tried a step of either dance before in his life. After some days of rest, his general health began to improve perceptibly, and it was evident that the tide of life and vigor which had ebbed so long, had finally turned and was coming back with increasing force. His appetite was enormous, especially for the coarser forms of food, and his craving for "possum and sweet potatoes" was inordinate. The young man's parents noticed with alarm, that he was showing an unquenchable thirst for the meanest brands of moonshine whisky and that he insisted on chowing the darkest and strongest of plug tobacco. His liking for literature too, had seemed to disappear entirely; but all were so overjoyed at his improved health, that these minor matters were either overlooked, or not noticed at all.

When the now thoroughly elated Dr. Gilbert was ready to make the third transfusion, he found Barrington was inclined to object, but he soon over-rode these ob-

jections, and another and still larger supply of the crimson fluid was transferred from Dick's system to young Barrington's. This was followed by conditions similar to those after the second operation, except that the depression was greater and the fever and delirium more violent and of longer duration. In this delirium he went through many camp-meeting scenes, singing negro hymns with great spirit. At times he swore violently, using the vilest language, and insisting that if five aces appeared in the game again, he would use his razor.

After a night of waiting, his fever subsided and the patient was resting in a natural sleep. The watchful doctor, knowing that all was now safe, retired to an adjoining room for needed rest, locking the only outside door to either room. He slept late and in the morning was surprised to find that his watch, money, and diamond pin (the latter presented to him by Barrington a few days before) had been stolen. On reflection, he decided to say nothing of the theft, as it would be embarrassing to his patient, and in addition the thief was probably some servant about the house, so that silence would have the effect of hastening the discovery.

He was astounded some days later, when Barrington settled his bill for medical services, to see his stolen watch-chain across the young man's vest, and perfectly dumbfounded when his late patient pulled out his stolen pocket-book, and coolly paid him with his own money. It began to dawn on the good doctor's mind, that there were possibilities in the transfusion of blood that had not before occurred to him. It was evident now, as he reflected, that he had been blinded at the time, to points of character which had shown themselves in young Barrington's actions since his recovery.

Many things have occurred since then to the annoyance of the parents of young Barrington, although his health is most vigorous. He no longer studies or even reads; his favorite amusement is shooting crap in a back alley; he delights to array himself in loud trousers, brilliant necktie, and a large checked shirt. Last summer, when riding out near a famous southern watering place, a very compromising incident occurred in connection with a farmer's water-

melon patch. Young Barrington evidently makes the best effort possible to resist some unseen force within him. He has frequently been observed to thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and rush with averted head past a chicken-coop in the market. But with all his good resolutions, it has even been rumored about that he robbed his own father's hen-house.

DONALD NESBIT.

K. S. K.

Kamptown is going to give a show
And it will be "hot stuff,"
Maybe you don't believe me, though, and
Perhaps you think this "bluff."
Twenty boys will then take part,
Only think of it;
When they begin to crack their jokes
None will have heard such wit.

Some may not like the style of play,
Others will think we "climb;"
So just you wait to see our style
How sweet, yet how sublime,
Until the band begins to play,
Loud, and all out of tune.

Kum one, kum all, help sell the seats,
Let each one take ten or twenty,
Until we hear Miss Westcott say
"Bravo," you've all done plenty.

EARLE TANNER.

If a stranger should step into room V. some Friday morning he would be struck with astonishment at the tableau before him. There in the straight-backed chairs, about twenty sweet-faced maidens sit erect with their hands falling gracefully relaxed in their laps, heads slightly drooping, and their dear eyes closed. A novel spectacle this is, indeed,—one not often seen within the strict confines of the school-room! But what sort of training is this class undergoing? Are they being hypnotized by that gentle looking teacher? Surely not. She has not the eye of a Svengali. Have they all been out so late last night that sleep has overcome them here in recitation? No, for the sounds which strike the listener's ear are not those discordant ones which the common crowd calls "snoring," but the most delicate tones rising and falling gently, gently in the scale. So, this is a music class, oh ignorant visitor! and these fair lassies are concentrating their thoughts on producing the most clear and correct tones. Judge ye whether or not their object is accomplished.

J. M. D.

She was a timid first-year who had evidently not heard the announcement that the Kamptowners would hold full sway in the Study Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Consequently, on one of the afternoons in question, long after the rest of the school had been forcibly expelled, she sat in a secluded corner, so intent upon the book before her, that a hilarious shout, and a prolonged whistle, followed by dead silence, passed unnoticed.

The silence, however, did not long remain unbroken, for soon sweet melodies filled the air, echoing again and again in the staid old Hall. But our maiden was entirely oblivious of all signs and sounds.—At last dreamily closing her book, she gathered up her belongings, and passed slowly and thoughtfully down the aisle, towards the door. Glancing up from her, no doubt, interesting study of the floor, she suddenly saw on the platform, a sight which brought terror to her youthful heart, and quickened her pace to double quick time. For arranged along the front of the platform, was a group of boys, the flower of the school, who stood, arms folded, fixing, to say the least, an embarrassing stare on the now, shrinking, confused maiden, as they sang half mechanically the old refrain, "Say au Revoir."

And then, not daring to look to right or left, covered with confusion, and scarlet to the roots of her hair, she rushed through the doorway,—only to hear the Kamptowners say, in a voice low, deep, and full of meaning, "Thank you."

F. FENTON. '98.

GRINS.

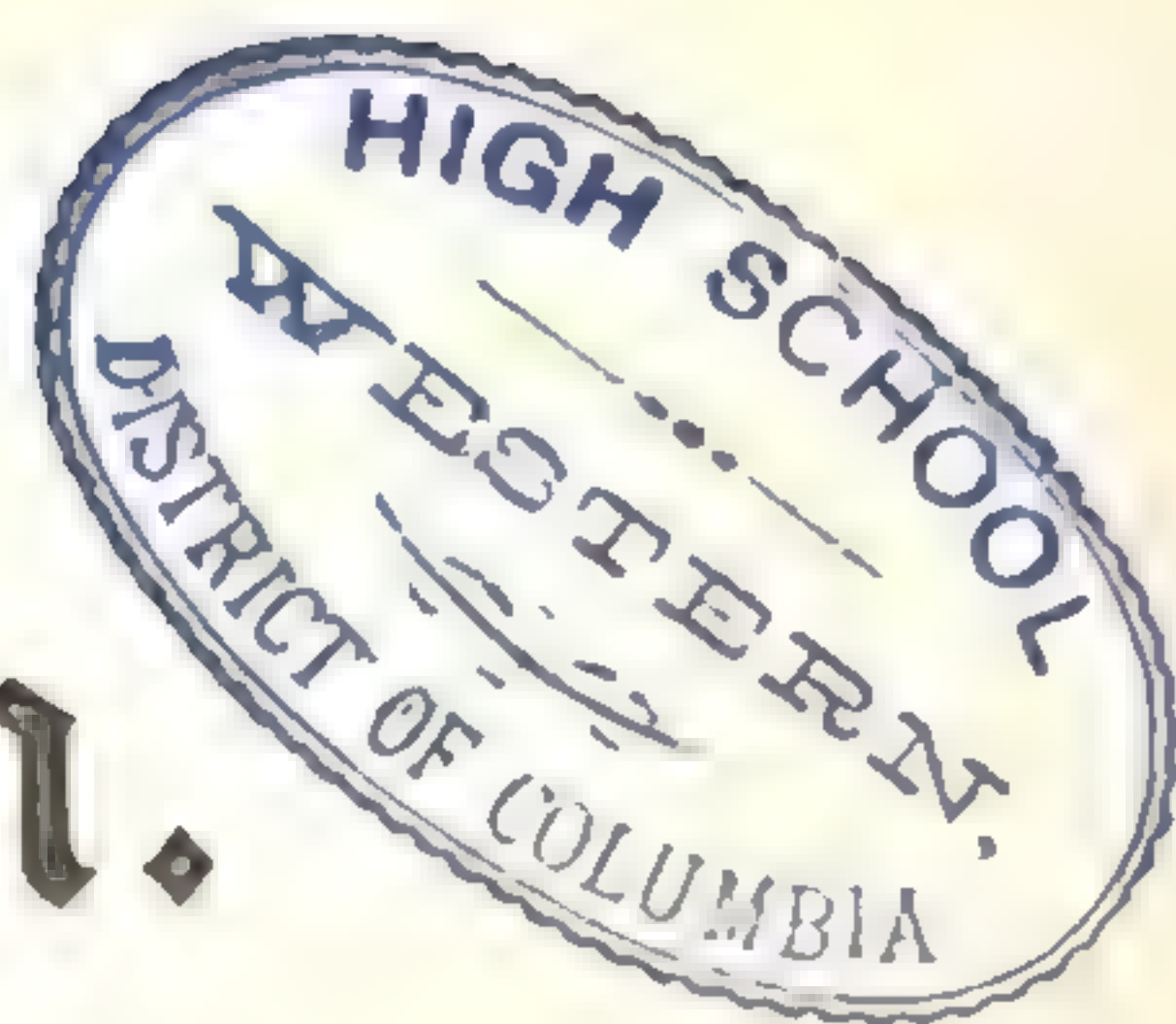
FOURTH YEAR GREEK CLASS.

There was a young man scanning Greek,
 And everyone thought him a freak,
 All frowned at his metre,
 Prof. yelled out "repeat 'er,"
 The lad he began to look weak.
 He longed to be free,
 Far away on the sea,
 He groaned and he moaned at the "fates,"
 "Alas! my "feet" are not mates,
 One's longer than it should be."

E. R. W.

The goat which ate up the geography,
 could truthfully say, "The world is mine."

The Western.



"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896.

No. 10.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The day doth wane, the sun doth slowly near the line, where fade
The sea and sky, to blend in one harmonious shade.
The birds are hushed, the tiny waves do softly kiss the shore.
And o'er the earth there reigneth gentle peace once more.

A moment, and the sun doth bid to earth his last adieu.
The sky is gold and crimson; now it fades to matchless blue.
While in that priceless mirror, the one which nature made,
The glorious lights of heaven, slowly, slowly fade.
And now the heavens are darker, and in the deep old ocean
The dome hath disappeared without a sign or motion.
The earth in a mantle is shrouded, a mantle of faintest gray—
Tis the restful hour of twilight. Ah! it doth not come to stay.—

For see, the waters glisten in a newly radiant hue,
Earth wraps herself in a garment of jewels and palest blue,
And over the quiet waters, in a silvery train of light,
Rideth in silent splendor—the moon—the queen of night.

E. J. ALEXANDER.

WAPoonita.

"Early the miner plods to work
Late he comes away,
But ne'er his duty does he shirk
So his heart is light and gay

So his heart is—Well, I declare," exclaimed Jack, the songster, bringing his horse to a full stop at the edge of a wood, just where the narrow path, entrapped by the treacherous vines and bushes, is lost to view, "Is that what frightened me?"

Before him stood an Indian girl, looking very much like other Indian girls, in her gaily beaded dress, except that her eyes were unusually large and beautiful. She too, had heard a noise and finding it to have been caused by no wild beast, un-

less a white man be such, turned, shot past him and was gone.

"Kem up ole fel," said Jack in a rather absent minded way, "I guess we'll go home—Well I declare—Hello, that looks like Bess"

He had almost reached his destination when to his surprise he heard, coming from the direction of his house, fierce shrieks, indescribable but characteristic of the Indian. On reaching the top of the hill he stopped and looking into the vale beneath, all covered with the wild sweetness of spring, his eye sought the spot where, tucked away in one corner of the vale, were a wee cabin, a large shed and a great fence. There he saw about twenty young Indian boys who amidst shouts, meant for laughter, were tearing down the fence and driving the cattle into the woods beyond. This was rare sport, for would the master not have a hard time to catch them? As soon as they caught sight of the white man, their shouts became whispers and with all the ferocity of a deer at bay, they were about to rush at him when Jack, suddenly realizing he was not a statue, calmly turned, sought his holster and with a wave of the hand, yelled "come on, boys." The wise sons of America of course understood this for they turned and rushed madly over the hill never stopping to look back at the poor solitary man whose prompt action had saved his life. "Well, I do declare," he said again.

He put up his horse, went into the only room of his log cabin, placed his only pair of boots under the only bed, sat down on one of the two chairs by the side of the only table and thus remained till his partner, a blustering, robust fellow, nicknamed Cad, came walking in. These two young forty-niners, as they were called,

had determined to enrich themselves off the newly discovered gold fields of the west. "What's the matter Jack?" said Cad in fatherly tones. Of course the adventures were related to his companion as they busied themselves preparing supper.

As he finished Cad slapped him on the shoulder with his flowry hands saying, "Good for you, but say, the cows have come back and are waiting to be milked."

After the evening chores were done they sat down to chat and smoke, telling their adventures comparing the successes of the day and ending by writing to the loved ones in the east.

So, all the evenings were spent but somehow as the days passed the cabin got "sorter troublesome," as Cad expressed it, for he was continually falling over rubbish that he would "clean up tomorrow," but when the next evening came, to-morrow was just as far off as ever.

"Well," said Jack, one day, "I say we get an Indian chap over there to come help around. Last night I dreamed that mother suddenly appeared here and all she did was to look at me sorter serious and then if she didnt take a stick and whip me just as she used to and I howled just as I used to."

"Ha, Jack, that's onē on yōu, but I say get one of 'em yourself, I wont go after any."

Accordingly, it was arranged that Jack go there the following evening and so the matter was settled with a prolonged yawn which meant bed time.

Yes, Jack went, but he had plenty of company for, from the time he entered the camp till he reached the chief's tent, every Indian he met turned and followed him. Then as best he could he told why he came, but to his surprise each young man after closely scrutinizing his face turned

and left with a simple shake of the head and a wise grunt.

Suddenly they stepped from the remaining group, a girl, the one he had so singularly met before. He knew those eyes and as she spoke in a sweet broken English her voice seemed as soft as the sighing of the night air. "Me go," she said. No one seemed to object, so she went. This was Wapoonita.

How different the cabin seemed when touched by feminine hands; true, they were only those of the most primitive sort, but they seemed skilful indeed to the two boys who after a hard days work would come home and find all in readiness for them. Now in the evenings the little group was three and another chair had been added; one manufactured from a box decorated with beads and feathers, for Wapoonita. She would sit there listening to the conversation, but seldom speaking, while she busied herself patching trousers with gay pieces of cloth of her own make, but I am afraid they were not worn with half the pride she took displaying them to the owners.

"Here, Whoop," said Cad one day, giving her a piece of paper on which was written a list of articles and his name, "take this to the grocer's to-morrow." As directed she went to the neighboring village returning with her basket filled with provisions, and a great curiosity in her mind why so much was given to her for so little. So on the next day she quietly stole from the house with a big basket and a small piece of paper; but, imagine her surprise when the store-keeper looked at her sagely over his glasses, then gave her a stick of candy telling her to run along with it.

One evening Cad was missing from the group for he had gone to town from whence he would perhaps return minus the many hard day's work that was represented in the gold he took with him, but many forty-niners did this.

"It is strange," said Jack, half to himself and half to his companion, "I cannot keep him from going, he generally minds me, well—but talk to me Wapoonita."

"I dont know what to talk," was the response.

"Oh, anything about yourself."

"All I know," she said, "when I was a papoose, I live way up there far behind high mountains, by water that go on and on, never stop and I laugh at water and he laugh at me. Then, long time pass, they say I ought to work but I would not work for hard Indian, he like his dog better. Then all young Indians like me for squaw, but Wapoonita no like Indian man, so he say she crazy, but"— Here she looked at him shyly, then stopped.

"But what, Wapoonita?"

"You tell her story," she replied.

So he began; "Far, far away over that way, child, where I used to live, where I will live some time again, there live all who are dear to me, father, mother, sister and best of all a sweet little girl with eyes so dark and sparkling, they look like yours, Wapoonita and she loves me and I love her. Some day when I get lots of gold I will go back to her and we shall be rich and live happy all our lives. Would you like to see her?"

For a while she did not answer, but at last she said, "Ab, but Wapoonita loves you best, better than all gold—she die for you."

"Ho, but Wapoonita does not know what loves is," he said, smoothing her hair, "she likes me very, very much, but love—" and he smiled at the thought.

Quickly she jerked aside her head only looking at him with her bright eyes as if to hold him there and then, as she arose Jack saw the low cabin dwarfed by her height. "You no love her," she burst forth, "Wapoonita can't have you, no one else ever have you."

He knew she left the room yet he still saw her standing there saying those same words over and over, but at last he drolled out his favorite expression, "Well, I declare, that's Indian for you, she'll be all right to-morrow. True, that was "Indian for you" but did he think she had displayed temper? That was submission yet it had not tamed her wild pride.

"Guess I'll see to the cows," he said as he started out of the door.

The night was beautiful; over all shone the bright face of the inquisitive moon, no not over all, for though the moon is very persistent he cannot penetrate heavy, dark bushes whose interfacing branches cast

such gloomy shadows as these on the right.

"I'll declare," said Jack, "this is a great night, if only I—who's there?"

His answer was a sharp report. Then came the thud of a falling body, then the sound of the hoofbeats of a frightened horse, retreating in the distance. That was all. Wapoonita was avenged.

ALBERTA WALKER.

A WARNING.

A maid in search of flowers,
Went down a path one day,
She spied a stone, O, horrors!
It lay across the way.

With spring so light and agile,
She jumped beyond the stone;
She missed a flower fragile,
That grew there all alone.

So when in fullest measure
We shun our share of care,
Perhaps we miss the pleasure
That clings so closely there.

Then look before you jump, my dear,
And think the subject o'er,
Lest you should lose from foolish fear
What you are looking for.

A. W.

ONE WAY OF PREPARING A FRENCH LESSON.

My father and mother had gone to the theatre, my brother was busy playing a solitaire game of cards, my sister was playing her violin. Now, nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have had a game with my brother or accompanied my sister, but there were my lessons to be done, especially a long French translation.

Sadly I made my way to the library a room built as a wing from the main building, and consequently quiet. The walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling, at one end glowed a fire over which was a stone mantle piece covered with curiosities collected from various parts of the globe. Ever since my earliest recollection, I had been acquainted with the carved ivory cross from Africa, the lions tooth, the Chinese slippers, the rose from Shakespeare's birth-blaze, a piece of Atlantic cable, a petrified alligator, etc., but above all, my greatest admiration lay in a skull, a skull of an old French monk buried hundreds of years ago and recently found under a little ruined church near Rouen. This ghastly object was on a purple and gold drapery under a glass case.

On this particular evening, as I said,

I went to the library, drew a comfortable, leather arm-chair up to the fire and began my work. I finished my German in about fifty minutes, then with heavy heart took up the French. I did not at once begin to study, hoping to gain strength by feeling perfectly rested before I began. I gazed at the fire; it was burning low: I glanced up to the mantle, I started, for the skull bore an expression I had never noticed before. As I watched it, instead of the hard, cracked cheek-bones, the rugged form of a chin, the nose cavity and the eye-hollows, the face of an old man appeared, wrinkled skin, dim eyes, tremb'ing mouth, tonsured head.

"The French monk," thought I.

As I still watched the face, the lips seemed to move, and a hard, dull sound issued from a voice stilled three hundred years.

"He wants to speak," I said to myself, "I'll lift off the glass case."

I did so, trembling in my eager excitement. In voice low and deep, every word echoing throughout the still room, sounded the words.

"Follow in your book."

And his misty eyes looked towards my French book lying on the floor. I picked it up, looked at it to see what he possibly could mean and in his ghastly, hollow voice he began,—

"Quarantieme Lecon—Fortieth Lesson" and translated the whole of the three pages, while I followed not daring to lift my eyes from the book for fear of missing some word. As he finished there was a long deep groan; I quickly looked up in time to see the skull, no longer resembling a living face, crumbled to dust!

* * * * *

"My dear, how late you are up! Have you been asleep down here?" sounded my mother's voice.

I rubbed my eyes and pointed to the mantle. The glass case was standing on the floor and all that remained of the skull was a yellow sort of dust.

"Why, what have you been doing?" my mother said. Didn't you know if you touched the skull it would crumble away?"

"I must have done it in my sleep," I stammered, "I had a most remarkable dream."

And I related it to her perfectly till I came to the translation, but rack my brain as I would, not one word could I remember. And I may add that next day I received two failures in French.

CONSTANCE ADEE.

AN IDYLL ON THE IDOL OF THE TIMES.

Pretty maiden, all alone,
Much to sad reflections prone,
Sighs would melt a heart of stone,
They're so deep.

Fire flickers very low,
Clock is ticking, oh, so slow;
Pug dog, curled in heap of woe,
Lies asleep.

Why this melancholy scene?
What has caused this sorrow keen?
What has happened, that my queen
So despairs!

Ah! 'Tis such a woeful tale,
'Tis no wonder she turns pale.
Cause enough to weep and wail
Heartfelt prayers.

Maiden, being up-to-date,
Straightway got her naughty pate
Full of notions that relate
To the girls.

Manly habits thought she'd like;
Put on bloomers; rode a bike;
Organized a woman's strike;
Cut her curls;

Vowed she'd ne'er of marriage think.
But did Jack's brave spirits sink?
No! For something like a wink
Lit his face.

Now she's wakened, quite aghast,
Bike and bloomers from her cast.
Oh! Will Jack the dreadful past
E'er erase?

Hark! A step. Her eyes grow bright.
Manly form looms up in sight.

* * * * *
"Now, Jack, stop, because you might
Muss my hair!"

Moral? Yes, a little one:—
Give old Time a chance to run
And of "twentieth century" fun,
Girls, beware!

GRACE FRANCES BIRD.

HAPPENINGS.

Mr. Kane has left us. A case which necessitated immediate action took him from us even before he could say "good-bye." Mr. Kane, who was a loyal Westerner, owns a warm spot in the hearts of many of us, who truly wish him great success in his new field of work.

"Company II" made a very creditable appearance on the 22d;" so said an eye witness of the parade, who is quoted as a military authority.

So often when a new instructor comes into school in the middle of the school year, necessarily interrupting the course somewhat, he desires to remodel the plans of work, making the pupils feel that all is upset and confused. Rarely we find an instance where his former work is identical with the now, in plan, yet this is decidedly exceptional. A rare thing it is to find a case where the new teacher, eager to bring himself into immediate touch with the class, putting aside, possibly for the present, his own plans conforms entirely to what he sees has been the former custom. Yet we feel that we have been thus fortunate as a school, and although he has been so short a time with us we feel at home with our new teacher Mr. Dales, whom we welcome to our midst.

The 20th was a happy day for us all. It brought to us not alone the recollections of the day, but in addition two prominent men of Washington to recall to our minds more distinctly the life and deeds of him whom we all love and revere as "Father of his country." In the stead of Mr. B. T. Janney, who was expected to conduct the exercises, Mr. Curridon, one of our patrons, a prominent member of the Board of Trade conducted the exercises, opening them befittingly with a short talk on Washington. He was followed by none other than another of our patrons and president of the Board of Trade Mr. B. H. Warner who, in his usual happy manner pictured to us, carefully and clearly, the life of our first president. The meeting was made doubly enjoyable by the singing of our national airs, in which we could and did all take part.

"Yo' Blanch Snowball come right in outen de sun," screamed a negro mamma to her darling. "Waffur, ma?" "Waffur! I'll tell yo' waffur! Fust thing yo' know yo' complexion will be worsen dan dat white tras, yo'll be dat sun burned 'n tanned, yo' impident chile!"

Life insurance in some cases is merely a matter of policy.

THE WESTERN.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

I.

Much has been said in these columns concerning loyalty to school interests, with the hope of fostering and keeping alive a devotion to our school, and while we believe our purpose has been accomplished to a large extent, yet there seems to be a limitation to our loyalty which confines it to the few years which we spend as students of the school. Why this is so we cannot say, but we do say that it ought not to be and that it may be easily remedied. Of course it is not to be expected that students leaving the school and practically severing all connection with it will cherish a very deep devotion for their alma mater, when there is nothing in their lives to remind them of the happy days spent under her benign influence. But if, on the other hand, there are occasions when former classmates can meet and recall the sweet memories of the old school days and rehearse fond recollections of the classroom, there will ever be kept burning a flame of true devotion and loyal enthusiasm for the old school.

We often hear it said, by those who have passed from youth to maturer age, that school days are the happiest days of one's life, and the fondest recollections.

they have are those of the school-room. Will not we too think thus some day and find great pleasure in looking back on those happy days? Three successive classes have graduated from our school, but not one of them has reassembled to celebrate the memory of its alma mater. We appeal to the present senior class, with all its enthusiasm and loyal spirit, not to follow the course of its predecessors, but to establish a precedent by appointing yearly reunions to recount the olden times.

II.

With shamefacedness we are compelled to acknowledge that for at least two years no flag has floated from the pole on our building. There was a time when the glorious stars and stripes floated proudly over the building, but since that particular flag was destroyed, through constant use, no other has ever been procured to take its place. Where is our patriotism, that for two years we are content to be deprived of the flag we love? Never a day should pass without a sight of it; it should be kept ever before us as a great object lesson to remind us of the never-dying heritage which it gives us,—freedom, liberty.

Don't let another month pass without the flag. If the government won't give it to us, we will get it ourselves, and with three cheers for "Old Glory," we will once more give her folds to the breezes.

"FIELD DAY."

On Tuesday morning last, the girls of the Senior class, under the direction of Mrs. Walton gave the school a very enjoyable hour with the late poet, Eugene Field.

Miss Lyddane sketched his life briefly, from a boy to college life, through his brilliant career as journalist to his later life and recent death. After Miss Coyle rendered the charming little child poem, "The Duel," Miss Charles recited "The Night Wind." Both of these poems have that delicate touch of characteristic humor which flavors many of Eugene Field's best selections; a humor though thoroughly enjoyable and amusing, carries with it a deeper suggestion of thought.

Miss Lockwood kindly sang Field's pathetic poem "Little Boy Blue," bringing out the depths of the poet's saddened thoughts by the chorus of the soft melody. "The Bench Legged Fyee," another delightful poem was given by Miss Johnson, after which Miss Davis recited "The Dutch Lullaby," more familiarly known as "Winken, Blinken and Nod," which little nursery song was so highly appreciated that she recited, "Seeing Things at Night."

This concluded the hour with Eugene Field, who is recognized as the Western poet, just as James Whitcomb Riley is styled the Hoosier poet.

We were very much surprised and honored when, at the close of the exercises Miss Westcott introduced Mrs. Taylor, the teacher of Physical Culture and Elocution in the Cleveland School of Art, and the wife of Benjamin Taylor, the Illinois poet of to-day. Mr. Taylor is the author of the volume "From Hell Gate to Gold Gate," but is probably better known by his poems "The River of Time" and "Money Musk." Mrs. Taylor gave us an informal but very delightful little talk on Development, Mentally, Physically and Morally. This is the third exercise of its kind which has been given in the Exhibition Hall, on the other two occasions the hours were devoted to Oliver Wendall Holmes and James Whitcomb Riley.

The love of good blood in life is scarcely a thing to be wondered at, but the pride of it in death is rather rare. In a graveyard not far away, is this epitaph: "Here lies the beloved wife of ———, who was closely connected with the best families of Maryland and Virginia."

If, as has been said, our girls are devotional, because they are continually looking up, in the morning exercises, are the boys irreverent? for they surely are continually looking down.

Strange as it may seem, light-houses are always built of heavy material.

"You shock me," said the man as he trod on the electric wire.

The boy who was bent on eating the green apples was in the same condition after he had eaten them.

A bat that flies without wings,—brick bat.

THEM PUNKIN' PIES.

You see I aint but three months over eight,
And so I find it dreadful hard to wait
Until I several years can older grow,
To learn about some things that puzzle so.
Now there's the day that Mary Ann she tries
To see if she can't make some punkin' pies.

Why is it, on this very morning Joe
Takes it inside his head to love me so,
And gives me such a lot of nuts to crack,
For just to tell him when Aunt Jane gets back,
And then stands in the kitchen, his black eyes,
A watchin' Mary Ann make punkin' pies.

Now if she is my sister I will say
That Mary Ann looks pretty any way,
But now her blue eyes sparkle; on her cheek
I see the dimples playing hide an' seek,
And now Joe's arm about her waist, I spies.
He takes great interest in punkin' pies!

And then I cries "Aunt Jane is at the door,"
And Mary Ann most drops right through the
floor,
But not one single word does Aunt Jane say,
I heard her as she put the pies away,
With tears a gleamin' in her sharp old eyes,
There's plenty sugar in them punkin' pies.

A. M. K.

SUNSHINE.

That was what they called her, for from the first morning she opened her large blue eyes on the town of Mulberry she seemed to bring a merry flood of sunshine with her, so happy was her nature. When she was still a mere baby she would crawl over the floor, patting the bright rays of light, as they shone through the slats of the nursery shutters, laughing in glee when some frolicsome sunbeam danced out of reach of her chubby fingers. What did it matter that she had been christened Catherine Theresa Fenwood after her grandmother. "Don," her uncle had called her "Little Sunshine," so Sunshine she remained. As she grew older she would toddle to the door that opened into the big grocery store, and chatter away in unknown English to the store hands, until her nurse missed the little runaway and came to coax her back, or perhaps, (and this she liked best of all) Don would leave his order books to carry her away on his broad shoulder while she gaily ruffled his hair.

Catherine's mother had died when she was too little to remember, but the sad realization had penciled deep lines of care on her father's once boyish brow. The little curly head that nestled close on his shoulder and the soft baby arms that twined lovingly around his neck were the

only things that could now lighten the darkness of his heart.

Over the door of the store hung the same sign that hung there for two generations.

"John Fenwood, Bros. Groceries."

A little farther up the street under the window of a quaint but aristocratic looking old house, hung another sign, but this one was cut in bronze and bore the name of, Alfred Thompson, Attorney at Law. The owner of that sign met and passed each day the heads of the other establishment, without the slightest recognition.

Any of the older town-folks could tell of the dispute over adjoining lands, and of the crushing law suit that followed. The final drop that o'erflowed the Attorney's torrent of anger, fell, when John Fenwood Senior, had married Miss Catherine, the village beauty on whom he had set his wealth and affections. Many a gossip had nodded her head knowingly to her next door neighbor and whispered about the time when this same Attorney had married a Larrytown girl to ease his wounded pride. That was long ago, but the old man still held his head as high as in youth and refused to notice the sons who continued their fathers business at the corner grocery.

He was an old man now, but the thought that Miss Catherine had preferred rather to bestow her hand upon a grocer than a prosperous lawyer, had so cut his soul that the scar had remained there forever to torture him.

Thus it was, that, one Sunday morning after service, when the old gentleman had discovered that the full rich voice which stirred the congregation with the depth of its melody and feeling, had awakened an answering chord in the heart of his only daughter Miss Patty, then it was, that he raised a threatening hand and borbado John Fenwood waiting for her after meeting or at anytime seeking her presence.

That was three years ago when little Sunshine was first learning to balance herself by the aid of a chair or her father's finger.

When the spring days began to lengthen and grow warmer Little Sunshine would slip away into the front garden to stretch out her small hands to the fluttering butterflies, or pause before the bed of budding crocuses to select the choicest flower and

crush it with her overwhelming caresses. As the long summer days wore on she would trip down the street, her cheeks glowing and her curls flying in the breeze, greeting all whom she passed with the same sunny smile that showed two rows of teeth. Her delight knew no bounds when, after leading her nurse a merry chase, she was finally caught and smothered with kisses and scolded and kissed again. There was one particular stoop on the street which charmed this little girl, for there she would pause on her trips up and down the block to straighten her baby doll's dress or to rest awhile. The bright gilt sign had a strange fascination for her, but the sweet face of Miss Patty, which was sure to smile at her from the window, attracted her most of all. Many were the times Miss Patty had slipped cakes into the hands of the little runaway, or else, holding her close had kissed the baby's fair hair and told her to run along home for Don would miss her.

The August days arrived with their drowsy afternoons and long evenings, which come with a breath of fresh air after the stifling heat of the noonday sun.

Early one evening the stillness was broken by the wild clanging of bells. The whole town was thrown into the wildest confusion by shouts of, "Fire! Fire! The factory's a fire!!" The red flames which stretched their long twining arms upward over the creaking woodwork sent a glare over the throngs of people below who crowded the streets. John Fenwood and his brother joined the town folks to lend assistance ere the flames became unmanageable.

The old attorney who had an interest in the factory was among the first to hasten away.

The last alarm ceased as the big engine dashed down the roadway. On! on! came the great horses, their nostrils dilating, their heavy hoofs resounding above the clanging bell, which scattered the crowds before it, like frightened chickens before a storm. In an instant the crowd surged back, but there,—there, before the oncoming engine with its fiery trail, swayed a tiny figure in a white night-gown. Only one brief moment it stood there, but to one on the curbstone watching, it seemed hours ere one little scream of "Don," ended all.

She slipped through the murmuring crowd with burden pressed close to her heart. On to the corner she passed where she met Don, who gathered the baby form in his arms, with a stifled sob. Through the store they passed into the room beyond where they laid the little one. "You will stay with her?" he asked brokenly. She nodded assent and turned back to the old-fashioned divan to watch where watching was needed no more, while he sought through the crowd of helpers the father of little Sunshine.

The flames with their menacing tongues leapt up and sent a pink reflection over the walls of the room as though they mockingly strove to replenish the light which had gone out with this little one's life. Why, oh! why had she not been quicker and saved this little form whose life had been the connecting link of comfort to three saddened hearts? Over and over these thoughts rushed in Miss Patty's mind until Don with his white, worn face returned.

As the father bent over his baby in an agony of grief, Don gently drew Miss Patty aside. "He giveth and he taketh away," he whispered brokenly. "He who looseth his life shall find it. Oh! Patty, dear, he—your father,—the walls have fallen, he, is dead too." Then as she caught her breath to hush her grief, he slipped his arms around her and drew her close until her tired head rested where little Sunshine's fair head often nestled and comforted his heart.

But little Sunshine had gone home to her Maker, the giver of life and light. The last bright ray had slipped out of her father's life but there remained a peace which was not of the world, a peace of soul such as God only can send to a suffering one.

Out on the hillside budding crocuses lift their smiling faces, butterflies flutter here and there on their fairy wings, the golden sunbeams linger near and kiss the soft grass where lies our "Little Sunshine."

EDNA WESCOTT, '96.

Teacher: If you stand facing the west, will the north be on your right or left? New Scholar: I'm sure I don't know ma'am, 'cause I'm a stranger in these parts.

A subject to be made light of, gas.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(Respectfully dedicated to Lieutenant Knoot).

It was our first lieutenant,
One moonlight night and fair,
That to a festive party
A hirt did lack, to wear.

He hied him to the laundry,
With the laundry man he pled,
"Oh, give to me my clothing
Before this night has fled!"

They hunted through the bundles,
In futile hopes to hit,
Some semblance of a full dress shirt,
His manly form to fit.

* * * * *
Long time a maiden waited,
Her feelings deeply hurt,
Before her escort bold appeared,
Resplendent in that shirt. A. E. B.

THE APPLE PIE OR THE SMALLER BOYS REVENGE.

There was a gathering in one of the streets of that beautiful center of fashionable cullud sassiety known as Foggy Bottom the other afternoon; such a gathering as can often be seen in that locality. The assembly which always accompanies a "scrap", which I must explain for of course you have never before heard such a vulgar term, is a fistic contest (razoustic sometimes) devoid of rewriting, rules, referee, or any of the other impediments which tend to civilize the "manly art".

The principals in the affair of which I write were a small colored boy and a smaller colored boy, each endeavoring with might and main to annihilate the other. At last the smaller of the combatants was seen to beat a hasty retreat to his home, a little dirtier perhaps but otherwise none the worse for his experience.

His soul rebelled however against a defeat at the hands of one whom he had always considered to be easy and he resolved to have revenge. He, then setting his brain at work, tried to think up a plan calculated to bring about the most tremendous results, but even with the help of a piece of yeast cake which he hooked from his mother's cupboard and swallowed in the vain hope of aiding his intellectual processes, he was unable to formulate one; so he gave it up for a while.

The following Sunday however, an idea struck him with great force. Indeed, so sudden was the shock that he involuntarily began to look for a brick to hit the idea

with before his powerful intellect grasped the situation. This is the way it happened. As he was taking a stroll through the sunny precincts of "Johnsings Alley," he joined the congregation assembled to hear the preacher who edifies the inhabitants every Sunday afternoon with his soul moving discourses.

The theme on that especial Sunday was brotherly love and during his masterful development of the subject the preacher mentioned the fact that it was the duty of every man to keep a free boarding house for his enemies. It was at this point that the idea got in its fine work.

"Feed 'im, dat's de stuff," thought our hero gleefully, "I'll git 'im a Apple Pie."

Full of this plan he hastened to execute it or I should say he hastened to attempt to execute it for he had not the where-withal to purchase the pie and no one would credit him.

But the next day brought fortune. He came into possession of a nickel in compensation for the labor expended in holding a horse, that being the only occupation in which he ever indulged since it entailed no exertion either bodily or mental. With this treasure in hand he betook himself to the nearest shop where such commodities are sold and expended his hard earned capital in a large and luscious pie which he immediately took home.

There he "swiped" a good sized paper package which he concealed on his person, after which, having armed himself with his precious pie, he went in search of his late opponent.

A short while later he found the object of his search and presented his peace offering. It was received in awe-struck silence and its demolition commenced in the same way. However, hardly had he taken the first bite than the recipient of this unexpected present remitted an awful howl and started for a pump frantically endeavoring to get rid of the pie he had already eaten.

Our hero did not wait to express any sympathy but made himself scarce as quietly as possible, saying with a wicked grin as he disappeared under the shadow of his own tree, "Yer coals of fire on top yer haid aint in it wid pepper on de inside."

G. T. M.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1896.

No. 11.

WESTERN COLORS.

RED—LOVE.

The red bird cooing love-songs to his wife;
The warm heart's blood, instinct with loving life;
The fire's bright glow that chases care away;
The sun's long kiss at dawn and close of day;
The love that throbs throughout the Universe.

WHITE—PURITY.

A fleecy cloud upon a summer day;
The snow new-fallen from the sky of gray;
A lily's waxen cup of stainless white;
The clear calm moonbeams on a cloudless night;
The purity that lives throughout the Universe.

Oh! let us keep our hearts as pure as snow,
As warm with love as is the fire's bright glow;
That thus our spirits, as our Maker wills
May blend into the harmony that thrills
Throughout the great heart of the Universe.

MAIDE.

AN ELFIN DREAM.

On the hilltop stands a fine old brown cottage in the midst of a luxuriant garden, where the roses bloom and the pansies lift their quaint faces to the smiling skies above. A beautiful woman clad in a soft filmy gown moves down the walk, leading a dark-haired child by the hand. They pause on the brow of the hill and the woman shades her eyes as she gazes off into the blue maze above the hills.

"What is over there, Mother?" The child asks.

"A great world," she answers.

"And will I ever go over there to see it, Mother?"

"Nay, nay, my boy I cannot wish that thou shouldst know the world," she replies and turns away.

"But Mother!" he calls, not willing to be silenced. "What is the world that I may not know it?"

"It is a great wide place where everyone seeks his own pleasure and seldom that of another," she answers with a sigh.

But this did not satisfy the boy and he stood long by the gateway dreaming of the great world where each may seek his own pleasure.

The days went by slowly in succession until one evening when he stood in his accustomed place by the gateway, he grew so restless that he lifted the latch and slipped down the pathway. An elfin god disguised as a boy pushed aside the bushes and joined him.

"Where are you going?" he enquired.

"O! to see the great world," the boy quickly answered. "But tell me, what are the lights below in the valley?"

"That," laughed the elf, "is Pleasure-town; if you wish to go there I will take you."

The boy glanced back at the cottage where a light burned dimly through a curtained window, and then down in the valley, where the lights sparkled like gems and seemed to beckon him on.

"I will go for a few minutes," He said; "She will not miss me." Then away they sped, for the path down hill was easy and they arrived at the town very quickly. He paused before each window and gazed in awe at the strange sights. The elf led him on through the crowds, where the people paused to gaze on the strange beauty of the boy. Suddenly they halted before a glass door which swung open at their touch. Through a long arched corridor into a private parlor, where a few boys like themselves, were gathered 'round a handsomely carved table, the elfin god drew him. So interested were they in their game that they scarcely noticed that anyone had entered. The boy gazed in wonder and admiration at the gorgeous hangings, the rich furnishings, the tiled floor with its weird designs, then drew near the table to watch the little ivory dice fall and the piles of silver exchange hands.

"What is this?" he inquired.

"This is the first goal in Pleasuretown. Go in and win," the elf urged. "Money

can buy all things in Pleasuretown."

So the boy threw his dice, laughed and threw them again; his great brown eyes glistening with excitement, his cheeks glowing with delight as the coins piled up on his side of the table. Their laughter rang gay and free until the elf drew him aside.

"You may come again," He said, "This is not all there is to enjoy." "Come, we must go."

So the lad went; but his eyes had lost their dreamy look, they were bright and shining. The days glided swiftly by in glad succession. Everything was so new in the town and was he not to seek his own pleasure? After many days had passed the charms of the town seemed less attractive to the boy and he grew restless again.

"What is over there in the great beyond?"

"Oh! that's the great world," the elf hastened to reply. "There the people are always happy and gay, there one may see life in all its glory, over there beside the river lies the City of Delight, there you may seek your own pleasure.

"I am tired of this town," said the boy, "there are no enjoyments here; let us go."

So on they sped and as they went the elf told him that in the midst of this great city there stood a golden fountain, which Bacchus o'erflowed with fragrant wines and away from the shining fountain like spokes of a wheel, marble paved streets diverged and these were avenues of wealth which led to one's fondest desires. In due time they reached the wide spreading city and sought here and there the pleasures of life. A wistful eager expression had appeared in the brown eyes which were now outlined with dissipation, for the once innocent boy had grown to manhood.

The elf god, keen to note the change, bore him away to some new diversion, hop-

ing to charm him in his old spirits. But the boy's restlessness grew apace until one day in a passion of disappointment he sought to slay the tempting elfin. Then filled with remorse he hastened away through the crowded streets of the city, pushing ever onward, striving always to find that pleasure which would appease the restless longing of his soul.

The people jostled him one side as they passed, for they were too deeply engrossed in their own interest to speak to him had they even noticed the man.

The weary days shadowed each other's footsteps silently one by one, until one evening he chanced to come upon the golden fountain, yet he knew not how he had found it. His heart bounded with hope, for could he not drink of the exhilarating wine and then choose the path to the fulfilment of his fondest desire? With a suggestion of his old-time eagerness did he hasten his weary footsteps. Stopping a stranger he inquired which path to take.

"You must seek your own pleasure," was the reply.

His heart sunk within him for had not his life been one long day of seeking that which did not satisfy?

He paused at each street but turned away in sorrow; what he sought was not there. "Oh! to be alone, away from the world and the great city with its dazzling lights, its noisome crowds of heartless people. Turning away he lifted his worn face in earnest entreaty to the heavens.

"Oh Father, forgive me," he whispered. He moved on, rather slowly, for his steps had lost their agility and his eyes were blinded by burning tears. How long he groped his way thus, he did not know; he seemed to be treading an endless path so overcome was he by fatigue. Plodding along, his head sunken on his breast, he had been oblivious of his surroundings until, awakening from his sad reverie, he glanced up and there—there were the same mountains with their blue haze and above on the hillside gleamed a tiny light in cottage window.

A cry escaped his lips as he struggled forward, but as the hill was harder to ascend than it had been to come down he paused often for breath. The same old boyish fire gleamed in his eyes, and his

fingers trembled as he lifted the latch. The cottage door swung open, a little figure in a filmy gown stole out and folded him in her arms.

"Mother, he faltered, as she smoothed the soft hair back from his forehead, "I thought you would forgive me, but pray—pray as you used to for me, and—God will hear."

Then as the mother stood there in the garden midst the roses and purple heartsease, holding her boy in her arms, an angel hovering near brought that for which he had sought, "Peace and love which passeth understanding."

EDNA WESCOTT.

OFF THE TRAIL.

While in New Mexico not long ago, I stopped at the house of a friend of mine, a cow-boy, by the name of Crawford, who resided at an abandoned U. S. military reservation six miles from the town of San Marcial. One afternoon I decided to take a horse back ride to town, though I had never gone over the trail alone. Going into the corral, I saddled an old Indian pony; and after having procured a 44 calibre, six-shooter, I started for town. Proceeding slowly along; I took in everything of interest on the way, noting particularly the great number of long-eared jack rabbits as they sprang up almost from under the horse's feet and went bounding away in the bushes.

After reaching town I rode around looking at the peculiar abode houses, and noticed especially the crowds of cow-boys loafing about the saloons. About dusk I started back home, but just as I was leaving town to strike the prairie, one of the Crawford girls came out of a store and informed me that there was going to be a dance in town that night and wanted to know if I wouldn't stay and "see the fun." But I much preferred the quiet and solitude of the fort, and told her so. She anxiously inquired if I thought I could find my way back home alone, and get there before dark. I told her that I would at least try; and try I did.

Putting the spurs to my horse I took the first two or three miles at a pretty rapid gate, when suddenly I noticed that it was growing quite dark. Glancing ahead into

the gloom, I saw, coming down the trail, what I supposed to be a gang of cow-punchers; and not knowing what mischief they might be up to (I being new in that country) I proceeded to unfasten the holster which held my six shooter. Sticking my hand beneath my coat, I grasped the handle of my revolver in my right hand, firmly holding the bridle reins in the other. The trappings of the "unknown party" jingled merrily in the twilight. When they were immediately in front of me I reined the horse a little to one side, so as to give them the road, noticing that the other party did the same for me. When they were directly opposite, I glanced across the road and saw, much to my astonishment, an old Mexican "greaser" with his pack mules going in town. He greeted me with "Come lava, Senor." I returned his salute and rode on very much relieved over the outcome of my "adventure."

After riding on for some little distance further, I happened to glance toward the horse's neck, and saw that the throat latch of the bridle had come unfastened. I at once dismounted and proceeded to right matters. While standing at his head, a number of coyotes set up a dismal howling just off the side of the road. It was so sudden that it startled me for an instant, and I instinctively clutched my revolver again. I stood there for a few seconds, not knowing whether to scramble back on my horse, or fire a shot or two in the direction from whence came the sounds. It was quite dark now, and threatening clouds were in the sky. I could not see ten feet from me, and thinking only of getting home before it stormed, I proceeded to fasten the bridle. As I stretched forth my hand toward the horse's head, he reared backwards as though he had been shot. Thinking that he had shied at the coyotes I made a grab for the bridle, but owing to the intense darkness I missed it. At this, the horse again reared back upon his haunches, and as he did so, wheeled half round, heading in the direction of the town. Not relishing the idea of staying all night upon the prairie with coyotes for companions, and knowing that it was jump or stay with me, I made one tremendous leap toward the horse, this time being a little more successful. As I felt my hand clutch the bridle

reins, I hung on as best I could, letting the horse drag me about in his fright. When I had quieted him down a little, I again tried to fasten the throat latch, but this time gripped into the bridle with one hand to prevent any recurrence of my former adventure. As my hand went up toward his face he again reared backward, and then I knew that he was afraid of being hit about the head, so I again got into the saddle, crawled over on his neck and in that way, finally fastened the mischief making throat-latch.

When all was secure, I started on eagerly looking ahead for the bend in the road where I knew I should turn to the left, and in that way reach the fort. In a short time I arrived at this turning point, but not until it had started to rain. My heart beat with joy as I knew that the fort was now only half a mile or so away, and that I would soon be there. Striking the horse with my quirt, I rounded the bend at a gallop, and went sailing on. On and on I rode, plunging ahead into the darkness. Presently some short, black objects loomed up in front of me. Instantly I reined in my horse, for I knew then—never having seen anything like that since I had been travelling the road—that I was “off the trail.” It looked, as near as I could make out in the dusk, to be an old burnt down fence, but I did not stop long to examine it. I raised my hands to my mouth, and uttered one despairing “Hello!” as loud as I could. I listened, but the only echo of my voice came back to me, and then, when all had quieted down, the coyotes set up their dismal howling.

Again and again I yelled, but with no better results, I was now in a sore plight, not knowing where to go, what to do or which way to turn. I knew that if I left the trail and started across the prairie, there was danger of the horse stepping into a gopher hole and throwing me, possibly at the same time breaking his leg. But vainly shouting myself hoarse, I started blindly on into the darkness, checking my pace however, to a walk, and racking my brain for a solution of the problem before me. I had come to the conclusion that probably the only way out of the difficulty was to give the horse his head, and trust to his instinct to rescue me from my

plight; when, looking up, I spied a light, way off in the distance, and then I remembered that the folks at the fort had told me that an old “greaser”, lived at the foot of the mountain, twenty-five miles from the fort. I came to the conclusion that the light was from his “shack”, and rather than stay all night where I was, I left the trail and started very slowly across the prairie, toward the light. After riding for a long distance, I grew tired of the slow jog-trot, and started the horse into a run, throwing my feet forward and grasping the reins tightly, expecting every moment to be thrown to the ground. In this way I rode on and on, the light gradually becoming brighter and brighter until finally it loomed up full and bright in front of me.

I sat on my horse for a long while before I could get up courage enough to go up to the house and inquire which direction I was to take to reach the fort. But after thinking of the long ride of twenty-five miles in front of me before I would reach home I pulled out my revolver, cocked it, and made straight for the house. When about twenty-five yards away, a building, which had hitherto escaped my notice, loomed up before. *It was the guard house of the fort.* My heart bounded with joy as I pushed my revolver back into its case, gave one unearthly yell, and dashed on up to the door.

* * * * *

As I sat before the big fire “drying out,” I told of my experiences earlier in the evening, fully expecting to be “guyed” mercilessly. They, however, regarded my adventure much more seriously than I had expected, dwelling particularly upon the possible consequences, had I been less fortunate. In fact, they, one and all, deek red that it was pretty good for a “TENDERFOOT.”

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Our captains' mien is strong and bold
When he stands before his men.
His voice is clear, his glance is cold,
He never falters then.

But Sunday eve finds him in tears,
His boldness from him flown;
He dares not go to make a call
Upon a girl alone!
(If you don't believe it, ask Lieut. S—!)

WHY!

Solitary was the fisher, sitting by a restless stream
When the mud went by like butter floating over
yellow cream.

There he sat from morn till eve'n, then we see our
fisher frown,

For, although his line oft' jirked him and his cork
bounced up and down

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

While he sat there, dreaming, waking, every thing
did vex him so;

First he heard a gentle bull frog, croak his challenge
soft and low;

Then a cow went through the water, stopped with
look of great disdain

And the sparrows as if mocking, tried to chirp a sad
refrain.

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

There were bugs who without number buzzed
around the fisher's ear,

From afar there came a sound of pecking wood,
t'was loud and clear,

Now there steals a mole so shyly from his home be-
neath the sod.

List! the sound of merry workman as they home-
ward slowly plod

Yet he had

Nary a bite.

Then at last this famous fisher started homeward,
full of woe.

“How is this?” he cried despairing, “this is what I'd
like to know

Noah built an ark to save him many years, away
far back

Then he took aboard all creatures, yet not fish oh
my! alack

Yet I had

Nary a bite.

“Now fishes lived through storm and tempest, more
and more they grew each day

Yet only two of every species left of creatures such
as they

I saw go by and heard shout at me as I sat there in
despair.

Now tell me why I saw so many of the scarcer
creatures there?

Yet I had

Nary a bite.”

BERTA.

THE THREE “WAKES.”



Miké O'Flannigan—“Well, how be ye
this mornin', Pat?”

Pat McCarthy “Sure, I'm that wako
that yo'll be comen to me wako before the
end of the wako.”—*National Tribune.*

THE WESTERN.

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MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

The "Western" has suffered a great loss during the past week in the resignation of her editor-in-chief Mr. Leetch and assistant editor, Mr. Alexander. She started on her voyage at the beginning of the year under apparently most favorable conditions, and takes it rather ill that her helmsman should desert his post in the middle of the journey. It is with as much trepidation as when first setting forth that she now prepares to continue on her course. She has already felt keenly the loss of her two able pilots, and is likely to feel it more in the days to come. We hope, however, that she will accustom herself to the new order of things before long, and sail as well in the future as she has done in the past.

Perhaps with these changes in the existing state of affairs the "Western" may be permitted to make a few more remarks upon her desires and necessities. Now, as never before, does she need the assistance and co-operation of the school. We are all proud of our school, and anxious to make everything she attempts a success. Surely among the most important of these attempts is the paper. It is not only for our enjoyment and edification. It is, to a certain extent, an indication of what our school can do, and how much it is worth. We want to make each number better than the last one. We want to make our paper as well as our school the best that can be found. So now, when the "Western" is in such need of your aid, send in your sub-

scriptions and contributions, and, wind and weather permitting, we will yet steer her safely through the rest of the year.

There have been several schemes on foot lately to add to the interest of the "Western," and in pursuance of one of these, four members of the Senior Class have decided to write a serial story, each one taking a chapter. The first number of this story will appear in the next issue. We well know the old adage about too many cooks, but in this case it doesn't seem applicable. They are four of the most gifted writers in the school, and we may well look forward with much pleasure to seeing the result of their joint labors. We can as yet form no idea of what the subject will be, nor of how far the hero will diverge from the path his first author lays out for him before he comes into the hands of the last writer. Enough variety is promised us, at least, in the different chapters to make us ready to follow the course of the story with great interest.

THAT BICYCLE CLUB.

Although there have been many rumors afloat concerning a Western Bicycle Club, there is no evidence that it has materialized as yet. If a few new wheels are to be added each week, as they have been in the past, the rack in the lower hall will need an extension ere long. What could be more enjoyable than a spin up the canal road some bright afternoon when air is fresh and invigorating, and all nature at her best? Do not dream boys and girls, but organize this club at once, let it be a genial club, for the girls will admit they feel safer when the boys are along and of course the boys will appreciate the company of the girls, especially if some dainty maiden should carry home-made caramels for refreshment at the end of some long trip. Be quick, for the Spring days approach sooner than you think.

CAMERA CLUB.

It is said that each one has some pet hobby, but this year the Western seems to have a large number in the way of Camera fiends whom we are glad to welcome as they are perfectly harmless and have banded themselves together in one cause. Their constitution provides that each member shall furnish five finished photographs of his own work, to be kept in possession of the club. Perhaps these will adorn the walls of the

Physical Laboratory which is being used as a club room, or else be laid safely away until next year when a special corner may be prepared for them in our "New High School" (?) If possible the laboratory will be converted into a dark room where all necessary work may be performed. Thus in developing plates together, many helpful hints and ideas may be derived from one another. The Club planned a trip out to the Zoo last Friday, but postponed it on account of the blustering weather. These outings are to be made an enjoyable feature of the club.

THE CURRENT HISTORY CLUB.

Perhaps the Current History Club has never held a more interesting and at the same time, instructive meeting, than was held on Wednesday, March the fourth. The principal feature of the meeting on that day was a debate on the Cuban question, the resolution as adopted being; "Resolved, that Congress is wise in recognizing the Cubans as belligerents." Three judges having been appointed by the chairman, the debate was opened by the affirmative leader in a short but spirited speech containing many well chosen points. This was followed by a similar one from the leader on the negative side, and the question was then declared open for discussion. During the next hour and a half, arguments were launched at the heads of unsuspecting mortals, wit flowed in every direction, and a general air of enthusiasm and excitement characterized all. The discussion was then declared closed and the debate was closed by each leader in turn; but the judges not being able to decide without careful thought, upon the relative merits of the arguments put forth by each side, the club adjourned, each member undoubtedly broader in every way after this thorough discussion in all its lights of one of the most important questions of the day. On the following morning Captain Berry gave a brief summary of the debate and announced the decision of the judges—which was in favor of the negative side.

The tailor is a funny man, as everyone admits—if he succeeds in pleasing you, he's sure to give you fits.

ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday when its awful' hot,
And I have on a clean new shirt
That's full of whips, and little horse shoes,
And starch that makes me itch and hurt,
We drive along the dusty road
And to the meeting house we go,
To listen to the preacher talk,
And sing the old hymn tunes so slow.
It seems like time will never go—

On Sunday—

But when its other days, and I
Just play all day with our dog Lu,
And hunt for hens' eggs in the hay,
And eat sweet apples off the tree;
Before I think, its grown quite dark
And mother puts her arms round me
And says real soft, "My little boy,
The old Sand man has come, I see"
And when, way up to bed we go,
I wonder where the days go to,
I wonder why time *don't* go slow

On Monday.

J. C. APPLEBY.

STORY ON SIDNEY CARTON.

About thirty years previous to the opening of our story, the brilliant sunshine of a Summer day, ushered in upon the great highway of life another little traveler, a new little citizen of old England. The proud young mother as she looked out upon the smiling summer world, smiled in her baby's face, and as mothers will, predicted great things for her little boy in the far distant future.

The years passed by, and the little Sidney Carton grew from babyhood to boyhood and the possibilities for all that his fair young mother had hoped and prayed lay within the grasp of the clever brain and the clear understanding of the boy; but alas! even in his school boy days that strange quality which was to prevent these rare buds of promise from developing into fair flowers of action, could already be detected. He willingly and gladly prepared the exercises for his fellow students while his own remained untouched, uncared for.

Time sped on and "As was the boy so was the man." Endowed with every quality of brain with which to distinguish himself, some strange lack made him ever and always neglectful of his own interests. He sowed and others reaped; he seemed incapable to carry affairs to a successful issue for himself. At last becoming discouraged he gave up all hold over himself and drifted down and down the stream of life until at the age of thirty he has be-

come the assistant of a man vastly his inferior, had become the power behind the throne; the brain, in fact of a pompous stupid figure-head of a lawyer, who obtained all the credit for the clever work of Sidney.

It is at this time that through his employer he becomes interested in the case of a young Frenchman, by name of Darnay, who is on trial in London for treason. The trial is far advanced, and all the evidence seems against the unfortunate young man. Suddenly Sidney Carton is struck with an idea. Hurridly writing something upon a slip of paper he tosses it to his employer who is counsel for the defense. He, upon reading it, arises and begs to call the attention of the court to the singular resemblance between the prisoner and one of the lawyers present, Sidney Carton by name, and suggests that if there be one such likeness why not another. This puts a different aspect upon the case and the trial finally goes in favor of Darnay and he is released. Among the witnesses against the prisoner was an old white haired man, Dr. Mannette by name, and his fair young daughter Lucie. As the trial has proceeded the young lady, who strongly attracted the attention of Carton, showed the greatest agitation and grief especially when called upon to testify against the prisoner. Her joy and delight seem to know no bounds when he is finally released.

Through a friend, Carton becomes acquainted with Miss Mannette and finally falls in love with her. Deeply conscious of the hopelessness of his suit and of his unworthiness to dream of success, Carton restrains himself in every way, but finally, in an interview with Miss Mannette, he confesses his love, telling her that altho' his unworthiness renders it impossible for him to even hope for her consideration, yet his admiration for her has been the one bright spot in his otherwise dark and hopeless career, and he begs to assure her that if, in the future, he can serve her in any way, every thought, every energy, and even his life, shall be devoted to her service. Lucie, much touched by this confession, assures Carton of her friendship for him and at the same time tells him that she is shortly to be married to Charles Darnay. In the course of

a few months the event referred to by Lucie takes place and life goes on happily in the little home, but could Darnay and his young wife foresee the cloud gathering all would have been far different. However the cloud is not long in descending. Darnay is called to his native land upon a matter of business.

It is at the time of the French revolution. All France is in the state of wildest excitement, the once beautiful streets of Paris daily witness the most horrible and sanguinary scenes. The King of Death rides abroad in the streets, and rank, wealth and station are the badges by which his victims are known. The king upon his throne is not too mighty nor the fair young queen too lovely for his destroying hand. Youth and beauty, childhood and innocence, age and infirmity sink together at his unrelenting touch. The very gutters run blood and it is the slave, the down trodden, who is ruler of France to-day.

Darnay while transacting his business in France is suddenly arrested and thrown into prison. Lucie, upon hearing of this, hastens to Paris to be near to him, come what may, and Sidney Carton realizing that now has come the time when he may be of some service, follows her to the land of bloodshed and carnage. Shortly after his arrival Darnay is condemned to death and Carton after making every effort in his behalf all to no avail, sees the possibility for the fulfillment of his promise to Lucie. There is at this time in Paris a man in charge of the prison with whom Carton has had some dealings and over whom he has complete control. It is by means of this man, Barsad by name, that Carton obtains admittance to the cell of Darnay shortly before the hour set for his execution. Here after overpowering the prisoner by means of an opiate, he quickly effects a transfer of clothing. Barsad, who has accompanied Carton, now calls for assistance for the supposed friend of Darnay has been overcome at the final interview. The wonderful resemblance between the two men disarms suspicion and the officers assist the unconscious Darnay to a cab in the belief that he is Sidney Carton. Left alone in the cell awaiting an awful death, Sidney Carton seems in no way disturbed. A quiet kind of exaltation seems to have

taken possession over him, his face formerly so gloomy and downcast, wears an expression of intense joy and peace, so radiant that it seems to transform his entire countenance. With an elastic step he paces to and fro in his cell. "It is far better that I have redeemed my promise to her," he murmurs. Then, after a pause, scraps of sentences floating through his brain unbidden, "I am the resurrection and the life said the Lord. He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Finally the jailor unlocks the door of his cell, and he is led away to one of the tumbrils and driven to La-Guillotine, and there awaits calmly for his turn. The same fair sunshine that little over a quarter of a century ago streamed down upon the happy household in old England and ushered in the birth morn, so full of hope and promise, of the little Sidney Carton, shines down with undiminished radiance on this fatal day, which is to witness the closing scene in the drama of his life.

Surrounded by a mighty audience, a bloodthirsty, eager audience, stands the horrible instrument of death, a dark blot on that fair city, a dark spot upon the face of the earth, a dark mark upon the page of history. Huddled together at the foot of La-Guillotine stand the little band of victims, voyagers who to-day set sail to that fair and undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. A strange and sad little group; here, an old man tottering on the edge of the grave; there, a fair young girl in the first bloom of her youth and beauty; here, a high born lady of stately mien, and there, a gallant and innocent youth—all condemned to a horrible and untimely death. The faces of these various prisoners are wonderful studies—some convulsed with grief, some wild with despair, others calm in a quiet resignation or crushed with a terrible hopelessness; but among all is one face which stands out in the strangest contrast to those around it, wonderful in its joyful radiance and undying glory and deathly pale, the face of Sidney Carton. His name is called, he steps to his place,—one moment the crowd press forward; they swim before his eyes in the brilliant summer sunshine.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life said the Lord, he that believeth in me though were he dead, yet shall he live and he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

A look of perfect peace, of glorious triumph—a crash and all is over, one of the noblest hearts that ever beat is stilled forever.

So ended a life of greater triumph, more resplendent glory than even a mother's fairest hope could picture. A life which a few short weeks ago had seemed so wasted, so hopeless, now transformed and redeemed beyond recognition by a love so pure and unselfish that it showed no taints of a sinful and selfish life.

DICK BREWER.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

She had asked me
If I'd help her
With her Latin,
'Twas so hard!
If I'd help her
Conjugate that mean irregular
Old word
Disco. She just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while!
Pretty lips so
Near, so tempting,
Tended strongly
To beguile,
Thought I'd teach her
By example,
Didicissem?
I should smile.

WEBBER.

PRIZE OFFERED.

THE WESTERN offers to the student selling the greatest number of copies of the Easter Number a handsome prize—Shakespeare's Heroes and Heroines. The book one of Raphael Tuck & Son's artistic publications, is beautifully illustrated with colored plates, and bound in flexible covers of Morocco. This is by far the most valuable prize offered this year, so secure your patrons at an early date, and thus win the choice book.

The returns must be made to the Business Manager by April 9th at 2 P. M. The announcement will be made in the edition of April 13th.

Cool proceeding—driving an ice cart.
A violent sea—Lunacy.

GRINS.

A little cobbler
Hung a sign,
For in his shop
Trade did decline.

Strange it was,
In men not a few,
To smile at a sign
So good and true!

It only read,
"Dont go to another,
To cheated be,
But walk right in
I'll tend to thee."

The blue bird is always low spirited.
Druggists never lack common scents.
A rude bird—the mocking-bird.

Teacher, to frivolous Second Year Pupil.
"What are you laughing at, Sir?"

Pupil. "I was just thinking of something."

Teacher. "Well, you have no business thinking in class. Don't let it occur again!"

Lt. M—Would like to know why Lt. S—loiters around the building, *under orders*, after two o'clock, Friday afternoons, while one of the junior ladies happens to remain to *Latinize*.

What is the result of Ann's marriage to Ben? She's ben-efited and he's ani-mated.

Will an X-ray find that K. S. K. minute book and constitution? Notify V. Pres., & P. G. M. B—l.

There's many a youth both meek and vain
Has come to dark despair,
By searching thro' a desert brain
For thoughts that were not there.

Physics second year to chemistry ditto.
"If they should give the sweep \$10 more a year on his salary what recent scientific discovery would that be like?"

Chem. boy. "Do' no' "

Phys. boy. "The X-raise of course! You ought to take Physics. You might learn something!"

"Say," said the customer to the waiter, who had been impudent. "Waiter I guess you are one of those things they call 'brass waiters.' "

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

No. 12.

ANEMONE.

We pause on bended knee to see
A fragile white Anemone,
Which seems just lit on fairy wing
To herald the approach of Spring.

Dry oak-leaves of the season past
Would fain protect her from the blast;
While April from her rain-drop treasure
Doth fill the floweret's cup of pleasure.

When she in modesty would hide
The south wind comes to claim his bride.
But ere he can his suit present
A sunbeam o'er the flower has bent.

This sunbeam with his smiling face
Doth compliment her airy grace;
But as she lists with pensive smile,
The south wind, silent for awhile,
Locking her in his strong embrace.
Adown the murmuring forest aisle,
To altar 'neath a budding tree
Has wafted his Anemone.

A. K. C. '96.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER I.

The irate gentleman who burst suddenly into a private parlor of the Hotel des Americains, Paris, was in a condition as regards his wearing apparel that fully justified his wrath. Mr. Charles H. Merton seldom lost control of his temper, but the morning had been one of severe strain upon that article and the teasing had been drawn a little too severe.

Mr. Merton, a wealthy American, and his pretty daughter, Beth, were leisurely "doing" Europe, and had arrived the previous day in Paris from England for a stay of some weeks. On this first morning in the beautiful French capital, Mr. Merton had been moved with a strong desire for a morning stroll while his daughter attended to the unpacking, and with that idea, had arrayed himself in a new suit and was sauntering out, when Miss Beth besought him to take Cadwallader, her dog, along with him. Cadwallader, commonly called

"Cad," was an extremely ugly specimen of the genus yellow dog, and thereby hangs a tale, as you shall hear. The little creature had been rescued by Beth Merton from a crowd of teasing boys in Edinburgh a few weeks before, and in spite of opposition on the part of Mr. Merton, had become attached to their party by virtue of his evident affection for his fair preserver. His one inordinate desire seemed to be to get himself into trouble. Cad followed Mr. Merton into the parlor this fair spring morning and unobtrusively seated himself in a retired corner of the room, one eye anxiously fixed on his mistress, who came hastily forward at her father's noisy entrance, the other cocked toward the ceiling, in a peculiar fashion that lent a singular expression to his saucy face.

"Why, Papa," began Beth.

"I tell you, Beth, that dog must be disposed of this very day. He's a perfect nuisance. I'll not stand it any longer. Just look at me! Mud from head to foot, these new trousers torn and my hat a wreck. All on account of that beast. I've had a confounded circus with him for two mortal hours and I'm worn out." Mr. Merton sank into a chair and glared at the cause of his rags.

Beth hid a smile by hunting for a palm leaf fan, and said, as she offered it to her father.

"Tell me about it. I'm so sorry your walk seems to have been spoiled."

"Spoiled! I should think it was! Well, I started out from the hotel only to meet my old friend, Col. Williams, on the corner—you remember Col. Williams, Beth! Nice fellow, somewhat airy, but anyone from New York is a friend in this jabbering place. I stopped to talk with him for a moment and hear the latest from God's country, when we were interrupted by a

great hue and cry in the bar and turned to see Cad flying from justice in the shape of an old apple-woman, whose rickety stall he had evidently managed to come in contact with. The fruit was flying in all directions and a laughing crowd beginning to collect. I was praying devoutly that no one would recognize me as the possessor of the beast, when he caught sight of me in the crowd and bolted straight for me. He took up his station between my legs, with every sign of being perfectly at home. You may imagine the look on the classic features of the Colonel! I was mortified to death and got away as soon as possible. It cost me five francs to the apple-woman, however. Beth, I believe that dog is grinning at me; I declare, his face is nearly human!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Beth, merrily. "Cad always looks quizzical. That's because his 'off' eye is cocked, but go on, I know there is more. You haven't accounted for your torn tronsers yet."

"Yes, I'm coming to that. After the performance on the corner, I hurried on to the Jardin des Plantes with the firm resolve of losing the car there and so escaping further annoyance; but, my dear, we never arrived there, for I mistook the way and got quite out into the suburbs without knowing where I was. While I meditated on how to return, suddenly a party of wheelmen dashed down a slope ahead of me. Cad rushed madly forward, barking for dear life, and succeeded in causing the fall of the foremost rider. The one immediately following swerved his wheel to escape colliding with his friend and ran into me. Of course, we both went over in the muddiest part of the road, and I arose in the condition you see, only too mad to speak. The wheelmen were pleasant fellows—American—and in no way to blame for the accident.

One of them was Harry Williams, the Colonel's son. They are on their way to Cologne. Young Williams knew me, tho' I never remember seeing him before, and was kind enough to lend me a chain for Cad, to curb his spirits until I could get him home. He said we might keep it if it proved useful, as he had no need for it. It was made here for his bicycle, but proved to be too long and too light. It's just the thing for the dog, and I'm convinced that he would better wear it hereafter when he takes his constitutionals, or else he must part company with this family."

"Oh, dear! I hate to put a chain on Cad," said Beth, pleadingly. "Can't you give him one more trial before passing sentence on him?"

"Not another one," declared Mr. Merton. "It must be chain or separation, as you shall decide."

"Well, then, the chain, of course. Here, sir, come over and let me see it."

Cad, realizing evidently that his case was favorably adjusted, dashed across the room in great glee and sprang into his mistress's lap.

"Here, you scamp, be still! What business have you being so affectionate after your mischief this morning? Why, Papa, there's a name tag on this chain—'Harry M. Williams.' Are you sure he didn't want that?"

"Oh, I guess its all right. Besides, the boys have left town now, they were on their way when I collided with them. We can return it later," and Mr. Merton arose to adjust anew his disturbed attire.

"What sort of a fellow is Harry Williams?" asked Beth, as her father was leaving the room. "Is he a good-looking? I never saw him, but I've heard Tom speak of him, and Jessie Maxwell says he's awful nice."

"Oh, yes, he's good-looking as boys go. They all look like tramps in those sweaters. By-the-way, Beth, get ready to call on the Colonel and Mrs. Williams with me to-night. Perhaps we can plan to join routes from here, if agreeable to all, and say, my dear, you'd better see that Cad gets a scrub, he needs it as badly as I do."

(End of Chapter I.) M.T.S.

Killing time—destroying the calendar.

TWO EASTER MORNINGS.

Straight and tall on the window seat
The egg-doll sat,
In his high cock'd hat,
And next to him was his lady sweet.

An Easter hat was upon her head,
Blue was her eye
As the summer sky,
Her long, bright curling locks were red.

A scarlet bloom was upon each face,
Of an azure hue
Was her bonnet blue.
Black was his hat as the blackest ace.

* * * * *
Side by side on the closet shelf
The egg-dolls lie;
And of days gone by
Each, weary and sad, dreams to itself.

The rain drops trickle from out a leak,
Washing the white
That jaunty smile
And the brilliant red from off her cheek.

The last year's glories have passed away.
His collar is torn,
Of a hue forlorn
Are the azure ribbons that once were gay.

A Greek book, heavy with learning wide,
Lies on his head;
There remains no shred
Of the cock'd hat, once his joy and pride.

Still wait they for someone to pass them by
Who will clothe his head,
And paint her's red,
And mend that crack 'cross her bright blue eye.
A. M. KIDDER.

"ET TU BRUTE!"

"Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth," was the text of the rector's talk to the Sunday school that morning, and he had put his whole eloquent soul into the stirring plea to the young people to join the confirmation class then forming. Several times during the talk he had noticed with regret, the wandering attention of many toward whom his words were particularly directed, therefore it was with a decided feeling of pleasure that his eyes rested upon little Dorothy Dillane sitting nearly at his feet, with her serious eyes steadfastly fixed upon him. Dorothy was but recently graduated from the infant class and the novelty of the big room had not yet worn away. She was a demure, saint-like child in appearance, with fair curls flowing out from beneath her dainty bonnet and wreathing around her delicate face like the halo about a Raphael angel.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

thought the good rector, as he compared her reverential attention with the enforced good behavior of many of the older pupils. Then the thought came to him to ask her, while that heavenly, absorbed look still illumined the windows of the child's soul, what she was thinking about, what wondering, filled her tiny heart.

"Children," he said, addressing the school, "I have been very much troubled by the inattention and restlessness on the part of many of you during my remarks on a subject that should be of the utmost importance to you, your own precious souls. I have been deeply gratified by one child, and she the very smallest of you all, whose eyes have never once wandered from me for a moment and whose interest has been unwavering. I am going to ask that little child to give me her thought of what we have been considering together for the past fifteen minutes, and I trust that it may be a lesson to those older boys and girls whose thoughts have too evidently been filled with earthly matters." Bending over the lectern he spoke gently to the child who in her artlessness had not dreamed she was the subject of these last remarks.

"My dear, won't you tell us of what you were thinking while I was talking?"

Bashful Dorothy hesitated for a moment, taken thus by surprise, but gentle urging conquered her shyness, and suddenly her clear childish voice rang out shrilly into the silent room.

"I was a-wonderin' an' a-wonderin' how you got into that vest, an' I can't fink how you do it!"

The dear, old rector hastily vacated his place in favor of the superintendent, abandoning the attempt to inculcate any further truths that hour, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he passed his wife on his way into church and he was murmuring to himself:

"Dorothy, Dorothy! and thou also!"

The Three Graces: Misses Clifton, Bird and Fuller.

I wonder what makes Boyden Buck, and Will Smart.

Of all the sad words tongue ever has spoken, the saddest are these, "My suspenders are broken."

CONSOLATION.

(Respectfully dedicated to Eddie.)

Young Eddie Duckette
Decided to let
The fuzz on his upper lip grow;
But a month and a day
Have since passed away,
And nary a hair can he show.

Now Eddie my lad
Indeed it is sad
To see you so plunged in despair;
But cheer up, don't cry,
It will come by and by,
If you'll use some restorer of hair.

ONE WAY TO PREPARE AN ENGLISH LESSON.

"For to-morrow, write an original essay." were the horrible words of my teacher as the bell rang for dismissal.

Original! My heart sank in despair. All my life had I dreaded the hour when I should be made to choose a subject. Fortunately all my life I had had the subject given me, from the "Max and his Hat" of the first grade through all sorts of geographical, historical, descriptive writings of the higher grades. But now the time had come! I slowly made my way home thinking, thinking, thinking; for who had ever heard of my doing or saying an original thing—to say nothing of writing one? All the afternoon I spent in thought, the deepest kind of thought. I read whole books through, in hopes of getting some idea, but, naturally, everything I read had already been written about, so when the dinner hour arrived not an idea had I in my head. During the meal I scarcely ate a mouthful, so intent was I in thought, which indeed must have made me appear very stupid to the family to say the least. For two hours in the evening I did my other lessons, and then thought and thought and thought, but all in vain. At eleven o'clock I wearily went to bed and lay awake seeming hours, till finally I fell asleep hoping against hope for the smallest kind of an inspiration.

As the clock struck two, I awoke. A sudden thought struck me—a brilliant thought, a wonderful thought—such as I had never had before or since. I hastily rose, went to the window, pulled back the curtains to let in the moon's rays. There was no need for more light, especially as I

could find no match and my great fear was of losing my sudden ideas.

Having found a pencil and some paper I wrote for fully an hour and a half—crying at some parts of my story, laughing at others, so powerful was it in its pathos and humor in turn. Finally the last word completed I went back to bed, peace in mind.

* * * * *

I awoke next morning, joy in my heart as I thought of the strange but lucky moonlight event, and failing to remember even the subject of my essay, hastened to the window where only a few hours since I had displayed so much genius.

Alas! What to my indescribable horror did I see? On the window-sill were some eight or ten pages of blank paper, and beside them a pencil—a new one that had never been sharpened. CONSTANCE ADEE.

MAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Plans are progressing for the May Entertainment with every prospect of success, and the entertainment promises to fill our largest expectations of what Western High School talent can accomplish. The first part of the program will consist mainly of solo numbers by local artists, together with music by the Western High School Mandolin Club. "Love by Induction" is the name of the charming little play which will form the second part of the program. The cast is particularly strong, including Misses Josephine Davis, Claire Perry, and Messrs. Reed and Duckett.



Mercy! How hard the ice is this winter?"
—National Tribune.

A gum drop—a dislocated jaw.

HER ARRIVAL.

I had not seen my dear friend for two years. In the meantime we had, of course, exchanged Christmas and birthday presents, and kept up a weekly correspondence, but every one knows how unsatisfactory letters are. I wondered if she had changed since I had seen her last: two years is *such* a long time in a girl's life.

One morning I received a telegram: "I will be with you sometime Friday or Saturday," it ran. Dear me! how excited I was!

To-day was Friday and I now might see Marian any moment. I was all in a flutter. During school I scarcely gave a thought to my lessons, sad to say, so crazy was I to get home, for, my mother being in New York, the entire burden of the house-keeping lay upon me, and I most assuredly wanted everything in order before my friend arrived.

Finally home, I gave some orders as to the dinner, and then hastened to put my bureau in order, for every girl knows what top bureau drawers are. While sitting on the floor in the midst of gloves and ribbons and collars, the colored maid appeared at the door and announced, "A young lady to see you, miss."

"Did she give her name?" I asked in breathless excitement.

"No, miss," was the reply.

"Tell her I will be down in a very few moments," I said, trying to appear calm before the bearer of such exciting news.

Leaving the floor just as it was, I hurriedly began to dress, for I certainly wanted the first impression of me, after so long a time, to be favorable. I arrayed myself in my most becoming frock, and perhaps prinked just a trifle longer than usual, but I am sure no one could expect me to do otherwise at such a critical moment.

Finally, after fully appreciating the proverb, "More haste, less speed," I ran down stairs, into the arms of—Marian? No, the colored girl whom we expected as seamstress.

Did Marian arrive? Yes, the next day, but unfortunately found me smeared with chocolate, making caramels in the kitchen.

C. A. '98.

Whiskey is certainly "hot stuff."

THE WESTERN.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

It is Easter, the festival of the east-wind month. It is one of the most joyous seasons of the whole year; the time when the snows and frosts disappear, and the sunshine and flowers come in their stead. It is as if Mother Nature were brightening up after her long cold season of toil and drudgery, and beginning to shake out her garments. Our forefathers believed that everything was happy on Easter day. Even the sun, under the gay influence of Springtime, turned from its slow, sedate course for the only time in the year and danced in the Heavens. It is the closing of the last chapter in the year's history, and the beginning of a new book; the beginning of everything new and fresh and joyful. The ancients had a great reverence for beginnings. They were so usually followed by inevitable endings. And we are apt to share the superstition. Begin the day wrong and one is sure to spend it in fruitless pursuit of the unfulfilled duties. The time is nearing the close of the school year. This is the beginning of the end. And it behooves us to start in at this Eastertide with a beginning that will have a glorious ending. Among the many lessons of good will and charitableness which Easter teaches us, that of renewing our good resolutions and redoubling our efforts toward the right, is not the least.

Again we would urge you to feel a personal interest in the "Western" and to aid it by your contributions. Its object is

to "promote school interest, and to encourage literary effort among the students." If the entire school will not write for it, and the management of number after number is left in the hands of a few, its purpose is foiled, and we might as well have no school paper. You can never do too much. The old plantation negroes would tell you that "its a mighty po' bee dat don't make mo' honey dan he want," and it is easy to see that the more honey we get, the better will be the quality of what we use. We don't want to piece out the columns of our paper with inferior matter. We want to have a large choice and select only the best. To be sure another of their proverbs is: "Better de gravy dan no grease tall," but if we can't get the very best grease we don't want the gravy. Realize that to issue a good paper is as much a point of school honor as to win the drill or to be successful in any other contest with the other schools. Realize that our paper, as well as everything else concerning our school, must be better than any other, and do your best to make it so.

FLAG.

No longer shall we blush to see our naked flag pole standing forlorn against the wintry blast, for lo! the coins are fast collecting to purchase a new and beautiful flag, and on Thursday next, amid speeches and patriotic songs, the national emblem will be raised over the Curtis School. Long may it wave there, emblem of the glorious Republic and its sacred institutions which we all unite to honor.

The last few meetings of the Current Topic Club, although not devoted to any special topic, were enjoyed by all present, and a goodly attendance we had too. Cuban affairs were well discussed, and an exciting little talk arose from the Venezuelan question. It may be perhaps not unfitting to say that the majority of the members are of the first year, and as such are reflecting great credit upon the school.

Old as the hills—the valleys.

Never make love in a cornfield. Remember that corn has ears and is easily shocked. You should make an oat of this.

Why is the moon so often spoken of as the silvery moon? Because we get it in halves and quarters.

He can crack a good joke,
He can analyze smoke,
Who more mighty in lab. No, H.L.?
And when Kemptown with sound
Raised the echoes around,
To the florist's who hastened but he?
They say he's a talker,
And knows of a Walker
To whom he's all valor and dash,
But his object in view
When he smiles upon you
Is to beg you to view his mustache.
Don't look at it. Tell him to chop it off.

REV. J. H. BROWN.

KISMET.

'Tis Easter, the day when every church in this fair land becomes a bonnet show at which, if the day be fair, every bonnet in the congregation, worth the seeing, can be seen. Some deluded mortals do not yet acknowledge this, but let them look carefully around, the next time they attend an Easter service, and they will find that although the Rev. De Witt Smallbridge is delivering a two hundred dollar oration he is not receiving half as much attention as is Mrs. Smythe-Perkins who wears a fifty dollar creation consisting of a bent wire, a piece of velvet and six artificial violets—but enough of this.

Well, at about 12 A. M. on the Sunday on which I write, a youth of thirteen summers could have been seen to issue from his home on Umpteenth street and to take his way towards a Sunday school on the next corner. In spite of the fact that he is handsomely dressed, in spite of the fact that he is about to hear one of the most instructive discourses ever delivered to the youth of Washington, in spite of the fact that he carries in his hand a paper pyramid containing one dollar and twenty-three cents to aid in furnishing the South African negroes with mackintoshes, this young man is not happy.

Still it is hardly strange that he is not contented, for who ever knew a boy to appreciate such blessings as these? Indeed he does not consider them as blessings at all, for to him the good clothes mean inability to climb fences or trees; the beautiful discourse means a long hour of imprisonment, and the dollar and twenty-three cents means the price of a base ball wasted on people whom he has never seen and who will never pay him back.

As William Brown, for such is our hero's

name, ambles along, temptation, in the form of Sam Johnson, overtakes him and quickly conquers him, for does not William pitch for the "Small Cobblestone Base Ball Club" of which Sam is the captain, and does not Sam inform William of a game to be played at Rock Creek at 11 o'clock, and is not William obliged to obey his captain? Yea, verily.

The shades of night are falling fast when a silent figure can be seen stealing through the gloom of Willie's back yard. It is the wanderer returning. Suddenly the back door opens and a flood of light illumines the yard. He is discovered!

Immediately he is summoned before a court of which his mother is judge, jury and prosecuting attorney, and charged with playing hookey from Sunday school, spending the dollar and twenty-three cents and ruining his best clothes. Seeing that the danger is imminent, Willie brings his oratorical powers into play. He pleads guilty to the first charge, but pleads extenuating circumstances in the others. As the team possessed no ball, he, considering a ball of more importance to the C. B. B. C. than mackintoshes could ever be to the heathen, had expended the aforesaid sum on the article in question. Again, in the ninth inning he had felt called upon to make a desperate slide to second, to the delight of the spectators and the detriment of his habiliments, whence the tear. Having received all the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving her seat and the culprit was condemned to punishment and turned over to his father as the lord high executioner. Let us draw the curtain for half an hour!

After the intermission we find that the scene has changed. We see a small, dark scantily furnished room lighted only by the waning moon. Suddenly from the darkest corner comes a low, sad voice soliloquizing in this mournful strain:

"To reform or not, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and torments of outrageous whippings;
Or to take arms 'gainst all temptations,
And, by opposing, end them."

The voice ceases. A faint sound is heard as of some one fumbling for a match, then a sudden flash, and the room is flooded

with the golden light of a gas burner. There by the jet stands William, the author of the beautiful sentiments just expressed. He seats himself and continues to meditate, but this time in silence. Long does he cogitate, but at last he slowly rises and again stands by the jet; then he speaks:

"Yes, I will reform, for oft have I experienced the pangs of chastisement, nay, I even feel them now, therefore will I try the straight and narrow way and compare results." The room is again in darkness.

The next day is Easter Monday, the day consecrated to children even as Sunday is to bonnets, for on this day, and this alone, are the children allowed to play in the President's back yard. Here they may catch as many colds on the damp grass as they please, and eat as many eggs, cooked to various stages of hardness, as they choose, and you can bet they take advantage of the opportunity!

This morning finds Willie entirely recovered from his overnight experiences which we have related, and quite ready to keep his mental vow. In pursuance of his resolve he brings up a bucket of coal and goes without a murmur, to the drug store nearly a block away, but then, quite worn out by his arduous labor he arms himself with several eggs, carefully selected with reference to their hardness of shell, and repairs to the Whitehouse grounds to pick eggs.

Having exercised himself for awhile with this pleasing pastime he is about to turn his footsteps homeward when the opportunity for which he has been longing falls in his way. He will do a noble action that will square him with the world. For behold, a youthful tough is endeavoring to appropriate a basket of eggs belonging to some children; he will foil the thief and thereby win much praise. Boldly advancing on the robber he attempts to seize the basket, but fails. The thief runs and William at once gives chase. Both long and hard is the race, but right triumphs in the end and William calmly starts back with the recovered eggs and a highly colored eye received in the encounter.

Returning to the spot where the theft occurred he espies the children gathered about their nurse, who is trying to console them. Approaching the group, he attempts to re-

store the basket expecting to receive their thanks, but in this he is disappointed. Instead of receiving gratitude, the basket is snatched from his hand, his ears are soundly boxed and he is accused of the crime. In vain he tries to explain the facts in the case. The irate nurse will not hear him but threatens to call a policeman if he does not make himself scarce. Even here he is foiled, for just as he is about to sneak sadly off his mother appears upon the scene and noticing the disturbance comes to find out the cause. The nurse relates her tale of woe and as a result William is immediately marched home.

Again the court convenes and again is the culprit sentenced, this time to solitary confinement until further notice, which is to say until the return of the lord high executioner from office.

We take a last look at our hero as he sadly climbs the stairs to his lonely chamber, meditating on the strange events of the day, and unable to deduce from his sadly puzzled intellect any conclusion better applicable to the dire situation than the aphorism "Such is life." G. T. MAY.



Widow (ordering tombstone)—"And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it; just put, 'Died. Age 75. The good die young.'"—*National Tribune*.

"Honesty is the best policy," they say, but life insurance is good enough for me.

Why is a game of base ball like a buckwheat cake? Because its success depends largely upon the batter.

AN EASTER GIFT.

"What, Mammy?"

"Has I been yellen' at you all dis time an yer doan know what I said? Come hyar so I kin wash an dress you. Did'n you know dat dis is Easter, boy? I want yer for to take yer little brudder out in de sun."

"Oh he's too little, Mammy!"

"Does yo hyar me you ole rascal?"

When Reuben was dressed, that is, when his black face had been made more shiny by rubbing and his coat and trousers had changed color from dusting, a big bundle, with only a tiny face peeping out, was placed in his arms and he set out for a walk.

Mammy had a very little house in the midst of what had once been a plantation. Here she lived with the two grandchildren whom her daughter had wished to be sent to her as a last remembrance and who, Mammy said, "were not like ole time niggers!" All was so neat and clean that the neighbors said "you could eat off de flo'" and that is just what she wanted them to say.

Reuben sauntered along, holding the baby very uncomfortably, yet it did not seem to keep him from sleeping.

"Guess I'll let him get de sun hyar" he said, placing his burden on the grass, and, sitting bown beside it, he carefully reached down in his trouser pocket, brought out a large egg, hit it against his white teeth and placed it at his side; then he took out another, giving it the same treatment as number one. As he sat there, his black face smiling at his white friends, he looked up and saw far down the road a gang of ruffians. At first he seemed inclined to run but remembering his baby brother he held his ground.

"Hello, sonnie!" shouted one as they drew nearer.

"Look at the eggs," said another.

"There's a kid," whispered a third.

"Want 'er pick?" came from a fourth.

That was too much for Reuben, whose eyes sparkled for joy. "Yep!" he said. "You go fust, points—da, I got you—buts, dat egg's mine."

Oh how excited he grew as he won more and more until his pockets and cap, as well as his hands, were full of these treasures.

He gathered himself together, ran as fast as his short legs could carry him, never stopping to look around, never thinking of the bundle he had left, only on, on, he went until he reached the door-step shouting;

"Mammy, Mammy, hyar's a Easter gift fo you."

After depositing the eggs on the table he looked up at her in pride.

"Whar's yo brudder?" said Mammy after a pause.

"Oh Lordie I done clean fogot all about him," he replied in horror.

"Fogot him did you? go fine him, yo hyar me, doan you step in dis house till you done found him. Git out, doan you suppose de night doctors done cotechd him fo now?"

Out of the door Reuben shot like a flash and as he ran he looked up at the swaying trees,—"Doan you suppose de night doctor done cotechd him fo now?" they moaned. He looked into the stream as he jumped across, but it only echoed what he had already heard.

"Can't run no mo'" he gasped, stopping at the spot he had left, only to seek in vain for the lost one. "What'll I do? Whar did he go? But he can't walk. Dose ole white men done stole him. Oh Lordie! Dey was night doctors dey'll cut him up!" Such was his lamentable soliloquy as he went further from Mammy, further from home. "I'll fine him or neber come back." he sobbed.

Three years later there stood at that same spot on the road two little darkies. They were Reuben and his little brother.

"Hyars de place dat dey stole you from," said Reuben looking around in fear lest those same dreadful men might appear again. "And I hunted fo you an at las' da you was at de circus whar I was one night. Dey was g'wine to larn you when you got a little biggeah how to do all sorts of monkey shines. Jest as soon as I saw you I make up my mine to wait till all de rest was gone, an I did. I crep up an grabbed you so quick nobody knew it. Den I worked hard, sellen' papers, shinen' boots, till I got all dese fine close to come home in. Hyar we is. Look at dat ole hen strutten' round da. Bet she

come from one dose eggs I picked wid— See da, see da brudder, da's Mammy sitten in de do'. Dis am Easter. I guess she's thinken' bout us now."

He picked his little brother up in his arms, made a rush for the door-step and woke Mammy from a snooze as he shouted:

"Mammy, Mammy, hyars a Easter gift fo you."

ALBERTA WALKER.

The study-hall, after school last Friday, was the scene of another of our delightful musicales. The artists this time were Miss Grace Hamilton Jones, pianist, and Miss Mary Lockhart, soprano, the latter being accompanied by Miss Mignon Ulke. The following pleasant programme was presented:

Piano—Concerto, a minor,	Greig
Vocal Solo—Le Seran Rose,	Arditti
Piano—(a) Ballade III. Opus 47,	Chopin
(b) Novelette Opus 22,	Scharwenka
Vocal Solo—(Lady Mine,	Hawley
(Bid me Discourse,	Bishop
(Il Bacio (the kiss),	Arditti
Piano—Rhapsodie No. 12,	Liszt

The musicales are one of the most delightful features of our school life, and this in particular was a very enjoyable occasion to us all.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.



"A lady in skirts, Mr. Mushly, never knows half the delights of skating—"

Mr. Cassin, translating French, "I'm robust although I am thin." Guess again, Buddy.

Some one wants to know why Miss Concklin is always so Amyable (new spelling).

A great honor—blackening the Bishop's shoes.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896.

No. 13.

WHO IS SHE?

(Dedicated to this petite little, neat little, sweet little L——.)

She's a second year maiden, the fairest of all
That meet every morn in our large study hall.
When at nine silence gathers, serene and seelate,
I watch, feeling certain that she will be late,
When lo! through the doorway she comes with a
whirl,
This fly little, spry little, sly little girl.

Her form must be stolen from some fairy queen,
Her curly brown locks rival silk with the sheen,
And her hands and her feet are really so small,
You wonder why Nature e'er gave them at all.
Oh! Surely no other could ever surpass
This prim little, slim little, trim little lass.

Her lips are like cherries, and parting, disclose
The tiniest of teeth, set in pearly white rows,
And such dear little dimples play hide and go seek
O'er the fair peach-blow whiteness of each pretty
cheek,
That I struggle in vain with a longing to kiss
This light little, slight little, bright little miss.

What mischief looks out from her dark pretty
eyes;
'Tis here that Dan Cupid in ambushade lies,
And daily, nay, hourly, sends forth his quick
darts,
Each time bringing captives for this Queen of
Hearts.

Who is she? Of course you can all of you tell
This petite little, neat little, sweet little L——.

(G. F. B.)

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER II.

The Col. and Mrs. Williams left Paris the next day with the understanding that Mr. Merton and his party of five, including Cadwallader, who was not to be overlooked in such an important event, were to join them in Cologne the following week. "Then," as Mrs. Williams had proudly told Beth, "you must meet my Harry and his college friends."

Now, if there was one thing Beth abhorred it was a doting mother, so after this speech she promptly decided she would not like Harry Williams.

One afternoon, on their way home from a studio in the Latin Quarter, Beth expressed this opinion to Jessie, as a girl is wont to do to a close friend, and was greeted with a jolly little laugh and a merry jest. "Ah, Beth, you must wait and see him; he's nice enough in his way, but," she added slyly, "it's a mighty sweet way."

Tom was sauntering along beside them very much preoccupied with his own thoughts, for he had not heard a word of the conversation until Beth gave him a vigorous little poke with her parasol. "Tom, what is the matter?"

"Thinking," he answered slowly.

"Well, don't ever think again if you intend to look like that. Were they air castles or politics?"

"Neither one," he answered. "I was just thinking how much of the real beauty of nature is lost in a painting. Now, there's that little urchin with the tangled yellow hair and great sad eyes, whom we saw sitting on the curbstone; his pose was one of unconscious ease, and yet perfect; was it not, Miss Maxwell? Yet, I doubt if you should see it on canvas that the life would be there, the something that shines out from within and makes it more than a mere study of painted features."

"It is not all the fault of a conscious model," she answered, "it is the lack of genius in the so-called artist."

Beth could not help wondering secretly why Tom had so suddenly awakened to the beauties of art, when heretofore he had listened to her enthusiastic praise of Jessie's work and art in general with only languid interest. "But, then," she thought, and she smiled as though she had discovered an explanation for the noticeable change in her brother, "he has met a real artist and he feels the inspiration."

At that moment the innocent cause of that inspiration was walking between them, chatting gaily; her head thrown back, her eyes sparkling with life and interest, a deep color fanned into her cheeks by the fresh spring breeze. Then, indeed, could the Xrays have been brought to a focus on Tom's head they would have shown that, quicker than a kaleidoscope, the picture of the little curbstone child had been displaced by a lovelier and more lasting vision, that of a girl beside him.

After that Tom and Jessie spent a large portion of their time in the Salon de Paris. It is really marvelous what slight interests brought to bear upon a person's life may change the whole course or turn the stream of thought into other channels, whence it flows onward with greater zest, perhaps, than before. Not a few, as they passed through the Salon, smiled at the two who were so constantly pouring over the catalogue or else pausing before some great work of art, seemed to appreciate and enjoy every detail.

Thus the days slipped quickly by and the following Wednesday found Mr. Merton and his party bound for that quaint old city of Cologne. With some little exertion Mr. Merton finally succeeded in settling Cadwallader under the seat containing their grips and umbrellas, but having a few doubts in his mind as to the lasting qualities of his commands, he fastened the chain securely to the arm of the seat. Cad, not understanding the wild shrieking of the engine or the unaccountable manner in which he was bumped against the side of the car, gave vent to one mad yelp and landed in the middle of the isle just as the porter opened the door. Mr. Merton's dignity suffered another severe shock, and he was possessed with a wild desire to disown that dog. After many entreaties on

the part of Beth, and much to the satisfaction and amusement of the fellow-passengers, Cadwallader, with his ears drawn down and his off eye cocked pleadingly at Beth, was dragged forward by the porter into the baggage car.

Early in the afternoon the dingy walls of Cologne appeared in the distance, and toward three their train pulled into Central Station.

Cad, tucked safely under Beth's arm as they proceeded down the platform, was trembling with excitement; his ears alert and his eyes roving over the strange surroundings.

Mr. Merton slipped into the baggage room to attend to that ever troublesome encumbrance in the form of checks, while Tom went to summon a carriage. The girls preferred to wait on the front steps of the station rather than in the stuffy little waiting room, which was crowded to the uttermost. "It was a shame they put you in that old baggage car, so it was," Beth said soothingly, as Cad wriggled nervously under her arm.

"Suppose you put him down and let him feel that he's safe on *terra firma*," suggested Jessie.

"What a good idea, Jess! I'll walk him down to the corner so that he'll realize that he has returned to civilization once more and is not borne on by a shrieking monster of an engine. That, perhaps, will act as a soothing tonic for his nerves."

"I will wait here, Beth, so that Mr. Merton will not miss me when he returns," responded Jessie.

Cadwallader showed his appreciation of this scheme by flurried antics and many delightful pantings. When the two had safely passed the stand of cabmen, a huge mastiff issuing from behind a team uttered a low growl near by, and Cad, haunted by visions of his former miserable existence in Edinburg before the days of his rescue, bolted around the corner at a terrific rate of speed. Beth, fearing impending disaster, clung to his chain until brought so forcibly in contact with a young man turning the corner that her hat slipped over one ear in a most provoking manner, and Cad, released, dashed between the young man's feet and disappeared across the street midst wagons and pedestrians.

Flushed and breathless she stammered her apology. "It was that dog," she commenced. "He was so frightened I was afraid he would do something disgraceful, and now I—I—" and here for the first time she glanced into the eyes of the young man and saw that he, not at all disconcerted by the severe shock, was striving to suppress his amusement. Then they both laughed.

"I should not have turned the corner so quickly, but I trust I did not hurt you," he answered seriously.

"Oh, no, it was my fault!" she replied, "but Cad has"—

"I will find him," he called, and in accordance with his word Beth saw him bound across the street in pursuance of that miserable little dog, fleeing for his life.

Both cast an indignant glance at the row of cabmen who were laughing, and feeling very much as though she would like to hide from public gaze, she made her way back to Jess, who was always ready to sympathize.

"That dog has disgraced me," she said firmly, "and I'll never take him with me again, never! I almost hope he can't find him. I should not have minded so much had he been a foreigner, but he was an American, Jess, and so nice about it all. Here he comes with that wretched little animal in his arms, as though he was returning a lost treasure; I just know he enjoyed a good laugh at my expense 'round the corner."

The young man had a faint recollection of having seen that little "yellow quadruped," which was evading him, once before, but he could not remember where, until he caught sight of a dangling chain with a silver name tag.

His thoughts had regularly adjusted themselves to the situation by the time he reached the station, and he was not surprised when he was greeted by Tom, who

"I think," he said mischievously, when Tom had introduced him to the girls, "Miss Merton and I are not altogether strangers, and I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Maxwell before in New York."

"Why, Mr. Williams," exclaimed Mr. Merton, coming up to them hurriedly, "I am delighted to see you. Is the Colonel here?"

"No; he was unable to come and instructed me to bring all to our hotel for a genuine Dutch supper," he answered, as he helped Miss Maxwell into the carriage. But Cadwallader, ruled by his earlier instincts for liberty, rebelled against being placed within the carriage and raised a distressing howl. Mr. Merton grew impatient and Tom was cruel enough to suggest turning him loose, but Beth for once had nothing whatever to say.

"I think our moment of antagonism is passed and the dog and I will be friends," Mr. Williams said, with an amused glance at Beth. "See, he is actually laughing at me as though he enjoyed the joke immensely."

"No, Tom," he answered, "I know the way perfectly, I will walk and meet you at the hotel shortly."

Then as the carriage door closed, Tom and Mr. Merton looked askance at the girls, but they only smiled and gave each other a knowing little nod.

[End of Chapter II.]

KAMPTOWN.

Some new members have been added and they are good, solid ones, too.

The K. S. K. will by no means be quiet when the competitive drill comes off. The boys are thinking of going out in a "tally-ho," and, judging from last year's experience, it will not be difficult to locate the "red and green" on the field.

The Kamptown Soshul Klub is in no way connected with the organization which was not long since incorporated under that name. They are still doing business at the old stand, and have no connection whatever with any such "corporation." Banners of red and green, the Klub colors, will be seen in great numbers at the coming drill. Mr. Berry has this matter in his charge. Mr. Tanner, the invalid member of the Klub, has arisen to the position of Sergeant-at-Arms. He manages to fill the office very well, considering. Remember the K. S. K. is yet a school organization, having the interests of the Western at heart, by promoting a "loyal school spirit."

Why is a balloon ascension a very laughable matter? The further you go the more you lose your gravity.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

Miss Susan had a sweetheart,
Young William, tall and slim.
He thought an awful heap of Sue,
And likewise Sue of him.

But Pa did not like Willie,
Nor did his worthy spouse,
And Dick, her brother, said he would
Not have him in the house.

They put their heads together,
Then called their weeping daughter,
And told her what she ought to do
And what she hadn't oughter.

Pa said he thought that Susan
Should just sit down on him,
And ma said, not to waste a smile
On Willie, tall and slim.

Then Dick gave his opinion,
And said as how he would
If he was put in Susan's place
Just give it to him good!

Poor Susan's heart went thumping,
A bass drum wasn't stronger.
She cried and cried and cried and cried,
Then cried a little longer.

But Susan was a goodly girl
(That's where she showed her trainin')
She up and said she would obey
Although her heart was painin'.

So that same eve when Willie came,
Just when the day was done,
She gave him all the smiles she had,
And didn't waste a one.

And when he asked her for a kiss,
As all good lovers should,
She straightway followed Dick's advice,
And gave it to him good!

She followed all instructions
With Willie tall and slim,
And spent the next two hours
In a sittin' down on him.

MORAL:

Take heed of this, fair maidens,
And while your years are meller,
Obey your parents always and
You'll always have a feller.

G. F. B.

The May entertainment promises to be a success in every way. Besides the play, which forms the second part of the programme, there will be numbers by four of the most gifted artists in the city: Miss Bertha Lucas, violinist; Mr. Charles Crosby, tenor; Miss Brockett, elocutionist, and Mrs. Hormess, contralto. We look forward to this entertainment with a great deal of pleasure.

Who are coldest and most divided people in the world? The Poles.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Silas Backwoods was in love. Yes, so much so that he had determined to put an end to his single existence. Already he had made two attempts to broach the subject to his sweetheart, but, confound it, he had been baffled in every single attempt. He might have succeeded the first time had not Susan Ann's enterprising ma found it necessary to remain in the room the whole enduring time. Not in the least disturbed by this little misfortune he determined to brave it again next evening. This second time he succeeded remarkably well and had reached that point in the proceedings when it is absolutely necessary that no one else shall be around save the participants, just as the kid brother rushed in and caught Si in the act. So confused and withal so discouraged was Si that he decided to go home and let the matter drop for awhile.

A week had elapsed since this last failure and Si began to think it was about time he should try his fortune again, but this time there was to be no such thing as failure. As he was about to start for Susan Ann's one Sunday afternoon, he suddenly thought of something he had not provided for. He remembered that once when he had visited his cousin in the city she showed him her engagement ring and so he concluded that the ring was a most essential article. But where to get a ring he knew not. At last he struck an idea and going to his father's room he lost no time in procuring the desired object. As he passed down the lane he met his father returning from the barn with a few eggs in his hand. "Here, Si," he called, "take these eggs to the house while I git some water from the spring." Si reluctantly took the eggs, but with no intention whatever of taking them to the house, and waiting long enough for his father to get around the barn he slipped the eggs into his back coat pocket and went on his way.

He found Susan Ann all alone, much to his delight. Now Si wasn't usually bashful when with Susan Ann, but on this particular afternoon he seemed ill at ease. Drawing a chair close up to Susan Ann he seated himself. At the same instant he was very strongly reminded of the eggs in his back pocket, which, yielding to the pressure thus brought to bear upon them,

had been reduced to a conglomerated mass of shells, yolks and whites. There was no use trying to hide it, for the fact was self-evident and, to add to his discomforture, Susan Ann laughed audibly. A cleaning process having been completed, the poor fellow once more began his cherished subject. "See here, Susan," said he bravely, "I've made up my mind to quit foolin' and git married. I guess you ain't goin' to find any fault either, so its all right." "I don't mind, Si," said Susan, "but hev you got a ring for me?" "Of course," he replied, and fumbling in his vest pocket for a while he drew forth a large brass ring. "It's the best I could do," said Si, bashfully, "I cut it off pa's gallowses, but I guess he can hook 'em up with a nail."

The ring was slipped over Susan Ann's extended finger and received with as much pride as if it had been of the highest quality.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'95—Arthur Birch, of Lehigh University, spent the Easter festival at home with his parents in West Washington.

'94—Miss Etta Lee Hanger, who for several months past has been occupied in teaching at Staunton, Va., is at present at her home on N street. This early vacation is owing to the fact that the school term at Staunton is much shorter than that of the larger cities.

'96—Friends and classmates of Warren Bickford will be interested to know that Mr. Bickford is pursuing his studies amid the picturesque and historic surroundings of the Exeter Academy.

'93—Many of his old classmates were pleased to greet Mr. Taussig, who was in town during the Easter holidays.

'95—It is with sorrow we beg leave to announce the death on Friday last of the father of our old classmate, Miss Lulu E. Trundell, of the class of '95.

'93—There are dim rumors of weddings in which three of the '93 girls are to take a prominent part, but as yet the affairs have not been officially announced. In one of these it is understood that a '93 boy will also figure. It is safe to predict that the month of roses will bring one or two surprises of this nature.

THE WESTERN.

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MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

The Latin poet spoke truly. Time hath indeed wings, and he has flown with remarkable swiftness this last quarter. It is hard to realize that three-fourths of the school year are past, and the holidays will soon be upon us. Already in the budding trees and mild weather Spring is giving us a foretaste of Summer. The universal chirping of birds, the bright-colored crocuses in the parks, the tinge of green on the branches outside our own windows, all tell the same story. There is everywhere an invigorating freshness in the air and a sense of newness and brightness. Now, when the earth has escaped from the thralldom of winter and the sun's monarchy is still limited, is the season for work. The fourth quarter should be the most successful of the year. We like to think that our school is the best one, but it can be better still. We can all be better. And only constant effort on the part of the students can make it so. The third quarter has been a successful one. Out of it has come the Bicycle Club, which has already proved a source of much pleasure to its members. The Company has been steadily progressing, preparing itself to confirm anew, at the competitive drill, the confidence we repose in it. Preparations are going on for a pleasant entertainment in the near future, and, most important of all, our studies have progressed and we have gained in knowledge as well as in other ways.

At last the red, white and blue is floating

over our heads, and the flagpole no longer stands bare and grim on the roof of the Western. We were told in our exercises the other day, at the raising of the flag, that having our nation's emblem constantly before our eyes we have come to disregard it. We should remember that patriotism is as essential a part of our life, our school life and home life as anything else. It was patriotism in the first place that made our country free. It is patriotism in the daily lives of all the citizens that will continue to preserve and strengthen it. We must remember this, and let the flag floating above our heads stimulate us to greater and better deeds.

THAT PLAY.

What a joy and yet a sorrow it is to have rehearsals going on, for a little play or something equally fascinating, before our very eyes. The joy lies in the fact that we may expect a treat, the sorrow—well it would take many a page to dilate upon it. In brief, how miserable to have a door slammed in one's face with "you can't come in here, having rehearsals," or "you can't go in there, they are busy with rehearsals." Then how sad to see those actors (?) and actresses (?) skipping and tripping blithely along the hall, while we poor unfortunates are doomed to work and they get out of a recitation. Then how big it sounds to have one's name called from the lofty platform before a multitude who all know that "he" is in the "play." What envy smites our hearts! And when we can only catch a glimpse of the name of the play and ask what it is, to be greeted with "don't know, do you?" is more agony than we can endure. It is simply unbearable to "keep a guessing." So please hurry along ye balmy days of April and May and hustle over that "play" and put us out of our misery, for we feel as if we were not "in it."

The Normal girls had a pleasant though not an unexpected treat Monday. Miss Wilson of the Normal School came over and gave us a lecture about drawing. After all, it can hardly be called a lecture for it was so delightfully informal.

Miss Wilson has a charming personality and warmth which must attract all who know or meet her. Her talk given so skill-

fully and pleasantly was a source of great profit and enjoyment to us all, and you know we cannot always say that of a lecture. May she come again is our sincere wish.

CLUBS.

At the last meeting of the Bicycle Club, the ribbons for the members were distributed. Of course the colors are our dear red and white. The first run was then decided upon. April the eighth, the day appointed, dawned clear and bright. At about a quarter past two there might have been seen to issue from the Western a band of merry youths and maidens who in a few minutes whirled off on their silent steeds of steel. It was a perfect day for a run and our ride to Soldiers Home was both easy and delightful. Nothing exciting happened though, no one was lost nor was even a single tire punctured.

CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club is so very exclusive and secret that we have been unable to learn anything of their "goings on." Still, as we have given a gentle hint to our private detective we hope next time to have a long and fascinating article about them.

CURRENT TOPIC CLUB.

At the last meeting of the Topic Club is was noticeable that a good many seniors were present. Whether this was due to a gentle hint or to their own inclination we are not prepared to state. We merely note the fact. Preparations are being made for a grand debate to be held in the Study Hall. The subject for discussion and the participants have not yet been decided upon, but we all look forward to a very interesting and enjoyable talk.

Proud Father. (who is trying to teach his children politeness,) Charles, will you have some cake?

Charles. No.

Proud Father. No, What?

Charles. No Cake.

"Well, if that aint mean," said the prisoner, "every story they gimme to read has to be 'continued' and me to be hung next week."

One peach crop that is never a failure is the preserved kind.

THE JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY

A la Hamlet in continuity of thought.

To flunk, or not to flunk, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in a Junior to take
The awful risk of failing with a seven,
Or risking not, to buy himself a pony,
And thus, by bluffing, escape. To mount, to ride;
No more—and by that action to get an eight
Or a two, or the sweetest, finest nine
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To be free, to be literal;
To translate, perchance to give constructions—ay,
there's the rub!
For, in the doubt of that Professor's mind what
questions may arise,
While we do rattle off a flowery sentence,
Must give us pause. There's the point
Which makes calamity for a wayward Junior;
For who can, when dexterously holding a Cicero,
Covering the Latin words with a green leaf, scan-
ning the margins,
And, at that self same moment, holding a spirited
steed
With a nerveless, sinister hand, while the har-
dened rabble doth grin on,
Who can then, or at any time, give the construc-
tion of a verb
Which he doth not see.

JOLSTRUM.

MARY'S GHOST.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling.

"Howly saints! That's the thurd toim
thot haythen bell has rung in tin minutes,
and sorrow a body in sight!" This, from
a stout red faced specimen of humanity,
belonging to that eminently superior class
of society popularly known as "hired
girls."

Our Mary was a perpetual wonder and
never-failing source of amusement to us
Southerners, temporarily sojourning in the
Bay State, although a familiar enough type
in the North. Knowing nothing whatever
of the art of answering the bell, and still
less of that other art, that pearl of great
price, holding her tongue, our ears, accus-
tomed to the soft musical dialect of the col-
ored "help," were often scandalized by the
freedom with which this good natured,
freckled daughter of Erin ventilated her
opinion on all sorts of subjects, in that
shrill, piping voice, the like of which we
had never heard before. Pray, do not
think that Mary was regularly hired for her
present occupation. Oh, dear, no! It hap-
pened this way.

The butler, the maid, and Mary, the
cook, had informed us of their intention of
taking a little vacation of several days, to
attend a series of wakes—I believe they

called them such—and, on attempting to
supply substitutes, we had found, to our
dismay, that every other respectable serv-
ant was also going to attend the same
wakes—for, you know, all the "help" of a
Northern town are natives of the Emerald
Isle. Then we brought all our diplomacy
and persuasive powers to bear on Mary,
and finally, after a liberal bribe, she kindly
consented to remain.

Now, Mary, the queen of our kitchen,
was clearly out of her element above stairs,
but she could cook—oh, yes, she could
serve dainty morsels fit for a king—so we
kept her, and thereby hangs a tale.

The result of her noisy exclamation was
wonderful. Immediately, as if by magic,
all the younger members of the family ap-
peared upon the scene, eager for the fun of
"jollying" Mary. I was in my room,
reading, and, well knowing what torment
was in store for the poor creature, went to
the head of the stairs to—rescue her? Oh,
no! simply to watch the fun.

Looking down into the reception hall, a
rather confused scene met my gaze. Sev-
eral small boys hung, in a disorderly tangle
of heads, hands and feet, upon the arms and
back of a large chair, much to the surprise
of a little curly-haired girl, who gazed at
them with large, serious eyes, evidently
wondering which feet belonged to which
head. A pretty girl, with an amused
smile dimpling the corners of her mouth,
leaned against a door in a graceful, uncon-
scious attitude (studied for hours before
her mirror). Several young gentlemen
hovered around, throwing ardent glances
at her, from time to time, which she caught,
played with for a while, and then re-
turned with ten per cent. interest.

Just at present, however, the centre of
attraction was Mary, who stood in the
middle of the room, rendering, with her
usual eloquence and grace, a stirring de-
clamation. Every particle of color had left
her usually flaming cheeks, and must have
crept into her curly locks, for they were
even redder than usual, and stood on one
end like the quill of a porcupine. In one
hand she had gathered her skirts, as
though ready to flee if necessity demanded,
while her right arm was waved on high in
gestures intended to throw a light upon her
already clear meaning. Occasionally,

also, she gave a vigorous stamp of her by
no means dainty foot.

"And Oi'll stand it no longer, Oi'll hov-
yez understond! Oi've wurruck enuff of
me own, without having to run to the dure
iv'ry foive minnits attter nothin! Why
dinnot yez tell me the house war ha'nted?"

"Haunted? Goodness gracious!" cried
two or three in mock distress.

"Yis, ha'nted. Who could o' rang thot
bell but ghostes?"

"Who, indeed? Now I know who has
run away with so many of my handkerchiefs
and ribbons and flowers. It was the
ghost," said the pretty girl, thoughtfully.
Guilty silence among the ardent adorers.

"Och! Oi told yez so! Yisterday Oi
wint to the dure, and thar stood the cat.
Did the cat ring the bell? Now answer
me thot!"

"Bet your boots! That cat's a wonder!"
This from the owner of the largest pair of
feet.

"'Twar spirits what rang the bell.
Thot's all about it! Oi tell yez"—

But I turned away without waiting to
hear more. Truly it was strange, but I
rather suspected one of my small cousins
of being the "ghost."

I returned to my "den" and tried to
think that I was interested in my story.
Soon, however, I threw it aside in disgust,
as I had done with several others that
afternoon, and went to the closet where
my collection of books was kept, to search
for one better suited to my present mood.
Presently I espied one far up on the top
shelf, and stretched my hand to take it.
How provoking! Just beyond my reach.
But perhaps by springing I could get it.
One! Two! Three! Success! But
alas! Pride comes before a fall; and
crash! my book went upon the second
shelf.

Ding—a—ling—a—ling—lug—lug!!!
Again that troublesome bell. Checking
my woman's curiosity to see who was at
the door, I started to pick up my fallen
treasure. As I did so, my finger caught
upon a string or wire—I knew not which—
that lay at the back of the shelf, and—

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling!
Instantly the whole situation flashed
across my mind. I looked more closely.
Yes! there was a wire running along the

wall, back of the shelf. For nearly a week I had been imprisoned in my room by a cruel doctor, and, all other amusements having been denied me, I had spent much of my time in reading. Most of my books were on the second shelf, and—could it be? I grasped the wire and gave it a tremendous tug.

A long, loud peal of the bell, an agonized scream from Mary, a bewildered, "What can it be?" from the pretty girl, and a howl of delight from the small boys were the results of my venture.

I hastened to the scene, and soon explained matters to the satisfaction of all except Mary. She would have none of it. Up the stairs went she, into the trunk went all her belongings, and finally, in spite of all our tears and prayers, milady sailed forth into the gathering twilight, leaving us upon the veranda, pondering upon the cruelties of fate, and wondering what in the world we would do for breakfast the next morning.

And since then the occupants of the house have wondered why it is so hard to get "help."

GRACE FRANCIS BIRD.

IN PASSING.

"Lady, buy a Times."

"I don't want a Times," I replied, with perhaps unnecessary sharpness, for I had already been waiting a long time for a car, and as yet there was no sight of one.

"Lady, please buy a Times!"

I looked down and saw the smallest, dirtiest, most ragged little urchin that it was ever my luck to behold. His torn straw hat was pushed on the back of his tangled curls, and he stood in a manly attitude, one hand thrust deep in his pocket.

"Please buy a Times," he repeated, gazing at me in a beseeching manner.

"I really have no money," I said, wondering what had become of my car.

"Look in yer purse and see," persisted the child.

"I have nothing but a five-dollar bill," I answered, turning away.

"Well, if it had been a one I could have changed it," he remarked as he wandered off.

In about two minutes he was back again.

"Got any change, now?" he inquired.

"No; I haven't been shopping." I was getting interested in the boy in spite of myself, so I said: "How old are you?"

He looked up brightly. "Me? Oh, I'm seven. Don't know. Might be seventy-seven," he added, with the most roguish twinkle in his eyes. Then he went back to his old refrain, "Lady, buy a paper! Please buy a Times!"

I hesitated. He saw it and at once and seized his advantage.

"Lady," he said with the most solemn earnestness, "I'll be a good boy all day long ef you'll buy a paper."

I laughed. "Then you're not always a good boy?"

"I reckon I ain't. Leastways my ma, she says I ain't," he answered easily.

By this time my last trace of annoyance had vanished. I could not resist a smile.

"Well, if you really will be good, I think I'll have to get that paper," I said.

So I entered a neighboring drug store and procured some change.

He was waiting for me at the door when I came out, and he beamed with delight as I gave him a bright dime.

"I kin change that," he said proudly, giving me a paper.

Then that long awaited car hove in sight, and I had to run for it.

He followed me.

"Here's yer change, lady, here's yer change."

Never mind, you can keep it," I said, as the conductor rang the bell.

"Thank yer, lady. Deed I'll be a good boy all day long."

I stood watching him until the car turned the corner, standing there at the street crossing, with the gleeful smile just disappearing from the corners of his mouth and a pitiful expression making its appearance for the benefit of the coming wayfarers.

M. HOPKINS.

Why is editing a paper like carrying an umbrella on a windy day?

Because every one thinks he can manage it better than the one who holds the handle.

The boy who wanted to know if Ash Wednesday was the first Sunday in Lent is as bad as the one who said Cain killed his brother because he was Abel.

HUMOROSITIES.

Mrs. Little. How do you do Mrs. Long?

Mrs. Long. How do you do Mrs. Little?

Oh! said Mrs. Long "It reminds me of the song 'Love me little, love me long.'"

The man who thinks he is bright is seldom inclined to keep it dark.

The Chinese carry their devils with them wherever they go. They are great imp-(p)orters.

Voice from back of room as professor withdraws lantern slide leaving a blank space. "What is that?"

Prof. "My friend, that is an exact representation of the contents of your brain."

Babies are very fond of playing a game of ba(w)l.

What is most remarkable in the treatment of a pig? He is first killed and then cured.

Why are railways like aristocrats?

Because they teach every man to know his own station and to stop there.

A green grocer—One who trusts.

What is book-keeping? Forgetting to return borrowed volumes.

Johnny, you said Sally kissed you. Did you kiss her back? No, I kissed her face.

When a lady was asked why she called her two canaries Wheeler and Wilson, she replied, because neither of them is a singer.

When is one apple equal to four pairs? When its ate (eight.)

It is pleasant to shake hands with a girl whose fingers are covered with diamonds, for you feel that you have a fortune within your grasp.

When is physician most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

DEFINITION OF A KISS.

A kiss is a noun, altho' it is never declined. It is more common than it is proper; it is not very singular, and is generally used in the plural number and agrees with me.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MAY, 4 1896.

No. 14.

DEDICATED TO COMPANY "H."

(Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the boys,
They are marching with a splendor which all doubt or fear destroys,
They have learned the fateful manual of those terrible swift toys;
The boys are marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
The boys are marching on.

We have seen them in the toiling of a score or more fine drills,
They have practiced on the summit of as many more good hills;
Just notice our whole company, and see how well it drills;
As the boys are marching on.

CHORUS—

They have sounded forth the challenge that shall never say give in,
They will make those other fellows think on what they might have been,
They are marching to the struggle to forever lose or win;
The boys are marching on.

CHORUS—

And now for Captain Berry, who, our noble friend and true,
When going off the field with all our gallant boys in blue,
Will bid the other fellows, each, a lasting glad adieu
As the boys go marching on.

CHORUS—

Composed by REGINALD LEWIS.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER III.

"James, the Colonel wants you immediately. You needn't take your time about going, either, 'cause he hasn't got a minute to waste."

James carefully put down the boot he was blacking and started upstairs at a leisurely pace for the benefit of the chambermaid who was hustling around the kitchen preparing supper for the travelers about to

set forth. These travelers were Colonel Williams and his wife. It was but an hour since a peremptory despatch had arrived from London demanding their immediate departure for that city, and since that time the entire hotel had been in a ferment getting them off.

"Proprietor," said the Colonel in German to the hotel manager—the trunks had gone and he and Mrs. Williams were descending the steps for the last time—"tell that son of mine that I am called away to London on an important matter, and he must follow by the next train. Come, my dear, we must be off now. There's not a minute to spare."

Harry Williams walked leisurely home from the station, Cadwallader following at the end of his strap. The streets, owing to repairs, were full of obstructions, and he knew that the carriage must go by a roundabout way and arrive later than himself.

"I am glad I brought the dog," he thought. "There'd have been a tight squeeze with him in the carriage too. You did lead me a chase, though, you little mongrel. It's a good thing," he went on presently, "that the other fellows didn't stay. I prefer to entertain Miss Merton, (ahem!) and the rest of them, by myself. Of course we'll all sail home in the same steamer. Jack said they'd join us somewhere between here and England. Heaven grant it doesn't happen too soon."

With these and kindred musings the walk was beguiled. When he reached the hotel steps he was accosted by the proprietor, who, smiling blandly, delivered his message.

"The deuce!" said Harry, under his breath. "And those people are coming to dinner! Tell them to pack my bag immediately and send it to the station," he told the proprietor in German. "I can't wait for

that carriage," he added to himself, turning away, "I must go and meet them and explain and give that girl her dog." So, still clutching Cadwallader's strap, he dashed out of the door and across the street, himself darting to one side of the lamp-post and Cadwallader to the other. There they stood for a second, each frantically straining in his own direction, until Cad finally burst loose from his moorings and tore down the road. Harry stood dazed, holding the dangling strap before him. Suddenly, a realization of the situation dawning upon him, he started on a dead run after the fugitive. As he dashed madly around the corner, a German citizen, short and rotund, wearing an eyeglass and carrying a goldheaded cane, hove in sight. The next thing Harry knew the citizen was picking himself up from the sidewalk and the air was filled with German maledictions. A police officer came hurrying to the spot and inquired what might be the matter.

"Matter!" cried the German gentleman, "Donnerwetter, matter enough! This young scamp has come rushing headlong into me, knocking me down and breaking my eyeglass. Such violent characters should not be allowed in the city to connive against the peace of law-abiding citizens. I demand his immediate arrest."

Such a stream of questions and explanations flowed from the alternate mouths of the officer and citizen, the "ch's" running into each other, and an undercurrent of "r's" pervading the whole, that Harry was totally unable to get a word in edgewise. Before he half understood what had happened, the officer laid a heavy hand on his shoulder and marched him off in the direction of the city jail.

A few minutes after Harry's hasty departure from the hotel, the belated carriage

rolled up to the door, and the coachman assisted its occupants to alight. Mr. Merton walked up to the proprietor, who was standing on the doorsteps like a granite statue, with his hands behind his back.

"Has Mr. Williams returned yet? Are the Colonel and his wife at home?" asked Mr. Merton in his best German. The proprietor shook his head with a vague smile. "Well, in the name of goodness, when are they likely to get here?" persisted the American gentleman, with growing impatience. Another shake of the head, and another smile equally bland and vague was the only reply. Mr. Merton stared hopelessly at the proprietor for a minute. Then he turned to his daughter. "That fellow doesn't possess an ounce of sense," he said, "We will go inside and wait for them."

Accordingly the four disposed themselves about different parts of the sitting-room and occupied their minds with conjectures as to the missing hosts. As time went on the conjectures grew fewer and fewer, and finally ceased altogether. Mr. Merton bought a paper and soon was engrossed in the shipping news. Tom and Jessie retired to a dark corner and Beth was left alone with her thoughts. Presently her father was nodding over the stock reports, and finally he fell into a comfortable nap. The silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock, the sound of the call-boy conversing with the cook, and the occasional rumble of a cart outside. Some hours later Mr. Merton awakened suddenly to find his daughter gently shaking him by the collar. "Papa," she was saying, "papa, wake up. It is nearly ten o'clock and nobody has come. I am afraid something is the matter."

"Eh, my dear, what is it? What's the trouble?"

Mr. Merton aroused himself and looked sleepily about the room. Jessie and Tom had departed some time since, with the announcement that they were going for a walk. An oppressive stillness reigned supreme. Mr. Merton stamped out into the hall.

"What's become of the Colonel? Why doesn't that young chap turn up? Confound it! Where's the proprietor?" The last-named functionary, hearing his name

thus taken in vain, hurried up to the impatient gentleman.

"Where has everybody disappeared to? Why don't Colonel and Mrs. Williams come?" said the latter, again in his most polished German.

"Ich weiss nicht," said the proprietor, blandly, "Ich kann nicht Englisch sprechen."

Mr. Merton turned in despair to the office clerk who had just come on the scene. "Make him understand what I mean," he said.

The clerk, fortunately, owing to the necessities of his position, had a smattering of English. He laid the facts of the case before the proprietor.

"Oh," said that worthy, "was that what the gentleman said? I thought he was inquiring about breakfast. Colonel and Mrs. Williams left for London by the 6.20 train. Mr. Harry Williams followed them some ten minutes before the gentleman came. His father left word for him to do so."

Mr. Merton, who, with most foreigners, understood the language better than he spoke it, gave expression to a single word, short and forcible, but impolite. "Papa!" said Beth. "I beg your pardon, my dear," replied her father, "but there are limits beyond which even my patience does not extend," and unheeding Beth's suggestion that they had "better wait for Jess and Tom," he seized his cane and started for the door.

The sun rose the next morning to find Mr. Merton and his daughter installed in the apartments previously engaged in another hotel. Early as the hour was, the two were engaged in earnest conversation.

"Papa," said Beth, "I don't know what has become of Harry Williams, and I don't care. He had no right to leave us that way without any word. What I do want to know is, where is Cadwallader? Oh, wait till I see that boy again. I'll have something to say to him. There are Tom and Jessie, too, they haven't come back yet. I'm worried about them." "I'm not," replied her father, "Tom has a head on his shoulders. That is, usually. I believe he leaves it at home when he goes out with that girl; and Cadwallader is no loss. In fact, I'm thankful—"

"Papa," said Beth, "you're not! Cad-

wallader must be found; he has Harry Williams' name on his tag. You must advertise for him at once by that. As for Tom and Jessie—"

"As for Tom and Jessie," said her father, turning away from the window, "you needn't worry about them, for I see them coming up the street now."

"This is a pretty mess," remarked Harry to himself. He was installed in the most palatial apartment the Cologne jail boasted. It was a room eight by ten, with the bare floor quite innocent of a carpet, and a wooden bench for its sole article of furniture. On this bench the woe-begone prisoner was seated, his legs stretched out in front of him, his arms folded, and his hat pushed over his eyes. The prison officials had searched him the night before, hunting for dangerous weapons or treacherous documents. They had found neither, but they had taken away his cigarette case and he was unhappy. His breakfast that morning had not been all that an epicure could picture. Between the intervals of annoyance at his own situation, his mind reverted with wonderment to the fate of Mr. Merton and his party. Then there was another mystery. "What the dickens is it," he kept asking himself, "that has called the dad to London like this at a minute's notice?" After a while the officer of the previous night entered the room. "Thank goodness," thought Harry, "they're going to let me out now."

"Here is an advertisement," said the official, "offering a reward for a dog whose strap has a tag on it bearing the name 'Harry Williams.' We found this strap and tag on you last night. I was certain you had been stealing something. You will be kept in custody for a week or so till the court can attend to your case." And with that the officer departed, leaving the prisoner alone with his despair.

Jessie and Tom had started forth the night before, and strolled aimlessly about the streets of the quaint little town, both too absorbed in conversation to notice the flight of time. It was Jessie, who, stopping finally to admire a picture in a lighted shop window, inquired casually what street they happened to be on. Each looked up and down, searching in vain for familiar landmarks.

"Tom," said Jessie, "I believe we're lost."

"Jessie," said Tom, "I believe we are."

With one accord they hastened, if possible, to retrace their steps, or at least to find some English-speaking person. Jessie knew no German, and Tom still less. On turning a corner they were surprised to hear the sound of loud voices and see a crowd collected in the middle of the street. They hastened to investigate. It proved to be a number of spectators gathered about some police officers with a short, yellow dog.

"It's Cadwallader," cried Jessie. "It's our dear Cad." His ugly quizzical visage seemed to her the countenance of an angel. It was the face of a friend. She dropped on her knees beside him and gathered him in her arms, the crowd staring in unfeigned amazement. Tom hurried up the police officers and proffered an explanation. Fortunately one of them understood English, and he stated the case to the others. "But we have a prisoner in the jail who says the dog is his," he told Tom, "a man found the beast last night and brought him to the prison. We were taking him to the pound to wait there till the prisoner gets out, when he stopped here and refused to go farther."

"I don't care what your prisoner says," said Tom, "this is our dog."

"Yes, indeed, it's our own Cad," sobbed Jessie.

"It is impossible," said the officer, "the prisoner says the dog is his."

"But he stole him," cried Tom.

"Very likely," said the official, "but we cannot surrender him without sufficient proof." As he refused to argue further, Tom and Jessie moved sorrowfully off, having learned the way to the hotel (where they subsequently discovered the departure of the Colonel and Beth for their original apartments).

"That contemptible villain!" said Jessie, "Beth will be ready to murder him when she hears he stole Cad. We must hurry and tell her about it. I do hope he gets a long term in the penitentiary."

"If you please—" The prison official turned and stared in amazement at the apparition before him in the hallway of the jail. It was a young girl with a sweet face and soft, fluffy hair beneath her broad

sailor hat. "If you please," she said, "may I see the prisoner who says that that dog is his? I am very anxious to speak to him."

"Of course," replied the bewildered officer, "step this way."

"Oh, dear," thought Beth, for she it was, as she obeyed; "I know it is some terrible villain. I almost wish I hadn't come, even to get dear Cad. I never before spoke to a bloodthirsty criminal."

The prison officer stopped suddenly and opened a little door, and she entered. The next minute Beth and Harry Williams stood face to face.

[End of Chapter III.]

ENDURANCE BEGINS AT HOME.

Each comrade take a seat—

This is your place, and we
Shall gladly talk while we eat
Of the land we helped set free.

To-day when the sky looked black
I thought of that day long ago
When the clouds seemed to soar, 'member Jack?
Like a bird of prey o'er his foe.

And I thought of the noise and din
As they called us to arms, in a trice.
We went in determined to win
We conquered, but great was the price.

In the midst of the fight we went,
Many were killed all around.
I stood near a cannon that rent
The air with its terrible sound.

I often smile when I see
Women who try to be men.
They can act it as well now as we,
But I wonder what they would do when—

The cannon roared out in their ears,
And the fire so hot, near each head,
Scorched the hair. Ha! think of their fears
When the fair skin was cooked dark as lead.

Ha! ha! Shall I pass you some more?
Whew! Ouch! Nan, come take this dish!
Oh! what are you standing there for?
Here, take it, you know I don't relish

Blisters upon my hands, this way,
It will take a long time to remove them,
Don't stand there and smile at me. Say,
Go get me something to sooth them.

ALBERTA WALKER.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Those who expect to participate in the athletic events on Georgetown Field are training faithfully for the occasion. We wish them success, and sincerely hope they will give a good account of themselves.

Although none of our officers were fortunate enough to win the medal in the

officers' competitive drill, Lieutenant McGowan succeeded in remaining until the last three. This showing was quite creditable, and we are justly proud of our popular officer.

The Outing Bicycle Club, composed entirely of male riders of the school took a run to Baltimore on the 17th. When the run was proposed, the members were enthusiastic over the venture, but when the time came for starting the "enormosity" of the undertaking had appealed to the majority of the members to such an extent that only four started. Those who composed the "faithful few" were—Wright, Mannakee, Smith and Wilson, and they report a pleasant trip despite the intense heat.

The L. I. C., the club in the 2d year, has died a natural death. Long rest its bones.

The Camera Club, true to part of its profession, is "keeping dark." The most persistent inquiry has failed to elicit any information as to the club's doings, and it is our belief that they are doing nothing. But it is whispered that the club is soon to take a trip for the purpose of obtaining views, and then we will have the opportunity of observing its work.

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 29.—J. Hawley Taussig, the plucky little end, is a junior in mechanical engineering. He is a native of Washington, D. C., where he attended the high school and first played foot ball. Here he held the light weight wrestling championship and won several Columbia Athletic Club medals. His home is now at Philadelphia. He entered Cornell in the fall of 1893, and though starting in late to play foot ball, soon found himself a member of the 'Varsity team. In his first game, in New York, he gained the nickname of "Towser," which he has borne ever since. In the Spring he rowed bow in his Freshman crew, pulling a strong oar, but of such short reach that he had to swing out to complete the stroke. Last Spring he was a substitute on the 'Varsity crew. He also holds the wrestling championship of the University. This year he was a member of the Junior Prom Committee. He is five feet six inches in height, is nineteen years old, weighs 141 pounds, and is a perfect specimen of physical development.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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MONDAY, MAY 4, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

After this number there will be but one more issue of the "Western" this year. We hope that our paper has accomplished its mission so far, and been a source of edification and amusement to its readers. If so, it can enjoy its summer rest and vacation with a quiet conscience, as well as the rest of us, and be all the fresher and better in the fall. However, it behooves us to have a final fitting ending to this year's efforts. Shakespeare tells us that "the end crowns all." It would be a vast pity if the last issue of the "Western" were not the best of the year. We expect to have an interesting number. It will be larger than usual, and its contents will include the last chapter of the serial and stories by the best writers in school. But we need your co-operation, and so comes the inevitable plea for contributions. It is Shakespeare again who says, "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." We may not all be "well favored," but we can everyone attempt to write something; some happening in class, an incident that occurs on the street, a joke, a verse, anything to make a beginning and increase our confidence in our own powers. The school has all the year done nobly in supporting and contributing to the paper, but now make an extra effort and let the star of the "Western" set in a blaze of glory.

The end of the third quarter, with the subsequent excitements and dangers of matinee day, is a thing of the past. With

old scores wiped out and a clean record before us, we are ready to retrieve the numerous faults and errors of the year during the fourth quarter. How many of us, I wonder, would like to employ old Archimedes and his lever to turn the world back for us to the end of last September? Beginning the term anew, would we, made wiser by the experience of all these months, refuse to again commit the same blunders? Would we with more success re-encounter the same difficulties? We are all stronger than we were at the beginning of the year; we have achieved many successes as well as made many mistakes, but it is by our mistakes that we profit. You all know the tale of the king's son whom his father sent out to seek his fortune. From beginning to end the road was blocked with heavy stones of all kinds and sizes. These the young man was obliged to lift out of the way as he proceeded, the exertion required to move each one making him stronger to encounter the next. It is a well-known fact that if no one ever met with difficulties, no one would ever improve, and the world would stand still. Rather than go backward take a look into the future, into the spring of next year, and see the Western older and better by the experience of a twelve-month, during which time we all, by encountering and surmounting the difficulties in our path, have lessened the number before us.

The last "Review" has come to our hands. It is essentially a school paper and faithfully recounts the numerous happenings in the great world of the Central. It says truly, in its Exchange Department, that a school paper should not consist of stories and poems alone; but we would suggest that a little more of this class of literary production would be a gain to the "Review's" own columns. A school paper should not be merely a catalogue of proceedings in the different departments. As such it will never "amuse the reader" nor "elevate the literary tone of the school." Not to be beaten by their elders, the A boys of the Central have put their heads together this year and evolved the "A Crescent." We admire their courage and determination in thus launching forth unaided upon the frothy sea of journalism, and we also admire their paper. The little sheet, printed by a hectograph, reflects credit upon the young editors. By the time they reach the fourth year they will form a competent staff for the "Review." Let our own First Year boys profit by their ex-

ample, and prove by their contributions to the "Western" that they are able to do as much.

KAMPTOWN.

Kamptown's grand choruses at the drill will be the hit at that exhibition, and consequently should be missed by none. If you failed to hear them last year, at the drill, don't let this chance slip by.

Among the numbers will be a solo (by Mr. R. Leetch), "What's matter, Company II?" Quartet (Berry, Nesbitt, Tanner and Duckett), "Krickety, Krickety, Ki Yi." Duet (Alexander and Wright), "English, Latin, German, Greek," and last, but not least, Kamptown's new chorus (yell) by the entire klub.

FINAL NUMBER.

Number 15, Vol. I, of "The Western," will appear May 25, after the competitive drill, in order that the result of that drill—Company II's victory, we hope—may be contained in it.

As it is to be the last number issued this year, it will be a special number in size, contents and importance. Don't forget it!

CLUBS.

At the last meeting of the Current Topic Club the participants in the coming debate were chosen: Negatives—Miss Cobaugh, with Mr. Berry to close; affirmatives—Miss Woodruff, of the first year, with Mr. Alexander to close. An interesting topic has been chosen: "Resolved, That there should be an educational qualification above the present average for voters." The judges, three teachers and two students, have not yet been decided upon. As first stated, the debate will not be held in the hall but in Room II. All are cordially invited, and we hope to have a goodly meeting.

A very exciting meeting of the Senior class was held in Room II, Thursday, for the election of the class officers. After considerable balloting, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Reese Alexander, First Vice-President, Miss Florence Lyddane, Second Vice-President, Miss Alice Coyle, Secretary, Mr. Jesse Wilson, Treasurer, Miss Geneva Johnson, Class Representatives Miss Alice Clarke and Miss Josephine Davis, Committee for selection of pin, Mr. Robert Leetch, Miss Davis and Miss Concklin.

DEDICATED TO LIEUTENANT SMOOT.

This is about our Lieutenant gay,
With his eyes so sparkling and bright;
Before his epaulets he had donned
His pride and his soul's delight.

He fell in love with a maiden fair,
His elder whom he did deem
Worthy to be the object of each
Flower and hope and dream.

One night when the party was safely o'er,
He thought, "I will have the chance,
Of seeing my lady dear home alone,"
And his eyes with joy did dance.

They neared the cable so swift at last,
And he helped her safely on.
With a nod and a smile she gaily said,
"'Tis late, little boy, run home."

Then the stars they started each from their
spheres,
To guide his small feet aright,
And his manly form it shook with tears.
For he walked home alone that night.

NOTHING SERIOUS.

He had been swimming and as he leisurely pedaled down the long, shady village street, still feeling the refreshing coolness of the water on his flesh, Morgan felt more at peace with nature and things in general than he had all the long hot day. He knew that he was in time to dress comfortably for supper, and consequently had that pleasing sense of righteousness and safety which we all feel when we are well on time.

He felt so well satisfied with himself that when two visions in white lawn, with lace parasols and other feminine appurtenances came within range of his beatific sight, his hands disdained the use of the handle bars. One of the visions was that diminutive tease Sally Anderson, or according to her own accounts, *Miss Sarah Anderson*. And the other could be no other than her long heralded Washington cousin.

Morgan was in the act of making what gave promise of being a most finished and graceful bow, when his front wheel (bereft of its guiding hand) struck a large stone. Neither Morgan nor his wheel stopped. But there seemed to be a difference of opinion as to which side of the road should be transversed. Morgan preferred the side nearest the girls.

While he was rubbing the dirt out of his eyes he noticed that the usual stars

which danced before his vision on such occasions were wanting and in their place were substituted two pair of laughing eyes. A moment later he saw that there was nothing supernatural about this as the eyes belonged to Sally Anderson and her cousin. He wished it had been supernatural.

With one hand pressed to her side and her head thrown back against her parasol stood Sally, a perfect picture of diminutive blonde merriment, (devilment, Morgan said). Finally she spluttered.

"I say Morgan, wont you teach me to ride with my hands off too? It looks so easy."

Morgan tried to smile and couldn't, tried to think of an answering witicism and failed, tried to walk dignifiedly across the road to pick up his wheel and limped. So he limped back again and was introduced to Miss Claire Merton, a tall, rather pretty girl, full of tact, who by her sympathetic way of talking soon changed Morgan's private estimation of himself from that of a "blamed Jackass" to something like that of a martyr.

This illusion was not lasting however and by the time he had rolled his wheel up the terrace of the wide lawn and deposited on the broad veranda of the little house buried among the chestnuts and the oaks, his former opinion returned in full force.

Kicking his faithful collie out of the way he gave vent to his feelings.

"Confound it, I believe that if I ever get lost on my wheel I can bring about forty-seven grinning idiots in sight by simply and ungracefully falling off. But, Gosh," he added, brightening up and smiling inanely, "that city cousin's all right, aint she?"

By the end of the week Morgan was desperately in love, or thought he was, which amounted to the same thing.

* * * * *

Saturday morning, a fortnight later, Miss Merton, Sally, Morgan, and quite a number of other brave youths and fair maidens, together with three matronly chaperones and several portentous lunch baskets, were in a full tide of jokes, laughter and general conversational buzz, while the noisy, jolting sunlight car, which they

almost completely filled, carried them at the exhilarating rate of twenty miles an hour towards the destination, the "tournament and picnic of the Firemans' Association of Withersburg."

It is perhaps worthy of mention that Morgan and Claire, as he now called her, were esconced in the rearmost seat of the car, a point of vantage.

Morgan had always before fought so shy of girls that now he was the target of many a sly look, wink, smile and even joke. Everyone was in the best of spirits so the jokes were stingless. Only the bright face of the jovial little Sally would cloud and look worried sometimes as she glanced towards the back of the car.

They had not far to go and soon the little procession of parti-colored parasols, duck trousers and heavy lunch baskets (very heavy by this time), with its rear guard of more soberly dressed dames, was marching gaily along towards the "tournament" field.

It was the first tournament Claire had ever seen, so upon their arrival she gazed with some interest at the row of three gallows-like arrangements, from which the little iron rings were suspended, and declared that the "knights" galloping with their sharp pointed lances, could never hit such small objects.

Morgan assured her that they could and would however, so she turned her eyes towards the rows of carriages and daytons backed up on either side of the covers and found much to interest her in the beaux and belles of all ranks of country society who filled them. She was watching the firemen, marshals, hurrying about with that tremendously rushed air such people will assume, and was pitying them for the immense amount of trouble they seemed to have with those preposterous helmets which they took off every minute or so, to wipe their perspiring brows with equally outrageous bandannas.

She was wandering too, why the farmers insisted on carrying their whips with them everywhere and if they intended to use them on the awkwardly-shod, tow-headed children who trooped after them, when the augmented confusion and excitement of the perspiring marshals proved that the tournament was about to begin.

After some delay and bawling out of knightly titles and cabalistic numbers relating, presumably, to the adjustment of the rings the first "knight" came tearing down the course.

As he leveled his lance at the first ring, the sun poured down on a silent crowd. As he took it, there was a slight stir and a buzz of voices counting, "one". The next he missed and there was a sympathetic movement among the crowd as they said, "he missed it". The third he took, and the noise of the people and of a braying brass band broke forth simultaneously as he wheeled about, far down the field, to ride back.

Claire began to have some idea of a "tournament" and though it was an old story to Morgan he was well satisfied with his office of explaining.

They staid and watched the sport until the sun, glaring down on them with increasing fervency, called them from the open field to the picnic grove beyond. Here they found most of their party (which had scattered upon its arrival) engaged in unpacking the lunch. They were both called upon to help and Morgan presently found himself busy laying out sandwiches, fried chicken, pickles, &c., on a long wooden table supported by trestles, and flanked with backless benches. This when he was not "toting" water or rolling lemons in that henpecked way to which all young men who go on picnics must submit.

But somehow when they all sat down to eat, Morgan found some one else feeding pickles and chicken to the object of his adoration. It made him positively savage to note that Sally Anderson seeing him look chagrined, herself looked relieved.

The day passed much as other picnic days do and by the time the fagged out party had begun to drag themselves through the evening gloom towards the station, every empty basket and dainty parasol in the crown was called into requisition as a protection against the inevitable picnic rain.

Plodding through the mud and water, Morgan was doing his best to protect Claire's white dress, (ignoring his own limp, mud splashed "ducks" with a self-forgetfulness touching to see), when a

slight scream from Claire caused him to throw his arm about her with all the presence of mind imaginable. It was well that he did, for stepping on a stick half buried in the mud, she had twisted her ankle severely.

Morgan's idea of the amount of support she needed was exaggerated, however, even under these circumstances.

But at length, with the help of another youth, entirely superfluous from Morgan's point of view, they got her to the station, there to wait in sudden silence for the belated train.

When it had come and they were all arranged inside with as much comfort as was compatible with tired bodies, wet clothing, uncomfortable seats and light too poor to admit of reading. Morgan got up and went out on the back platform, lit a cigarette after many fruitless attempts and settled himself with his back to the car and his foot propped up against the iron railing, in an attitude of meditation.

The situation wasn't remarkably dry, but he thought it was preferable.

Inside the car Claire half reclining on the seat, with her hat off, her hair unbound and straping over the plush back of the seat, and a look of suffering and need of sympathy in her pretty face had been too much for him. He felt so unutterably soft that he was afraid he would do something foolish. So he had come out here.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts", and Morgan's were of the longest. He was building castles in the air and weaving sweet fairy tales. And the queen of the castles and the enchanted princess of the fairy tales was always the same. The poor boy was suffering a severe attack.

Wrapped up in such thoughts, the whistle blowing for home, startled him and throwing away his cigarette, long since died out, he went back into the light of the car.

A few moments later, with trembling arm, he was lifting Claire off the car. The train was not on the track next to the platform, so he had to carry her over the tracks and broken stone intervening. Morgan wished that the station lantern which, shining through the darkness made all the rain drops within range of its yellow ray

sparkles as they fell, had been several miles distant. But it wasn't.

So interested was he in his burden and in his own thoughts that he did not see the mackintosh figure, with its handsome, bearded face, anxiously scanning the picnicians from under a dark slouch hat and a big umbrella. As he was setting Claire down upon the platform, however, the man approached with an exclamation of relief, and, putting out his hand, said: "Claire."

Morgan, hearing her whisper a name to herself amazedly and in a half frightened way, felt her draw back towards him.

Then she started forward suddenly, and forgetfully putting her weight on her hurt foot, she almost fell into the stranger's arms.

Morgan stood still, stunned by the expression on both their faces. He felt a hand on his arm, and turning about saw Sally looking up at him contritely, with tears or perhaps rain drops on her white little face.

"Who is that?" he whispered fiercely.

"Mr. Morgan," she said, with a sob of genuine sorrow in her voice; "I ought to have warned you, she's engaged to that man."

JAKAI.

BICYCLE CLUB.

The club was to have had a run Friday, the 24th, but as most unfortunately it rained, all were deprived of a pleasant trip. Still we hope to have a nice spin in the near future.

GRINS.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use "damp sheets."

What disease do reapers often get on a hot day? A "drop sickle" affection.

Sunday School Teacher (to pupil). Who made that vile body of yours?

Pupil (who had on a new dress). I made the *body*, but *Ma* made the skirt.

"Elizabeth, my child, (said a very prudent old maid to her pretty niece who would curl her hair), if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled He would have curled it Himself."

Elizabeth. "So He did, aunty, when I was a baby, but now He thinks I am old enough to do it myself."

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.

No. 15.

MAY MOONLIGHT.

All the garden, kissed by moonbeams,
 Wrapped in sweetest slumbers lay,
Time, enchanted by such beauty,
 Seemed to halt twix day and day.
For at night, in the white moonlight,
 We all are young in the month of May!
There, in paths all crossed and darkened
 By the shadows of the trees,
To the fairy songs we harkened
 As they floated on each breeze,
For at night, in the white moonlight,
 Fairies and flowers are vying to please!
Cradled in wisteria blossoms
 Rocking lightly to and fro;
See them! Hear them! Gay and winsome!
 Laughing, singing as they go.
For at night, in the white moonlight,
 Fairies and flowers are murmuring low.

A. K. C. '96.

CADWALLADER.

CHAPTER IV.

It was late that afternoon when, deeming her day's adventures completed, Beth Merton sat meditating in her own dainty apartment. Cadwallader, for once considerate of his mistress' mood, snoozed on the hearth rug. Had she recorded her thoughts in a diary, a thing which no sensible American girl should allow herself to do, they would have been after this fashion, "I've rescued Cad and I don't care what becomes of that contemptible villain! I just hope he'll stay in prison, for I'm sure I never want to see his face again."

What deadly sin had young Williams committed to incur this terrible invective? Beth herself could not have answered that question. He had received her with an easy suavity, common to young Americans of his class, and apologizing for the simplicity of his surroundings, had offered her a seat on the hard prison bench. Then had followed explanations and regrets at having inconvenienced Mr. Merton and his daughter, besides an ardent wish that he

might soon be at liberty, literally speaking, to return the compliment which Miss Merton had paid him by her visit. Beth had not minded that remark at the time, but now in her self-inflicted solitude she flushed with anger as it recurred to her. After that they discovered that they had many mutual friends and kindred tastes. It was only when the prisoner's dinner was served that Beth arose, alarmed to find that she had spent the morning talking with "a criminal." It was this fact above all others which aroused her anger and self-accusation. That night as she sat alone with her father, for Jessie and Tom as usual were not "en evidence," she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his rough-coated shoulder as she had not done since she was quite a little girl and wanted the where-with-all to treat her cronies to chocolate drops. The man of the world surprised at this demonstration from his usually reticent daughter clasped both the small, trembling hands in his large, firm one as he inquired, "Why what's troubling my little girl?"

"Please, Papa, I want you to take me home." The voice was low and trembling. "The dence you do. Why we haven't half done Europe yet, and you always enjoyed travelling so much."

"Yes, I,—I,—*did* enjoy it, but it really doesn't agree with—with—Cadwallader!"

Charles Merton's vocabulary was far too limited to express his disgust at this remark from the lips of his usually level-headed daughter, while she would not have had the courage, even had she realized the fact, to acknowledge to him that there was a criminal at the bottom of it all. But she had her way in the end as her father foresaw that she would, and he comforted himself by saying that he too was tired of hustling.

When Tom and Jessie came home they agreeably fell in with the proposal. Indeed the former frankly declared, with but small opposition from the latter, that he wanted to go back to New York and be married in peace any way! A remark, which, considering its importance, caused but little surprise in the assembly.

In the mean time, in London the Williams were wondering at the non-appearance of their son. Mrs. Williams declared she had never known dear Harry to be so exasperating. The Colonel vowed that it was just like the young scamp! They were too sensible to worry about him and, after a few days, had about concluded to make the best of it, when a telegram arrived from that young hopeful, pleading unavoidable detention and announcing his determination to become the immediate recipient of paternal forgiveness and maternal affection. The Colonel smiled, grimly vowing that his son's eloquent verbosity had cheated the telegraphic union, and forthwith prepared his blessing. In due time Harry arrived and explained the situation. As nothing was to be gained by parental severity, forgiveness was immediately granted. Then presenting the Colonel with a box of the best Havannas, this most dutiful of sons requested that they should have a smoke together. Whereupon he told his father something which made the old gentleman open his eyes in astonishment not unmingled with pleasure, as he exclaimed, "Go ahead sonny, I'll back you! Return to the states! Well if you must, I guess your mother and I are old enough to take care of ourselves."

The westward bound ocean-liner was not overcrowded as it set out from Liverpool that glad May afternoon, for travel was nearly all in the other direction at that season.

Among those who had boarded her was Mr. Merton, accompanied by his fair daughter who did not look as happy as might be expected, considering that her most ardent wish was being gratified, but the exterior is oft times deceitful. No doubt her heart was leaping with joy. Jessie and Tom, of course, strolled leisurely behind. Mr. Merton truthfully remarked that they were too far gone to need any assistance whatever.

The steamer was two days out when Beth made her first appearance on deck, alone for the simple fact that none of her party were in a condition to accompany her. She was feeling a little shaky and Oh! so very lonely,—without Cad who was not allowed on deck. She assured herself that it was because of Cad's absence. Seating herself she gazed dreamily over the ship's railing into water which came frothing from beneath the vessel.

Soon she gave up trying to explain that vacant feeling, she simply knew that it was overpowering her.

She hated these new, queer thoughts, hated above all things to acknowledge, even to herself, that this vague longing dated back to the morning spent in the German prison.

She started at a shadow cast beside her, a shadow lengthened in the afternoon sunlight. Harry Williams stood at a respectful distance awaiting recognition. Even against her will she held out her hand with a glad smile of welcome, and he read in her smile the first suggestion of that which was to fill his life with gladness.

So they sailed homeward in all the sunset glory, till the moon came up, and silvered sky and sea with glad serenity.

And Cadwallader the unconscious agent of all this happiness, was adorned upon his landing with an elegant bow of wide white satin ribbon.

(THE END)

Johnnie had a rubber band,
'Twas very long and double,
And every where that Johnnie went,
It got him into trouble.
He took it into Study Hall,
Upon one mournful day,
The teacher saw it fly, and John
Came up to matinee.

A SYMPATHETIC REVERIE.

I dreamt the twilights hours away
With dreams that were not pleasing,
Dreamt of things now passed away
Yet grieved not at their ceasing.

Gazing in the fire I heard
Sweet voices all laughing;
Smiled not at their mirth absurd,
Their joking or their chaffing.
For amidst some firelight elves,
I saw one lonesome other,
(All the rest among themselves,
With mirth did nearly smother).

But with mud and water splashed,
He stood midst jokes offensive,
Thinking as he stood abashed,
With visage sad and pensive,
Why had he so played the fool
Before these girls a yelling,
Fallen in that miry pool,
Caused uproar, far past quelling?

Riding on his wheel he'd been
Tremendously delighted,
When from midst surrounding din,
His lady love he'd sighted.
Slime and mud and pools were naught
Unto this ardent lover,
Ah, that nod and smile he caught
A thousand ills would cover!

Alas that flying steeds of steel
Are not more surely footed,
Alas that one must ever feel
His bow a question mooted!
Sharply turning, slipping swift,
He tumbled in the mire.
Yes, bad language is a gift
Quite easy to acquire.

Gazing in the fire, I heard
Sweet voices all a laughing;
Smiled not at their mirth absurd,
Their joking or their chaffing.
No but frowning on that crowd,
I heaved for him a sigh
For, derided, laughed at, cowed,
That mud-stained elf was I.

J. H. WILSON JR.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Among those beautiful towns generally known as "one-horse" places, which Virginia, and Virginia only, can produce, ranks a small village bearing the classic appellation of Pokeville. This verdant retreat is famous in all the country round as having the dustiest roads, the fewest people, the poorest ground and the finest chickens of any that the country can boast.

Among the handsome habitations that grace this noted spot is a single storied shanty, whose 16x20 roof furnishes shelter for a family of negroes numbering a dozen or so, counting the children and dogs.

Excepting a small "truck yard" behind the house the family has no visible

means of support, for "Pap," "Gawge" and Bob, the grown up members of the community, consider manual labor beneath their dignity, and spend their valuable time on the river bank with rod and line.

Any ordinary family in the same circumstances would soon lack food and other necessities, but our friends are not ordinary people for their larder is always well stocked with the best that the land produces. It would seem that such ability to make much out of nothing would raise them in the estimation of the farmers of the country thereabout, but such is not the case; they are looked upon with suspicion which even amounts to doubt as to their honesty. Still, there was no proof against them, and consequently Farmer Brown, who lives on the "swamp road" just outside the town, was wrong in making such a pointed illusion as he did, saying in the boys' presence: "I've jest loaded up my ole gun, an' if I catch some niggers I knows of a-foolin' round my hen house I'm goin' to fill 'em full of shot."

Of course, the young men each took this as a personal insult, and as they walked away each fostered in his heart a desire to get even for that significant speech.

When the darkness falls that evening, a man comes out from the shanty and walks at a rapid gait along the road to the Brown mansion. Although he carries no arms more dangerous than a large bag and a lantern there is a sinister expression on his face that bodes no good for some one. Hardly has he left the house when the door again opens and another man appears who immediately sets out after the first—they are "Gawge" and Bob.

The former is too intent on his quest to notice that his brother is trying to overtake him, so he keeps up his rapid pace until he reaches a point not far from Brown's place, where he dives into the bushes and makes a bee line for the back of the yard. His intentions are evident—the attraction is the hen house.

Stealthily he approaches his goal, lifts the latch and enters the coop. The silence is broken only by a few surprised chicks and an occasional flapping of wings.

When he returns to open air, the bag is full of chickens whose heads have mysteriously disappeared. With a self-satisfied smile George turns back to take the homeward road, but he does not take it, for there in the bushes before him is a man. George does not stop to inquire as to the

identity of this personage, but takes to his heels for the swamp, followed by the man. In vain does he try to throw his pursuer off his track—the other knows the country as well as he—so at last he makes up his mind to abandon the chickens. Stopping a minute in his flight he seizes a stone, thrusts it into the bag and drops the burden into the water. Then he resumes his flight, but run as he will his pursuer hangs on at his heels, so at last he is obliged to succumb. He throws himself on the ground behind a log hoping the other will pass him, but it is not to be. The other man comes straight to the log and salutes the cowering George with: "Who's chasin' us Gawge?" In surprise George raises himself and looks at the speaker. "Well I'll be doggoned if I didn't think you was ole man Brown."

"You ole fool; made me run all this way for nothin'. Where's de chickens?" "De chickens? I drapped 'em in the pond."

"Well you'd better go home and stay dere. You ain't fitten to belong to our family. You're de fust one dat ever drapped a chicken in his life after he'd got his han's on it."

A USEFUL FASHION.

The Smithers had been as poor as church mice ever since the death of old uncle Zeb; they were now so poor that during the summer they were obliged to live on corn-bread and wild blackberries, and when fall came, persimmons, more corn-bread and occasional chestnuts were all the entire Smithers household found to nourish itself upon. But now that winter had come, everything in the way of food seemed to fail, till one day a stray cow made her way to the front door of the Smithers' and "shoo" as they would declined to leave the premises. Inquiries were made far and near, but no news of the owner, so the hungry family was well supplied daily with fresh delicious milk.

The Smithers' were a very proud family and endeavored to keep up appearance at any cost of petty sufferings. There was Agnes the oldest daughter who still sat on the piazza every afternoon embroidering in apparent leisure,—no one ever dreaming that being unable to afford much working-silk, she ripped out the stitches every day and began again for the benefit of the neighbors. Then came John who found

the expense for four fiddle strings entirely too much, so amused himself scraping on two. And after John came Florence a pretty country maid of thirteen summers who was too fond of her good looks to do otherwise than dress at fashion's zenith. And last of all came little Bob, aged seven, his mother's pet.

But to return to the story—the cow having made up her mind to stay, up came the question,—

"With what can we feed her?"

The grass of course dead, no hay in the barn or in the fields and the Smithers too proud to beg or even borrow. For the first few days "Mooly" was fed on dried leaves and such as she could find, but as she began to grow thin and moo about the kitchen door, Mrs. Smithers said, "Children, something *must* be done." All looked thoughtful and even sad.—Did I say *all*?—well, all but Florence who turned away, smoothed her sleeves and tried to hide a smile of amusement as a thought suddenly came into her mind.

"What's the matter, child?" asked her mother, noticing Florence's strange expression.

"Oh! nothing!—I'm going over to Preacher Jones's to see about,—about,—about,—about church next Sunday;" stammered Florence rushing out of the gate before any one was able to understand her.

The next day the cow looked much brighter than usual and the Smithers' thought dried leaves must be an excellent animal diet. Florence, herself, acted perhaps a little mysteriously, leaving the house several times during the day always with a different excuse for her walk across the field toward the preacher's house.

The cow, continuing to appear well and in good spirits, the family gave up all worry as to her fare.

One morning about a week after the cow's arrival, the youngest Smithers got into a quarrel with his sister Florence.

"You think you're dressed too fine to fight," he said, "Agnes lets me slap her and now I'm goin' to slap you!" With these threatening remarks he raised his hand and brought it down with all his strength on his sister's arm.

"Why! what *have* you got in your sleeve?" he asked, forgetting his anger.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," hastily returned Florence and started to run, but little brother was too quick; he caught her roughly by the sleeve, pulled at it, and out it came, *stuffed with hay*! The boy gave a cry of surprise as suddenly the preacher's fields with their enormous hay-stacks dawned upon his mind.

"I didn't steal it, Bob," Florence explained, her words fairly tumbling over one another. "Preacher said as how I was a sensible girl, I must wear big sleeves for some use, and that he thought the best use for them was to take home hay for the hungry cow. And he said he was glad he could do something for us. And Bob, what do you think? He wants to hire me to make butter for him and take care of the chickens!—and I didn't ask him for it neither, and ma says its all right to take whats *given* and now we need go hungry no longer for I'm going to support the family, and all thanks to the fashion of big sleeves! Hurrah!" CONSTANCE ADEE.

NOTES.

We had a most unprecedented treat, the other day, in the shape of a lecture by Dr. Stafford. The subject was "Hamlet" which we, at least, who have reached that point in our Shakesperian study, know is capable of many different constructions. The lecture was convincing as well as entertaining, and we all enjoyed it exceedingly.

Kamptown has been demonstrating its generosity lately by a distribution of green and red ribbons bearing the initials "K. S. K." and "W. H. S." This was much appreciated by the grateful recipients who all wore them enthusiastically at the drill.

\$100,000 has been appropriated by Congress for a new Western High School. We hail the news with joy, though there are many associations connected with this old building which will make us all sorry to desert it.

The last run of the Bicycle Club was taken about two weeks ago. As the weather was very warm the members turned out about seven in the evening, and a very enjoyable ride they had, too.

Why is a drill like a rough country? Because it's full of ups and downs.

THE WESTERN.

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FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

Well, the drill that the rain, these last few days, has been so successfully trying to prevent, is finally over and we extend our hearty congratulations to the Eastern company which has deservedly gained the coveted triumph. It seems as if nature has refused to smile upon the drill this year. She has been dropping tears, intermingled with showery smiles all the week long. The atmosphere, it is true, cleared after the thunder storm on the first day and the contestants were able to put forth their best efforts. It was evident that Company H drilled in a manner which cast no discredit upon last year's record. Its advocates were there in full force. Most of them were grouped together with their red and green banners, but there were to be seen in all parts of the field among the spectators, the red and green ribbons which could betoken loyalty to but one company. Excitement, which had been somewhat allayed during three successive disappointments, rose to the highest pitch on Saturday afternoon. Few could honestly have predicted the outcome. Company F, as the final winner, has our warmest congratulations, all the warmer because they now enjoy the same triumph which we last year experienced "Not hate, but glory made these chiefs contend, and each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

There is not one company in either battalion that grudes the victors their success, not one but rejoices with them in their triumph. Moreover Company H may perhaps do all the better next year, and will certainly bring the banner back to us in the Spring.

The drill is one sign that the school year is drawing to a close. It is another that this is the final number of our paper. We hope that the aims set forth in the first number have been fulfilled, that THE WESTERN has proved a source of enjoyment to its readers. We hope, furthermore, that it has done its share to increase patriotism and loyalty to our school. It has been received, on the whole, most favorably, its virtues extolled, and its faults leniently passed over. Next year it will, we hope, have profited by the seasons experience and will re-enter the journalistic field, not "with tepidation," but with confidence and assurance. Every year our school is larger and better. Likewise should our paper, which in a sense represents the school, be each year better. Might we put in a plea that during the long summer of recreation you will store up such gems of thoughts as come to you unawares and keep them in readiness for the paper in the autumn? Till then THE WESTERN bids "Adieu," to its readers, wishing to each and every-one a happy and restful vacation.

THE TALE OF A TURTLE.

Miss Meggs was our school teacher; just an ordinary teacher with red hair and eye glasses. She might have been pretty if she hadn't been so homely that the cows in our field used to turn around to look after her, and she might have been good tempered if she hadn't been as ill-natured as the old maid that she was. Generally speaking she was as full of prejudice as a Puritan grandmother, but especially so upon two points. One of these was boys. Miss Meggs regarded each one of us as her natural enemy whom she was in honor bound to circumvent and outwit at every turn. The other was snakes. I suppose most women are afraid of snakes to a certain degree, but with Miss Meggs it was a mania. The very mention of one was sufficient to drive her into hysterics. The

first of these prejudices we were unable to overcome. The second we did our utmost to increase. The fellows used to catch little grass snakes on the way to school and put them in her desk. The day I tried it she discovered me in the act and sent me home with a note to my father. I never did it again.

That was the foundation of Miss Meggs' system of discipline. If a boy missed his geography or whispered to his seat-mate, she sent him home with a note. If he was absent she made him bring one on his return. Now of course if you've merely been taking a little swim in summer time, or setting traps for wood-chucks 'tisn't necessary to bother your father about it, so we became pretty expert in writing these notes for ourselves. Miss Meggs never saw through anything that her glasses couldn't help her with, so the scheme worked to a charm, and would have been working still if it hadn't been for that turtle.

You see Jack Mills, and a lot of the other fellows, had been turtling the day before, and made an amazing big catch. I stopped at Jack's on my way to school to see the lot and he gave me one of them, a little fellow, no bigger than a twenty-five cent piece. I sat right down on the doorstep and carved my name on its back. You see that turtle was the cause of the trouble from the very beginning, for if it hadn't been for it, I wouldn't have forgotten that note father gave me so particular Jack's father. As it was I never once thought of it, till I took it and the turtle out of my pocket that morning at school. Jack sits next me, and as soon as I'd help him write his excuse for absence the day before, we began to train the turtle together. We'd just gotten it so it would crawl up the slate and onto my finger when the bell rang.

"Johnathan," said Miss Meggs "I have not seen your excuse."

"Where is it Jim?" said Jack.

I told him "in my desk," and he went after it. Now he had my turtle in his hand and he was so occupied hunting among my books for the excuse that he let it get away. Then he was so occupied among the desks for the turtle that I suppose he got kind of confused about the

note. All the same that doesn't excuse his being so stupid as to put that note of father's on Miss Meggs' desk.

I had gotten about half way home when I thought of it and I went right back for it. Now father's note and Jack's excuse were both folded up in triangles so it was no wonder I didn't open the letter I found in my desk, but brought it right to Jack to carry home to his father.

A few hours later Sophronia, that's Miss Megg's hired girl, came in the school-room to put things to rights. She saw the note on Miss Meggs' desk and with feminine curiosity picked it up. It read "Meet me at the Bank at five o'clock this evening." Now Sophronia knew that Miss Meggs was going out to dinner that night so that the message couldn't be for her and she very naturally concluded it was for herself. "Its real kind of Jonas" she said, smiling broadly, as she hurried up-stairs to get ready. Jonas was our hired man.

That evening at the appointed hour, Father had Jonas drive him in the buggy to the city and stop at the Bank. He went inside and sat down to await Jack's father. The cars to the city were all a little late that evening, so it was some ten minutes before Sophronia came hurrying up. She was real pleased to see Jonas in the buggy there waiting for her. Now Sophronia had on her Sunday bonnet, with three green feathers in it, and father wouldn't be through his business for some hours yet, so Jonas said "Jump in, and we'll take a drive."

About five minutes later Father came out to see what become of Jack's father. He didn't see him, however, and what was more he didn't see Jonas either. He went back to await further developments.

Meanwhile that turtle had taken it into its head to make some more mischief. Just as if it hadn't done enough already! Getting tired of winding in and out the desk legs, it crawled up on a chair and proceeded to explore the contents of Miss Meggs' bag that was lying there.

That bag was an essential part of Miss Meggs. It was black, with strings run through the tops, which she tied with a jerk and hung over her arm. In it she kept everything, from her handkerchief and spectacle case to the list of boys, she

was going to keep in. She never stirred abroad without it.

That evening she came rustling down in her jet black silk and took her bag off the chair. She was rather late, so she took the short cut across the fields, walking at a faster pace than was her usual sedate custom. In consequence of this the turtle jostled hither and thither among her papers awoke suddenly from its peaceful, evening nap with the uncomfortable sensation that all was not right. It began to stir uneasily and Miss Meggs, hearing the rustling at her side increased her speed. So did the turtle. At last with a wild cry of "Snakes" she cast appearances to the winds and took to her heels. Gradually the night closed in about her. Momentarily the rustling at her side grew louder. It had rained the day before, and the fields were an inch deep in mud. I tremble yet when I think of that silk dress. Still she fled wildly onward. At last her progress was checked by coming suddenly and violently into contact with some one. That some one was my father! After having waited two hours for Jack's father or Jones to turn up and being without a cent of money in his pockets, he had finally started to walk the nine miles home. He picked himself up from the mud at this juncture and stood half dazed, while Miss Meggs clutched him wildly shrieking "Snakes! they are pursuing me!" and then fainted away. At this my father thoroughly awoke. Hearing a rustling sound and recalling what she had said about snakes he picked up her bag, and extracted from it, that turtle! Woo the day that I had recovered my jack-knife from the back of the coal shed, and utilized it in carving those initials on that turtle's back!

THAT UGLY LITTLE HEATHEN GOD.

I.

A quiet, steady midnight flow of mingled mathematics and profanity was wafting gently out along the yellow glow of lamp-light shining from Morgan's window. Inside, Morgan, divested of all his clothes, except his shirt and trousers, was gently swearing at his "trig." Gently, because just across the hall Aunt Miranda was sleeping the sleep of the just. And the just, as a rule, object to swearing.

She had dropped off, good old soul, after having intermittently inquired from Morgan "when was he going to bed" until he had exploded and said that he wasn't going to bed until he "got this goldarned thing through his head if it took all night." Then she subsided, only begging him to lock up carefully when he did retire.

Morgan bent over under the concentrated rays of his student lamp, with his hands rammed through his tumbled mop of "football hair," was muttering a lot of such stuff as this: "Cosine plus sine equals —, —, —, cotangent times R2 — d—n that katydid anyhow, why don't it shut up—R2 times—I wish I had something to eat—times pi—yes pie'd do," etc. All at once he closed the book wearily, saying, "Oh shucks, I ain't going to do any more." Then he straightened up, clasped his hands back of his head, gaped tremendously and said, thinking aloud, "I don't believe I'll get into any college next year. Bust up on math sure as a gun. Break the Professor's heart, too. And his record. He never failed to get a fellow in. If that man aint a crank on antiquities," he suddenly exclaimed, a new train of thought striking him. "I thought he'd have a fit when I showed that little gold Aztec idol Uncle Henry got in Mexico. He could hardly put it down. Raved over it, said it was the finest example he'd ever seen. I never saw a man make so much of an ugly little heathen god, even if it is gold." He paused, and then said suddenly: "I wonder if I couldn't get Aunt Miranda to give it to him, now Uncle Henry's dead. I wish she would, for that poor old man certainly has worked hard over me. As hard as if I were his own son, and been just as kind. I'll ask her about it."

With this resolution Morgan picked up the lamp and started down stairs to lock up.

It was really thoughtful of the boy to think of this way of showing his appreciation of the manner in which old Professor Anderson had labored over him and encouraged and fostered his determination of going to college, for the old man was a gentleman and a scholar, and his great hobby was antiquities, especially American antiquities. Indeed, nothing Morgan could have done would have pleased him more than the proposed gift of the "ugly little heathen god." Creeping quietly down the steps, so as not to waken his aunt, Morgan placed the lamp in the lower hall (where there was already a dim light) and went

back into the dining room. Here he found everything fast and started through the open door into the parlor, fronting on the veranda.

Entering, he was surprised to see that one of the windows was open. From this he glanced, almost instinctively, to the cabinet where Uncle Henry's "collection" was on the opposite side of the room, at about an equal distance from the open window as himself.

Up to this time Morgan had made almost absolutely no noise, being barefooted, and moving in fear of waking his aunt, but now an exclamation of alarm and astonishment broke from him.

Kneeling before the cabinet, with a piece of Indian pottery in his hands, was an old bent figure, covered with a large, quaintly flowered dressing gown of figure so vivid that Morgan could distinguish it even in that dim light.

He could hardly believe his vision, for that dressing gown was notorious.

At his exclamation the figure dropped the pottery in alarm and turned, startled, towards him.

Morgan, with his senses almost reeling, caught a glimpse in the darkness of a little, white, pointed beard and mustache, saw the figure throw the gown over its head, run across the room, heard something tear as it passed through the window (which reached clear down to the flooring), heard it cross the porch and listened to its footsteps finally die away in the stillness of the night.

But he made no move to stop it. He couldn't, for the conviction sunk home to him that it was the Professor!

In a dazed sort of way he went to the window and there found hanging on a nail a shred of that famous dressing gown, which neither Mrs. Anderson's entreaties, Sally's gibes, nor the neighborhood's amusement could make the Professor give up. Morgan carefully removed the fragment, closed the blind and window, opened the door into the hall, brought in his lamp, turned up the wick, and stood for a moment gazing at his trophy. Yes, there was no mistaking that monstrosity of a large, white flower on a dark green ground, and Morgan realized it with a sinking heart. Then there was the face, too, with its little, white "goatee" and mustache. He had plainly seen it!

What could it all mean? He had had the pottery in his hands and there it lay in fifty pieces on the floor. Morgan went over to

the cabinet. Where was the Aztec idol? It was gone! It was not in its usual place, nor was it to be found. There was no doubt about it, the Professor had stolen his "ugly little heathen god!"

Morgan sunk into a chair overcome by his conclusions. Professor Anderson, that honored, revered, learned, Christian old man, whom he loved almost as a father, sink to stealing! Impossible! Yet how else construe it all? Was he a somnambulist? His dismay at discovery and precipitate retreat seemed to preclude that. And Morgan had never heard that he was a kleptomaniac. Besides, why did he cling to the idol after he was discovered? Perhaps he was so disconcerted that he had no thought but for escape, and would explain on the morrow.

So Morgan, with this unsatisfactory explanation, determined to reveal to no one what had happened, but to wait for developments. He cleared up the fragments of the broken pot, stealthily buried them in the ash pile, finished locking up, and went to bed, not to sleep, but to wonder.

When Morgan woke late the next morning he was perfectly convinced that it was all a dream and laughed in an uncertain way at the absurdity of it.

So when he came down to his cold, belated breakfast, he felt that relieved sensation which we all experience when we wake from weird or horrible dreams and find ourselves once more in the cheerful sunlight. Consequently, he took Aunt Miranda's scolding at his laziness very good-naturedly as he sipped his luke-warm coffee and waited for his cakes. But then he began to think what a vivid dream it was and how he remembered every circumstance of it, instead of only having a general impression of the whole as he generally did in the case of bad dreams. He put his hand in his pocket and feeling a piece of torn cloth was almost afraid to take it out.

Just then Aunt Miranda came in from the parlor with a duster in her hand and said: "By the way, Morgan, I suppose you left that Mexican idol over at the Anderson's. Don't forget to bring it home. I wouldn't have it lost for anything because your Uncle Henry used to value it very highly, poor man."

Morgan turned pale under the realization that last night's experience was not a dream after all, but remembering his resolution upon secrecy, said: "But, Aunt, I brought it back the very day I took it over. Isn't it here?"

He spoke rather strangely, but his aunt hardly noticed it as she exclaimed: "What! You brought it back! And you don't know where it is! I didn't think at first that perhaps it was at Anderson's and I've looked everywhere. Oh, Morgan, do you think it could have been stolen?"

"If you can't find it I'm afraid so, Aunt. I certainly brought it back."

"Oh, Morgan, Morgan, I'm so sorry. Henry was so proud of it and thought so much of it. One of the last things he said was: 'Take care of the little Aztec god, it's valuable.'"

"Too bad, aunt, I'm sorry, too."

"Do you think any of the servants could have taken it? Being gold it might have tempted them, you know."

"I don't know, ma'am, they might have."

Morgan's constrained and short answers began to appeal to his aunt, and she said no more, but busied herself with her dusting. She was thinking, too, as she worked, and frequently cast strange glances at the lad gulping down his breakfast in a silent way, remarkable in teasing, joking Morgan.

She loved the boy and was the only mother he had ever known. Childless herself, she had watched over him with a care whose solicitude was sometimes irksome, but always born of her love for him. He had grown restless under her loving care of late, and had begun to assert his approaching manhood. Seeing this she had sorrowed, and now, although the boy seemed to her to know more than he would tell concerning the lost idol, she was determined to have no misunderstanding with him.

So she went up to him and, putting her hands over the back of the chair on his shoulders, said kindly:

"Now, Morgan, tell me all you know about it."

"I can't," said he, with the instinct of truth.

"Yes you can, Morgan," said she, "don't be afraid of your old aunty, she'll forgive you if you've gotten into any money trouble, and—"

"Aunt, think what you're saying!" cried Morgan, springing to his feet and facing her. "Do you accuse me of stealing the thing. I've done nothing to be forgiven. Have I been in the habit of stealing that you accuse me? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Morgan, nothing. Only you acted so strangely—"

"That you immediately concluded that I

was base enough to steal from you! You, who have fed me and clothed me ever since I can remember!"

"Why won't you tell all you know about the idol then?" asked his aunt, her patience overthrown by his burst of anger.

"Aunt, I can't." And Morgan left the room to escape further discussion.

He had not thought of this contingency, and it was evidently going to be harder to protect the Professor than he had imagined.

II.

When Morgan went to take his lesson that afternoon his expectations were somewhat mixed and uncertain. Many wild and remarkable outcomes he conjectured, but not one of them was calculated to stagger him quite so much as the actual one did.

He was ushered into the library as usual, where sat the Professor in smiling conversation with a strange gentleman, who was listening with interest to something the Professor was saying about a "wonderful example of Aztec art." Recognizing Morgan's footstep he turned affably and said:

"Doctor, here is the young man of whom I spoke. Morgan, let me present you to Doctor Clifton, an old classmate of mine, of whom you have no doubt heard me speak. He will be your instructor in Latin next year. But just now," he continued, "I've been telling him about your Aztec idol. The Doctor is almost as great an enthusiast, Morgan, on the subject of 'ugly little heathen gods' as I am," he said with a kindly smile.

Morgan acknowledged the introduction constrainedly. He could hardly keep his eyes off the Professor. He was almost inclined to return to his former theory of a dream, but, still smarting under his aunt's implied accusation, his bewilderment was complete. The old Professor, seeing him to be embarrassed, said as if he wished to help him over his bashfulness at the sight of his prospective professor:

"Morgan, run across and see if your aunt will trust you to bring over your Aztec god again. I'd like very much to show it to Doctor Clifton."

Morgan was thrown entirely off his balance. The very man whom he had seen steal the idol asking him to show it! He turned red, stammered, and finally said:

"It's gone, sir."

"Gone," echoed the Professor, not understanding, "you haven't sold it?"

"No sir, it's been stolen."

"Stolen, my boy, you don't mean that. Who on earth would have stolen it? Who about here knows its value, except intrinsically, as being gold?"

"I—I don't know, sir, but—" he said, entirely dazed by the Professor's confident, indignant air and his own recollections of the night before, "it's gone, sir. That's all."

The Professor continued his inquiries in an incisive, cross-examining way, until Morgan, making blundering, stammering, blushing replies, gave Doctor Clifton and Sally, who had come into the room unobserved, the same idea that he had given his aunt, that is, that he knew a great deal more about it all than he was willing to tell. And this being true made Morgan's position the worse.

When the boy had escaped to the open air and was slowly walking down the long village street, speaking to acquaintances with an abstracted, worried air, which made them stare, smile and say to each other: "Eh, Morgan acts like he was in love," the full force of his position struck him. He had started with the idea of protecting the Professor, found himself suspected, but said nothing, believing that the Professor would appreciate his attitude and come to his aid in one way or another. But now the Professor had shown his hand and even done his part towards placing the suspicion on Morgan.

Morgan's first care now evidently was to clear himself and then afterwards to find an explanation for the Professor's actions. Until he could do this he must live under suspicion, and it was horrible to think of being almost branded a thief. What would his comrades and friends think? What would Sally think? What did she think of him even now, for she had heard his blundering replies to the Professor's inexplicably cool queries? He hadn't realized how much he cared for Sally's estimation.

A week passed, and another.

Morgan still worked at his college preparation and received his daily lessons from the Professor, who seemed, in a Christian-like way that nearly drove Morgan wild, to have extended his former cordial interest in the boy's intellectual welfare to a fatherly, correcting one in his moral progress.

As yet Morgan's self instituted and self beneficial detective work had arrived at no definite results. He had nothing to work on but the recollection of that first night, and though this perfectly convincing evidence had been augmented by the fact that

since that time nothing had been seen of the dressing gown, and that the Professor had (to the great joy of his wife), promised to invest in a new one, yet all this was useless as proof because it rested on his own word, unsupported.

Suspected at home, unable to explain the Professor's conduct, determined to steer clear of Sally until he could clear himself, the boy's life was not a pleasant one, and his desire for a change was so great that he was almost eagerly willing to accept the Professor's somewhat sinister invitation to accompany him to Washington on a searching tour for certain desired "American antiquities."

Bright and early he rang the Anderson's door bell. The Professor and he were to take an early train. The door was presently opened by Tim, the cook's husband, who worked about the place. He drew back quickly when he saw Morgan, but Morgan did not notice it, for the darky was arrayed in the famous green and white dressing gown. Looking closely, Morgan saw a place where it had been torn and neatly mended.

"De Professor'll be down in a minit, suh, cum in an' set down."

Morgan entered, and the well-trained old darkey took his hat and ushered him into the library. He was glad to see that the room was empty. He had been afraid of finding Sally there alone.

He had not long to wait, and before very long the Professor and he were well on their way to the city.

Arrived, Morgan accompanied the Professor on his tour of the junk shops until nearly noon, when he left him to lunch with some friends, promising, however, to rejoin him at about three at the shop of one of the Professor's favorite "junkers."

Coming to the appointed place a little before his time, Morgan found the Professor not yet arrived. So, glad of such a cool, dark place to rest as the little, low-ceilinged shop, and wiping his heated face, he dropped into a chair. He had been so many places almost identical during the morning that he gazed about the shop with but little interest. The little Jew proprietor, with iron grey hair, long beard, deep-set, clear, black eyes, and long-stemmed, curiously shaped and carved pipe, endeavored to kindle an appreciation in him for the "vunderful guriostees," but failed. Morgan gazed at the Milanese armor, Indian pottery, spear heads, arrow heads, ancient battle axes, Chinese swords, Japan-

ese bric-a-brac, African tom-toms, etc., which covered the shelves and counters, with supreme indifference; he had seen nothing else all morning. The grave faced little proprietor could not understand it. Most boys who came into his shop, even big ones like this one, seemed to think they had entered a sort of paradise, and he usually had great difficulty in preventing them from putting on the armor, beating the tom-toms and smashing the pottery with the battle axes, but this one seemed supremely indifferent and even bored. He did not comprehend it and wondered, in his calm way, if this conduct was a slur at his collection.

Presently, however, he was electrified by a sufficiently decided expression of interest. The boy sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and delight, crossed the shop in two jumps, picked up, from a lot of bric-a-brac, a little Aztec idol. "There's that confounded god, sure's I'm born," he cried.

"De gen'l'man iss intrest in Mexic'n antickities," asserted the proprietor, with a satisfied puff at his pipe.

"Oh, yes, highly interested," said Morgan.

"Where did you get this, you old duffer?"

He listened for the answer eagerly, but when he got it he was more puzzled than he had been yet. It strengthened some things he already knew, but—what did the Professor, the antiquity crank, sell it for?

He questioned the proprietor carefully, but found that there was nothing to be gained from him. That calm little man was perfectly satisfied at having finally elicited such a demonstration of interest from his visitor.

When the Professor came in Morgan watched him narrowly, for what the proprietor had told him seemed to prove that he had sold the idol to this very man.

The Professor hurried in, put down a bundle, took off his hat, wiped his perspiring old bald head, and said:

"Well, Morgan, I hope I haven't kept you waiting long. The fact is I struck some singularly fine specimens of pottery from the Ohio mounds and I couldn't get away. I bought some. Now, isn't this," he said, turning to his bundle which he had put down right beside the idol, "a splendidly preserved—but what's this!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Morgan, look! Here's a perfect fac simile of your Aztec idol."

He picked it up and as he examined it his

excitement abated. Finally, putting it down, he said gravely:

"Morgan, it's the same one."

"Yes, sir, I—I know it," said the boy, perfectly dumfounded.

The Professor looked at him sorrowfully a moment and then, turning to the proprietor, who began to think that the idol must be his trump card, asked:

"How much for this?"

The Jew named a large sum.

"I'll take it," said the Professor.

"Stop," interrupted Morgan, "don't take it, sir. I—I know what you think, sir, but don't buy it. The thing was stolen and the thief must be found," he said desperately. "Give me," he added, with a sudden thought, "two weeks, and if I discover nothing new by then buy it if you want to."

The Professor looked at him a moment and the agreed.

So they departed, cautioning the proprietor not to dispose of the idol until he heard more from them. And that placid little man agreed willingly, not being anxious to part with anything which created so much wonderment as did the "ugly little heathen god."

* * * * *

Morgan had asked for the two weeks' grace on impulse, and it was, therefore, a great surprise to himself that he was able to say to the Professor one afternoon at the end of one week, instead of two:

"If you and Sally can come over to the house this evening, Professor, I think I can help clear up two or three things that have been puzzling us."

The Professor looked at him in wonderment, as if he expected nothing more than a confession from Morgan.

As for Morgan, he looked at the Professor as strangely, and his face wore as puzzled a look as it had yet.

In the parlor at his own home that night where stood the cabinet bereft of its guardian deity, Morgan had three astounded listeners as he told how he had come down stairs in the dead of the night, surprised a figure in the Professor's dressing gown stealing the idol, and how, as the figure started up, he had recognized in the darkness the Professor's own unmistakable white mustache and imperial. When Morgan finished telling how the Professor had drawn his gown over his face and retreated unmolested, Sally broke out:

"Oh, Morgan, you know that was only a dream! The idea of papa stealing!"

"I was almost tempted to think so myself

I knew it was all serious," responded he, next morning, but when I found the idol gone and myself suspected of cribbing it,

"When I went into that junk shop," he continued, "and found the idol I thought I had come to the end of my troubles, but, by Jove, the proprietor told me that it had been brought there by a darky whose description fitted your own man exactly, sir. This left me worse off than ever, for I didn't think you had stolen it for its money value, sir."

The old Professor twisted uneasily in his chair, looked first at Morgan, then at his aunt and then in despair at Sally.

At last he said feebly:

"Send for Tim."

"Presntly, sir, presntly," said Morgan. "I went to Tim and asked him about it. And by Geeminy, sir," said Morgan, and then stopped and looked about him. Sally and Aunt Miranda looked anxious and the Professor positively frightened. "He had stolen the idol himself. He came by here in your dressing gown which you had discarded and given to him, and seeing the window open and tempted by your frequent eulogies on the gold idol, he came in and filched it. Going to take some other things, too, when I caught him at it. The poor niggger broke right down and confessed when I told him I suspected you, so I promised him he would not be prosecuted. But I'd do one thing if I were you," he added smiling, "make him shave off his beard and mustache, for in the dark, when you can't see the color of his face, he certainly does look like you."

Going into the hall he called out into the kitchen: "Tim, come here." And when that delinquent appeared and Aunt Miranda and the Professor were engaged in lecturing him and discharging him, he turned to Sally and said coldly:

"Well, do you believe in me now?"

"I always did," she said.

And Morgan's heart was glad.

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